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WAGNER AND SCENIC ART.

By William F. Apthorp.

AT a performance of "Lohengrin," given in Italian at the Globe Theatre, in Boston, some years ago, I was struck with a, to me, rather ludicrous incident. It happened at the close of the second act. The squabble between *Elsa* and *Ortrud* was well over for the nonce, the chorus had once more taken up its song of homage to the young bridal couple, who were now slowly passing up the church-steps with the king; just as they were entering the great Gothic portal, the assembled crowd stopped its singing, the orchestra was silent, and the only sound heard was the solemn peals of the organ, coming from the interior of the church. All of a sudden a terrific blast came from the three trombones. *Elsa* turned round as if in fright; *Ortrud*, catching her eye, raised her right arm in threatening gesture, as the curtain fell slowly. Being accustomed to look for a special significance in everything that happens in an opera of Wagner's, I naturally tried to account for this sudden affrighted turning round of *Elsa's;* the only explanation that lay on the surface was that the trombones had startled her, and that she turned round to see what was the matter. Yet, for a Wagnerian heroine to be so startled by anything trombones could do, seemed strange. When I got home I looked up the passage in the score, and found the following stage-direction:

> At this point the king and the bridal couple have reached the top step leading to the cathedral; *Elsa* turns in great emotion to *Lohengrin;* he receives her in his arms. From this embrace she glances in timid apprehension down the steps to the right, and sees *Ortrud* raising her arm against her, as if sure of victory; *Elsa* turns away her face in terror.

Tunc manifesta fides! The actors had made nonsense of the situation. *Elsa* should not turn round suddenly, as if startled, but slowly, shyly, to take one last timid look at her old enemy, who answers her glance with a threatening gesture. And the trombone blast? That, too, has its meaning: it is the motive of *Lohengrin's* solemn injunction to *Elsa* in the first act:

> Nie sollst du mich befragen,
> noch Wissen's Sorge tragen,
> woher ich kam der Fahrt,
> noch wie mein Nam' und Art!

(Never shalt thou ask me, nor have a care to know, whence I am come, nor what my name and condition!)

This trombone blast is to the ear what *Ortrud's* uplifted arm is to the eye: a reminder to *Elsa* of her promise to *Lohengrin*, which she is only too surely destined to break, and in breaking which she falls into *Ortrud's* snare. The trombone blast tells the meaning of *Ortrud's* gesture, and blast and gesture should come exactly together at the same moment. In this way, and in this

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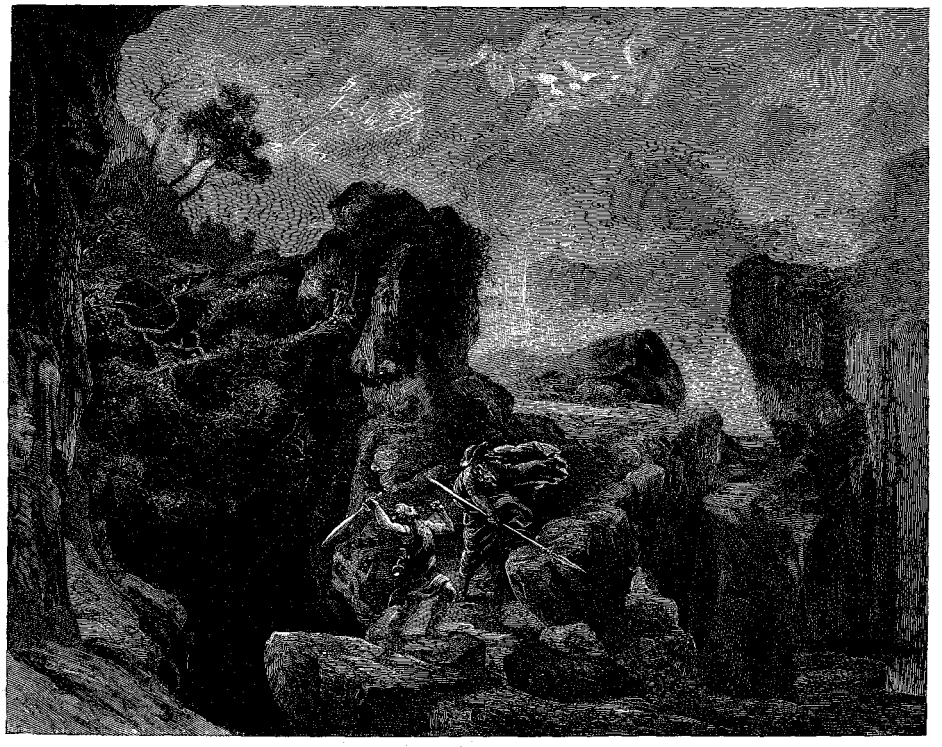

Siegfried Meeting the Wanderer. Siegfried, Act III., Scene 2.

(From the original sketch for the scenery used at Bayreuth, by J. Hoffmann.)

way only, is Wagner's meaning to be made clear.

Now, all this may seem very trivial, a mere insignificant detail—an actress's turning round hurriedly instead of slowly, a gesture coming a few seconds after a trombone passage instead of together with it. But it is of such seemingly insignificant details that Wagner's peculiar art is made up; and it is by an enforced care for such details that the Bayreuth festival-performances of his music-dramas still maintain their reason of being. If the only mission of Bayreuth had been to bring the "Nibelungen" and "Parsifal" before the world, that mission would have been fulfilled long ago. Wagner's operas and music-dramas, from "Rienzi" to "Götterdämmerung," have worked their way into the regular repertory of nearly every important opera-house in Germany, and with the death of Wagner's widow "Parsifal" will probably cease to be the exclusive property of Bayreuth. As for the popularity of Wagner's works in almost every part of the world where opera can be given with due splendor, the Bayreuth festivals may have hastened its growth, but they assuredly did not cause it. It was in Munich, not at Bayreuth, that "Das Rheingold" and "Die Walküre" first saw the light; and Munich stood ready to bring out the rest, to the end of the list, only Wagner declined the offer with thanks. The importance of Bayreuth in the art-history of this century lies far less in the fact that Wagner's greater music-dramas are performed there than in the peculiar style and conditions in which they are given. Bayreuth is no longer the headquarters of Wagnerian music-drama; but it is distinctly the headquarters of Wagnerianism, of those ideas relating to musico-dramatic performance in general which we find set forth in Wagner's writings, and which, although they apply with especial force to his own works, are also applicable to the dramatic works of other composers.

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Götterdämmerung, Act III., Scene 1.

(From the original sketch for the scenery used at Bayreuth, by J. Hoffmann.)

Last summer I got a letter from a competent judge of such matters, then travelling in Germany; the following sentence struck me as peculiarly noteworthy—doubly so, perhaps, because it confirmed my own experience: "I heard 'Lohengrin' in Vienna, and was disgusted—singers rushing up to the footlights and holding high notes as long as they could, just like old-fashioned Italian opera. My experience in several cities here has led me to the conclusion that Bayreuth and Munich are the only places where Wagner is given as he should be." Here we have the true present and, it is to be hoped, future mission of Bayreuth—to preserve intact the Wagnerian traditions of musico-dramatic performance.

The leading principle of the Wagnerian music-drama is, briefly, this: That, the text—what in old-fashioned dialect was called the *libretto*—once written by the poet, all other persons who have to do with the work—composer, stage-architect, scene-painter, costumer, stage-manager, conductor, and singing actors—should aim at one thing, and at one thing only: the most exact, perfect, and life-like expression and embodiment of the poet's thought. Of Wagner's ideas concerning the function of the composer, and of his own style of dramatic composition, much has been written, both in explanation and criticism. It is with his ideas on the proper functions of the other co-operators in the work of bringing the music-drama into complete being—that is, his ideas on the matter of musico-dramatic performance—that I have especially to do here. That these ideas of Wagner's have been so almost universally misunderstood, or only partially understood, and so incompletely carried out, is to be attributed to two things: in the first place, to a general lack of appreciation of the unexampled seriousness with which Wagner took every detail in a form of art which producers and performers—and the public,

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too, for matter of that—had been wont to treat with a certain cavalier nonchalance ; in the next place, to that force of inertia which makes it so difficult for the human mind to free itself from the influence of long-acquired habit and leave the beaten path of familiar routine. That the Wagnerian system of musico-dramatic performance has been understood and practically carried out, in a certain wholesale way, by many a manager, conductor, and actor is true enough. The general artistic tendency of this system has been, as a rule, pretty accurately grasped. It is in the inadequate appreciation of the importance of, often insignificant seeming, details that performances of Wagner's music-dramas too frequently fall short of the true mark.

Let us, then, consider together some of the details in this system of Wagner's, for, as I have said already, the whole system is made up of details ; and consider especially such details as are most commonly slighted in the ordinary run of performances. For the sake of the greatest possible clearness, I will take up, successively, these four points :

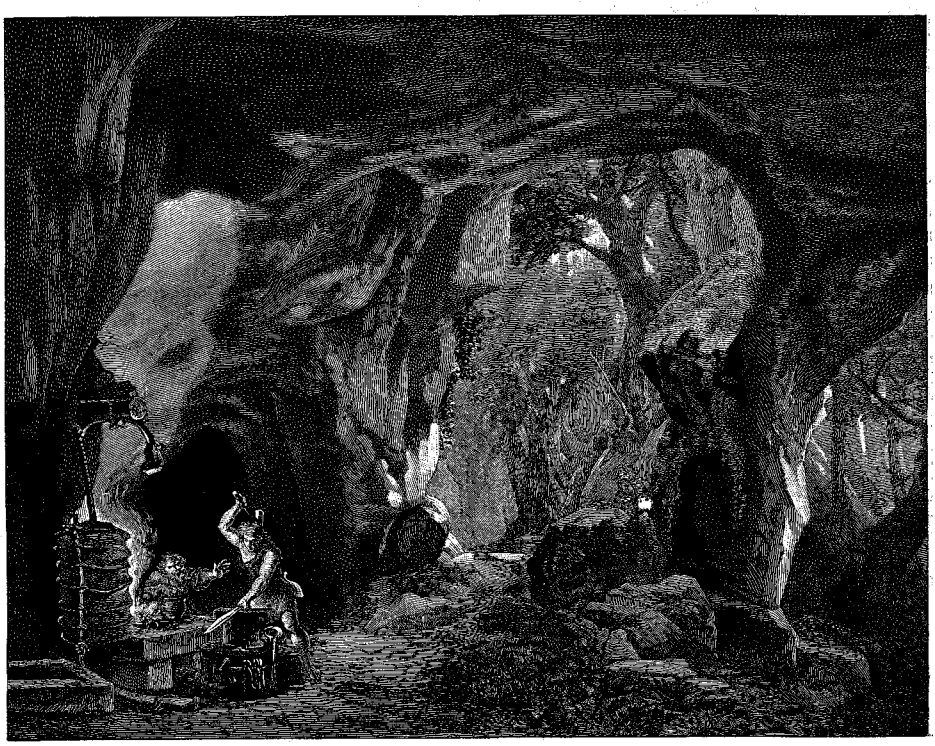
I. SCENERY and STAGE-SETTING.

II. STAGE-MANAGEMENT.

III. ACTING.

IV. MUSICAL PERFORMANCE, which includes the singing of the actors and the playing of the orchestra.

In Wagner's treatment of each one of these several items one thorough-going guiding principle is to be noticed—the utter and absolute sinking of the performer in the work. Everything is done to prevent the attention and interest of the audience from being taken up with the performer's individuality, or with his personal vocal, or dramatic, talent. In the palmy days of Italian opera the stage was, by its whole construction and arrangement, an arena in which the protagonists should display their powers, and it was tacitly accepted as such by the public. With Wagner the



Mime's Hut. Siegfried, Act I., Scene 3.

(From the original sketch for the scenery used at Bayreuth, by J. Hoffmann.)

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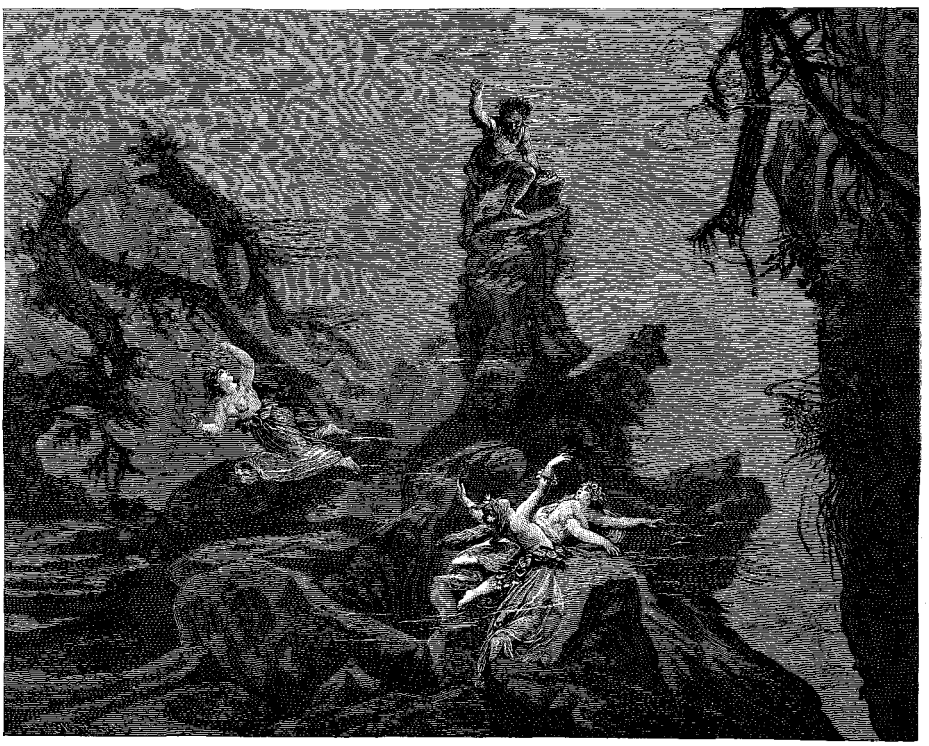
stage is simply the scene of a dramatic story. The scenery must be at once realistic and poetically significant; its merely picturesque value is of secondary moment. Its chief aim is to produce the illusion of reality. From Shakspere's placards, hung up in sight of the audience in the Globe Theatre, that the spectators might know what scene to picture in their imagination, to the elaborate scenes presented directly to the eye on the stage at Bayreuth, can be traced the whole evolution



Das Rheingold, Scene 1.

(From the original sketch for the scenery used at Bayreuth, by J. Hoffmann.)

of scenery on the modern stage. And probably few of us, such is the force of convention, have taken the trouble to think how much of the Shaksperean explanatory placard still remains in the scenery of ordinary opera. Many, even of the best painted interiors, but more especially the out-of-door scenes, in conventional opera, go only one step farther than Shakspere's placards. The placard *told* the spectator what the scene was supposed to be; our more modern scenery *suggests* it to him, but does not do much more than that. If, for instance, the scene is a virgin forest, this is by no means what the stage shows our eye; what we actually see is not a virgin forest, but a rectangular or trapezoidal *clearing* in a virgin forest, and planked over at that. The scene may suggest a forest to the imagination, but it does not show it to the eye; there is no real illusion. The plank floor (or, perhaps, the green carpet), the regular rows of trees on each side of the stage, the flaps of blue canvas that do duty for sky, often encroaching upon the tree-tops and but ill-joined to the backgound—these are things to which custom has inured us, and the meaning of which we understand; but the illusion produced by them is slight, or null. And it is not

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Tristan and Isolde, Act I., Scene 2.
(From a photograph from life, by Hans Brand.)

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merely the habit of long seeing such scenes as this on the stage that leads us to accept them; that other habit of instinctively looking upon the stage as an "arena for protagonists" counts for much in our readiness to accept the partial suggestion for the complete picture. But compare such a stage-picture as I have just described with the scene in the third act of "Siegfried" as it is staged at Bayreuth [see the illustration on p. 516], and you see at a glance the superior illusion produced by Wagner's method of stage-setting. Here the natural wildness of the picture is lessened by no compromise with stage-conventions—the rocks do not stop short at the background, but cover the stage; the stormy sky is one great cloud-mass, not a series of overhanging arches of canvas; the dark cavern seems to reach down into the very bowels of the earth. The stage is no longer a smoothed "arena for protagonists," but the scene of a real-seeming dramatic action. The stage-pictures of *Mime's* Hut, in "Siegfried" [p. 518], and of the first scene in "Das Rheingold" [p. 519], show an equal loving care for complete visual representation. In some fantastic scenes which play in the region of the supernatural, and with which exact realism has, consequently, little to do, Wagner shows how perfectly willing he is to sacrifice pictorial beauty to more purely dramatic considerations. The scenery of *Klingsor's* Magic Garden, in the second act of "Parsifal" [p. 522], came in for not a little pretty sharp criticism when that drama was first brought out at Bayreuth. The coloring (running mostly on violent reds and yellows, with some very vivid greens, if I remember aright) was declared to be garish and vulgar, and the extraordinary size of the flowers was much objected to. Indeed, this scene, as it first meets the eye, does not seem wholly a thing of beauty. But all this garish color, this Brobdignagian vegetation, have their allotted function to perform—a very useful illusion is produced. The flaunting hugeness of the surroundings dwarfs the figures of the *Flower-Girls*—the vivified flowers who try their seductions upon *Parsifal*—to elfin smallness; those full-grown young women appear like tiny fairies, and all that might seem gross and earthly in the seduction-scene is cured by this dainty prettiness. When I first saw *Parsifal* clambering over the wall at the back I could not, for some moments, believe that it was really Herr Winkelmann, who stands a good six-foot-two-or-three in his stockings. I took the apparition to be a mock "*Parsifal* in perspective"—on the principle of the little pasteboard *Lohengrin* that hitches its way across the back-flat at our theatres before the real *Lohengrin* appears. It was only when he began to sing that I saw that the "*Parsifal* in perspective" and the real *Parsifal* were one; and then he immediately looked a mile off.

One of the great triumphs of Wagner's system of stage-setting is his method of shifting scenery. In general, he shows himself averse to frequent changes of scene, especially to those sudden changes before the eyes of the spectator of which Shakspere's plays are full. Indeed, he deprecated anything that interrupted the continuity of the dramatic action. In most of his operas and music-dramas one set of scenery does for a whole act. Still, he sometimes found himself forced to shift the scenery *during* an act, and it is his manner of managing such *changements à vue* that is especially novel and poetic in its effect. Such changes as that from *Sachs's* Work-shop to the Field on the Banks of the Pegnitz, in the third act of "Die Meistersinger," or from the Hall of the Gibichungen to the Top of the Brünnhildenstein, in the first act of "Götterdämmerung," do not properly come under this head, for a curtain is dropped during the scene-shifting. All that distinguishes these changes of scenery from the usual ones that are made between two acts is that the orchestra continues playing until the new scene is set, and there is no real wait, or *entr'acte*. But the changes I now speak of especially are those which go on with the curtain raised. Such are all the changes in "Das Rheingold" (the curtain remains raised during the whole of this drama), the changes from the Mountain Pass to the Top of the Brünnhildenstein, in the third act of "Siegfried;" from the Banks of the

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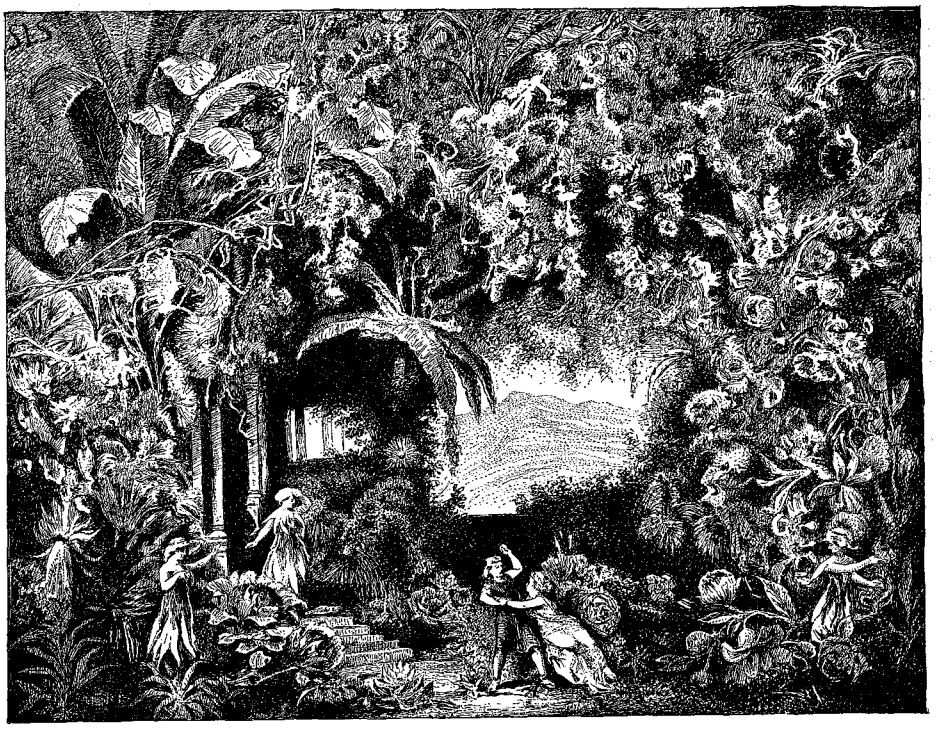
Rhine to the Hall of the Gibichungen, in the third act of "Götterdämmerung;" the changes from the Forest to the Sanctuary of the Grail, in the first and third acts of "Parsifal." These changes of scene are of two kinds—either the scenery is shifted gradually, in sight of the spectator, as in the Descent into Nibelheim, in "Das Rheingold," and the passage from the Forest to the Sanctuary, in "Parsifal," or else the setting of the new scene is hidden behind clouds, as in the change from the Bottom to the Banks of the Rhine, in "Das Rheingold," and some of the changes in "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung." Infinitely the most impressive of the changes of the first kind are those in "Parsifal." The Act III. The scenery, which represents a flowery meadow, begins to move slowly from left to right, and a gradually shifting picture thus passes slowly before the spectator's eyes. The field, little by little, becomes dense, and ever denser, forest; the forest, in its turn, changes to rocky gulch or cañon. Soon there appear traces of man's handiwork—the rock appears roughly hewn, and, in almost total darkness, the spectator seems to find himself led through a subterranean passage cut in the solid rock. The change goes on—the rough-hewn rock becomes masonry, and soon we pass into a colonnade, through which we seem to be led until, at last, this underground corridor is seen to issue into the Sanct-



The Magic Garden. Parsifal, Act II., Scene 2.

(From the original sketch for the scenery used at Bayreuth, by the brothers Brückner and P. Joukovsky.)

cut [p. 523] represents the beginning of the transformation in the first act as Wagner originally meant to have it; but as this change was somewhat modified at the performances, at the instigation of Scaria, I prefer to describe the, in every way similar, transformation in uary of the Grail itself [p. 524], which appears before us deserted, dark, almost awful in its solemn architectural grandeur. The impressiveness of this gradual transformation, heightened, as it is, by the ever-increasing and, at last, almost total darkness and the unearthly

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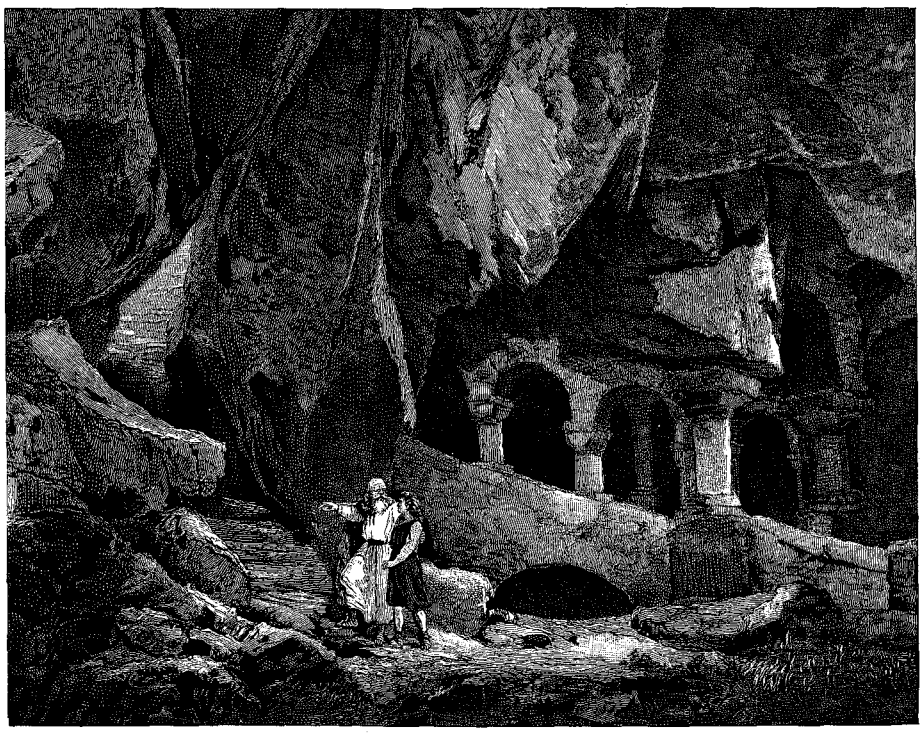

Parsifal, Act I., Scene 2.

(From the original sketch for the scenery used at Bayreuth, by the brothers Brückner and P. Joukovsky.)

music of the orchestra, is something of which words are impotent to convey an adequate idea. The *truc* (as the French have it) of a gradually shifting back-flat is by no means new, and has been employed more than once before, notably in spectacular fairy-pieces; but never, surely, has it been used to such majestic solemnity of effect as by Wagner in "Parsifal." And note here that, if any smallest detail had been lacking, if any merely conventional theatrical item had obtruded itself upon the seemingly real scene, the completeness of the illusion would have vanished, and, with it, the unspeakably grand and solemn impression. As an equally impressive example of the second sort of change of scene, let me take the one in the third act of "Götterdämmerung," which takes place after *Siegfried's* death. The stage-setting is shown in the illustration on page 517, which represents an earlier scene in the same act. The men place *Siegfried's* dead body upon his shield and bear it on their shoulders, in sad procession, up the rocky path at the right, to the alternately solemn and martial strains of the now familiar Dead-March. Twilight has set in. As the procession rounds the corner, and gradually disappears from sight, exhalations of evening mist begin to rise from the surface of the Rhine. The mist thickens into fog, and gradually covers the whole ground of the scene; little by little it rises into clouds, which at length hide the whole scene from view, pushing their way up into the nearest foreground. Then, after awhile, the clouds begin to rise, and dissipate themselves into finer and finer mist, which, in gradually vanishing, reveals to us the Hall of the Gibichungen at night, the rays of the moon falling upon the scene through the opening at the back. These mist- and cloud-effects are produced, as is now well known, by jets of steam, at last by steam and a series of gauze curtains combined. Practically the clouds serve as a curtain behind

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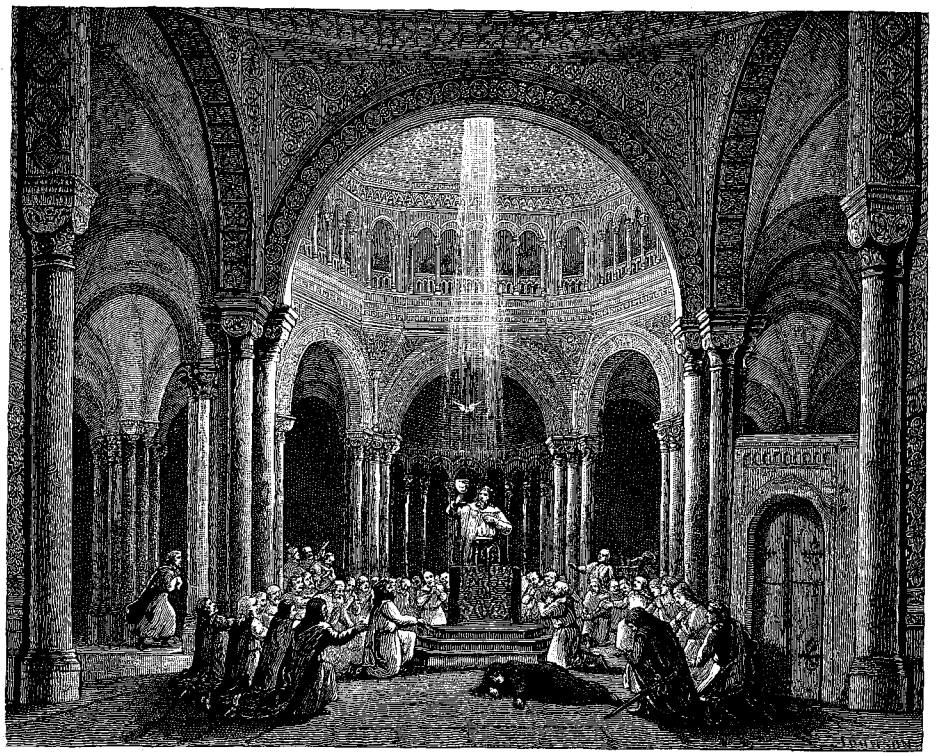

Parsifal, Act III., Scene 3.

(From the original sketch for the scenery used at Bayreuth, by the brothers Brückner and P. Joukovsky.)

which the scene-shifters can ply their craft unseen by the audience. But the dramatico-poetic superiority of this natural-seeming curtain of cloud over the conventional act-drop, or over the still worse process of shifting scenery piecemeal in full sight of the spectator, can be seen at a glance.

It is impossible to leave this subject of Wagner's system of stage-setting without touching upon his equally noteworthy system of lighting the stage. That he presupposes that the auditorium shall be in as complete darkness as possible, so that all the effects of light shall be confined to the stage alone, and that the scene and what goes forward thereon shall be the only visible objects to the spectator, need hardly be said. The darkened auditorium is with him a *sine qua non*. But, beyond this, his method of lighting the stage itself presents points of especial interest. Wagner's management of light is in quite as strong contrast to old-time theatrical convention as his management of scenery. Here we find another example of his fundamental principle of dramatic performance—that the stage is not to be an "arena for protagonists," but the scene of a real, or real-seeming, dramatic action. The old method was so to arrange the means of lighting the stage—foot-lights, side-lights, and head-lights—that the greatest possible intensity of light should be shed upon the performer, especially upon his face. Where the public was, with reason, supposed to come to the theatre to judge and, if possible, enjoy the performance of certain artists, the point of paramount importance was that these artists should be distinctly *seen*. No smallest detail of their gesture or play of facial expression must be lost upon the spectator. The actor carried the drama on his shoulders, and the actor must be plainly visible. To what lengths of absurdity stage-convention carried this principle I hardly need say here. The

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midnight murders that have been committed on the stage amid a blaze of light fit only for instantaneous photography must be ever-present to the memory of habitual theatre-goers. But with Wagner the play is the thing, not the actor. As his scenery is realistic, or romantically poetic, so also is his stage-lighting. His first principle is so to light the stage that the scene shall seem real. With him night is night, and day is day; evening and morning twilight are themselves, and nothing else. Shadows are cast *from* the sun and moon, and not *toward* them. If in some of the interiors at Bayreuth the light on the stage differs little from that at ordinary theatres, the out-of-door scenes are lighted in a manner utterly at variance with theatrical convention. The imitation of direct or diffused sunlight or moonlight is wonderfully perfect. The light seems all to come from one point; not from a point twenty, or thirty, or forty feet distant, but from the very sun or moon itself. Trees cast their proper shade. Then the illusion of out-of-door atmosphere is complete. One of the worst results of the crude glare cast upon the stage by the old method of lighting, especially in out-of-door scenes, was that the atmosphere seemed, so to speak, burnt up, and the dramatic action had too much the appearance of going on in a vacuum. With Wagner's often brilliant, but never garish, stage-lighting, effects of atmosphere are possible. These effects are produced by large curtains, not of gauze, as has sometimes been reported, but of coarse twine netting. These net-curtains are so hung that little or no direct light is shed upon them, and they are practically invisible to the spectator; but they produce just that effect of a denser atmosphere on the horizon which is noticeable in the real landscape, and also aid greatly in producing effects of atmospheric perspective. The range of hills at the back of the stage in the third act of "Parsifal" looks a good ten or twelve miles off. In the last few years I have seen similar net-curtains used for the same purpose at some of our theatres, but never with equally good results. The netting itself is too plainly visible, and no illusion is produced. The nets are, in the first place, made of too white a twine, and, as they are generally hung bias, the diagonal lines formed by the rhomboidal, or diamond-shaped, meshes are exceedingly liable to catch the light. The Bayreuth atmosphere-nets are of the natural écru-color of the hemp, and, unless my memory plays me foul, are hung so that the mesh-lines run vertically and horizontally, instead of obliquely. Quite as noteworthy as Wagner's imitations of sunlight and moonlight, and of natural out-of-door atmosphere, are his effects of partial or total darkness. As, practically, no light comes from the auditorium, he can throw his stage into complete darkness whenever the nature of the scene requires it. As the curtain rises on the second act of "Götterdämmer-

Parsifal and the Flower-Girls.

(From a photograph from life, by Carl Giessel, Bayreuth.)

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ung, *Hagen* and *Alberich* are, at first, absolutely invisible, so dark is the stage; and, throughout the first scene, their figures are to be seen distinctly only at moments when the thick clouds part and the moon casts its light upon the couple. Of course, old-school stage-managers will object here that this darkness of the stage nullifies at once one of the actor's most valuable means of dramatic effect—it renders his play of feature invisible. But Wagner takes his effects where he can find them strongest; and if he can obtain greater dramatic force from the elements than from the actor, he does not hesitate to do so. Surely no gesture or facial expression that any actor ever had at command could produce an effect commensurate with that feeling of terror, in face of the supernatural, which seizes upon the awe-struck listener as *Alberich's*

> Sei treu, Hagen, mein Sohn!
> Trauter Helde, sei treu!
> Sei treu!—treu!

rings out, as from the very throat of black night itself, as the fell Nibelung gradually vanishes from sight.

Having shown the fundamental guiding principle, and some of the more important details of Wagner's stage-setting, let me now consider some of the characteristic points in his system of stage-management. Here we find him even more at variance with old methods than before. In the old opera the chief, if not the only, business of the chorus was to sing; the manner in which they were grouped on the stage was determined by certain practical considerations, which were, indeed, of some weight. They must enter upon the scene in the way least likely to create confusion; once on the stage, they must be so grouped as to leave a sufficient space free for the principal singers, and also so as to insure the best possible musical effect. The now familiar conventional placing of the chorus in two double lines, one on each side of the stage—sopranos and tenors on the left, contraltos and basses on the right—was the result. This was quite as much a piece of stage-convention as the "trapezoidal clearing in a virgin forest;" as we saw, in the one case, a regular line of painted trees on each side of the clearing, conventionally suggestive of a forest, so do we here see two corresponding rows of singers, conventionally suggestive of a crowd. In one case, as in the other, the smoothed arena is left free for the protagonists. Now, Wagner overthrew this military precision of arrangement completely. With him the chorus, together with the non-singing supernumeraries, have but two functions—either they are passive, but always more or less interested, spectators of the dramatic action, or else they take actual part in the action itself. In both cases the manner of their coming upon the stage, their grouping and their action thereon, are to be regulated by one principle, and by one only—they must produce the illusion of reality. I am here tempted to make two citations from Wagner's own writings, which, although they have to do especially with scenes in "Tannhäuser," an opera not yet given at Bayreuth, give a clearer idea of his management of masses on the stage than anything else I can think of. He writes:

> Let the stage-manager see to it that the processions in "Tannhäuser" be not conducted on the customary marching plan that has become so stereotyped in our opera-performances. Marches, in the accustomed sense, are not to be found in my later operas; and, accordingly, if the entrance of the guests into the Singers' Hall (Act II., Scene 4) is to be so managed that chorus and supernumeraries march on in couples, make the favorite serpentine procession round the stage, and then place themselves in two military rows along the side-scenes, expectant of further operatic occurrences, I only beg that the orchestra play to this some march from "Norma" or "Belisario," but not my music. On the other hand, if it is thought good to retain my music, the entrance of the guests must be so ordered as to imitate real life, and this, too, in its noblest and freest forms; away with that painful regularity of the traditional marching drill; the more manifold and unconstrained are the groups of arriving guests, as of separate families and parties of friends, the more captivating will be the effect of the whole entry.

Again he writes, in another place:

> For the performance of my "Tannhäuser" in Paris I had rewritten the first scene in the Venus Mountain, and carried out on a larger plan what had previously been only cursorily indicated. I called the ballet-master's attention to how very nonsensically the wretched, mincing little *pas* of his mænads and bacchantes contrasted with my music, and asked

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Parsifal, Act II., Scene 1.

(From the original sketch for the scenery used at Bayreuth, by the brothers Brückner and P. Joukovsky.)

him to invent instead, and have performed by his corps, something daring and wildly sublime, that should correspond to the bacchanalian groups represented on famous antique bas-reliefs. The man whistled on his fingers, and said: "Ah, I understand you; but for that sort of business I should have to have all *premiers sujets;* if I were to breathe a word of this to my people, and show them the attitude you mean, we should have the *can-can* on the spot, and we should be lost."

This last is particularly suggestive, for it has to do with the one scene in all Wagner's works, since "Rienzi," in which the *corps de ballet* is brought into play—a scene which seems to bear considerable external resemblance to the conventional operatic *ballet divertissement*, but which differs therefrom utterly in its real character. I have seen this scene most sumptuously mounted in Munich, but with no better artistic results than those which Wagner probably had to put up with in Paris. The "wretched, mincing little *pas*" of the dancers—not to speak of the quite conventional short skirts of the *premières*—contrasted violently enough with the otherwise Hellenic character of the scene. It is highly probable that this scene will never be correctly mounted until "Tannhäuser" is given at Bayreuth. But a visible example, or suggestion, of what Wagner demanded in scenes of this description is to be found in the seduction-scene in the second act of "Parsifal," as it is given at Bayreuth. There is, to be sure, no dancing in this scene, but its general dramatic character is very similar to that of many operatic ballet-scenes; indeed, it recalls vividly the scene between *Robert* and the *Nuns*, in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," and any dramatic composer but Wagner would undoubtedly have turned it into a ballet. Here the *Flower-Girls* (vivified flowers) who ply *Parsifal* with their fascinations run about the stage in absolute disorder; what little grouping there is seems purely accidental. Each girl wants *Parsifal* for herself; and the way they all flock around him, and pull

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one another this way and that, in order to get at him, gives no suggestion of concerted or *pre*concerted action. The accompanying cut [p. 525] gives some notion of the lawless freedom of the scene, only it is to be noted that something of the original vivacity of pose has been lost under the fire of the photographer's camera. Still the group shows plainly enough that nothing remains here of that military precision which marks the evolutions of *figurantes* or chorus-singers in conventional opera.

The style of acting which Wagner demands is, essentially, that which the best modern taste requires in heroic spoken drama. The meaningless, merely conventional gesticulation of the traditional opera-singer is to be replaced by all the subtile, natural-seeming, and dramatically effective histrionism which has hitherto been more especially associated with the non-lyric stage in its best estate. The actors are not to address themselves to the front benches, or to the chandelier—that time-honored repository of heroic aspirations—but to one another. There is, however, one point which actors of Wagner's music-dramas are, almost everywhere, too prone to overlook, and which is of the most vital importance. This is the intimate and indissoluble connection, which exists throughout, between the music in the orchestra and the dramatic action on the stage. The anecdote about "Lohengrin," that I told at the beginning of this article, is a fair example of what I mean. It is not enough for the singing actor to know the text and music of his own part in a scene; not enough, even, for him to know the parts of those who play with him; he must know the orchestral score of the scene—or, at worst, the piano-forte transcription thereof—by heart. The Wagnerian actor who does not know the score of all the scenes in which he takes part is in as bad a case as the pianist who knows only the solo part in the concerto he is to play. This complete knowledge is necessary not merely to insure the perfection of certain realistic details, as when Wagner wrote, as a foot-note to *Tannhäuser's* song to *Venus*, in the first act of the opera: "This harp accompaniment must be copied into the part given to the singer, that he may learn it, and seem to play it on the mock instrument he carries on the stage." It is necessary for a far more important purpose—the actor's by-play is often to be regulated by what music is going on in the orchestra. In the spoken drama an actor's by-play is conditioned by one of two things—by what goes on around him, or by the emotions that arise in the breast of the character he impersonates. The same is true in Wagnerian music-drama, only that here the actor is less free to put in what by-play he chooses and, especially, *when* he chooses. In Wagner's music-dramas there is not a little dumb-show, and this dumb-show is, in every case, accompanied by appropriately expressive and illustrative orchestral music. The actor is in duty bound, not only to assume the required expression of face, and perform the proper pantomimic action, but, also, so to regulate his acting that every change of facial expression, every gesture and movement, shall fall pat with the corresponding musical phrase or accent in the orchestra. There must be this quasi-Leibnitzian *harmonia præstabilita* between the orchestral music and the histrionic act if the illusion is to be produced that both music and act are essentially one, only apprehended by us simultaneously through two different senses. Without such "pre-established agreement" the full realization of Wagner's dramatic ideal is impossible; and to what minutiæ of detail he wished it carried can be appreciated only after a very careful study of certain scenes in his works. Here is one of the points where the average actor of Wagnerian music-drama is weakest; and, it must be admitted, even the Bayreuth performances leave much to be desired in this respect. I remember saying to a high authority on matters Wagnerian, after first seeing "Parsifal," at Bayreuth, in 1884, that, of all the members of the double cast of the drama, Frau Materna and Herr Scaria seemed to me the only ones who had completely grasped, digested, and assimilated Wagner's idea. The answer was: "*Na!* between you and me, you are perfectly right!" (*Sie haben vollkommen recht.*) And, if Bay-

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reuth is not quite perfect in this matter, what shall be said of performances of Wagner's works elsewhere? If any of my readers should have the curiosity to see for themselves (in their mind's eye, of course) what effect can be produced by this accurate agreement between the actor's pantomime and the music in the orchestra, let them turn to "Die Meistersinger," Act III., beginning of Scene 3,* and to "Die Walküre," Act I., Scene 1, † and compare the elaborate stage-directions with the music. A pretty accurate knowledge of the various leading motives is to be presupposed.

If the too common lapses in the matters of stage-setting, stage-management, and acting, that are to be deplored in most performances of Wagner's works, give the unguarded spectator an incomplete idea of the character of these works themselves, and enable him to form only an approximate notion of their dramatic beauty and power, the equally frequent lapses from correctness of style in the matter of musical performance (singing and playing) place him in a still more helpless predicament, for they give him an absolutely wrong idea. Few of Wagner's ideas on the subject of musico-dramatic performance have been so generally misunderstood, it seems to me, as his ideas on the art of singing, and the demands he made upon singers, as such. Many critics, even of acknowledged Wagnerian proclivities, seem to have the haziest notions on this head. That there is a certain excuse for this must be admitted. In reading such theoretical works as "Oper und Drama," and others that came from Wagner's pen, it is, perhaps, not unnatural to hold fast by that upon which he threw the greatest stress, and to forget, or undervalue, that which he emphasized less strongly. Again, it is natural for the average art-lover, who does not, as a rule, care to dabble in theoretical reading, to get his ideas of Wagnerian performance from the practical examples that have come within the scope of his own experience. But it should be remembered that, because this or that singer is famous in Wagnerian rôles, and has been highly praised by the master himself, it does not necessarily follow that he is a model of all the artistic virtues that Wagner prized. No more does it necessarily follow, because Wagner valued a fine stage-presence, good acting, distinct enunciation, and correctness of rhetorical accent more than he did singing, in its purely musical aspect, that he did not value fine singing at all. Wagner, like the rest of us, had to put up with the best he could get; the artists he had to do with were Germans, who, as he himself admitted, "have, as a rule, but little talent for singing." The notion that Wagner cared nothing for fine singing, and was willing, and even glad, to dispense with it in performances of his works, seems to me utterly without foundation. That he strongly deprecated that somewhat foppish preciosity of style which belongs to "Bellini-and-Donizetti opera," and of which Rubini was probably the most perfect exponent, is true enough. But between this and the almost total absence of musical phrasing, the mere declamatory shouting that we have heard from some loudly acclaimed singers in Wagnerian rôles, there lies a considerable distance; and it is, to me at least, indubitable that Wagner's ideal lay somewhere between these two limits. Frau Materna once told me that Wagner's own singing of passages in the "Nibelungen" and "Parsifal," when he showed his singers how this or that phrase ought to go, as he often had occasion to do at the Bayreuth rehearsals, was literally the despair of all the artists present. She said that his voice was bad and his vocalization very defective, but that the lyric purity, perfection, and poignant expressiveness of his musical phrasing were simply astounding. If, for the Bayreuth festivals, he chose some artists because they had a fine stage-presence and were good actors, apparently overlooking the fact that they were poor singers and often sang out of tune, it was simply because, with him, good acting was a *sine qua non;* and eye-witnesses at the rehearsals report, quite credibly, that he, more than once, expressed himself in no measured terms about the singing of these very artists. Indeed, it is said that, after the first "Nibelungen" festival, in 1876, Wagner was sorry that he had given the part

* Tausig's pianoforte-score, pp. 273-276.
† Klindworth's pianoforte-score, pp. 8-16.

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of *Siegfried* to Georg Unger, with all his superb stage-presence, instead of to Heinrich Vogl, who would have sung it better. Whether this be true or not, it may safely be asserted that, in general, the often ungainly singing, false intonation, and poor vocal phrasing of some, even of the famous singers of Wagnerian rôles, were things that Wagner had, perforce, to put up with, but which neither pleased nor satisfied him.

And, upon the whole, it should be said, emphatically, that good singing and musical phrasing are of importance in the Wagnerian music-drama; of less importance than good acting and a distinct enunciation of the text, but by no means valueless for all that. What Wagner did deprecate in singing was anything that tended merely to display the singer's voice; the prolonged sustaining of high notes, after the Italian fashion, was his pet abhorrence. Many a *Lohengrin* has come in for a sound rating from him for dwelling too long on "*Elsa, ich liebe dich!*" He abominated all those "heroic" vocal effects with which Italian singers are wont to bring down the house. His first demand was that every word and syllable of the text should be distinctly heard by the listener. And this brings me to a point in which almost all performances of Wagner's dramatic works that I have heard, in Germany, England, and America, agree in being sadly incorrect. The orchestra almost everywhere plays too loud, either drowning the singers' voices or else forcing them to inordinate vocal exertions to make themselves heard. Nothing could have been more un-Wagnerish than the almost continual shouting that marred the otherwise fine performances of "Tristan" at the Metropolitan Opera House last winter; and what was worst of all was that this strenuous vocal effort was necessary. The reckless way in which Herr Seidl threw the reins upon the neck of his orchestra made it so; and Herr Seidl is not alone in this—it is done almost everywhere where Wagner's operas and music-dramas are given. It may possibly be objected here, that if Wagnerian opera is given "almost everywhere" in this way, in the most famous opera-houses and by the most noted conductors and singers, is it not likely that this way is right? A thousand times No! Hear what Wagner himself says about the manner in which his works are usually given in Germany. I may change the phraseology, for I quote from memory, but of the purport I am sure. Some years ago, when the proposed scheme of giving the complete cyclus of Wagner's works at Bayreuth had to be abandoned for lack of the needful funds, Wagner wrote to a friend: "Perhaps it is, after all, better as it is. It is quite possible for me to mount the 'Nibelungen' and 'Parsifal' at Bayreuth; these works are new. But for the 'Holländer,' 'Tannhäuser,' 'Lohengrin,' and 'Die Meistersinger'—perhaps even for 'Tristan'—I should have to employ absolutely green hands, who, as such, might be unable to cope with their task. For there is hardly a singer of any experience or eminence, in Germany, who has not repeatedly sung in these works; and as such singers have thus become accustomed to doing almost everything wrong, it would be hopeless for me to try to lead them into the right path." But the best reply is furnished by Bayreuth itself. There you hear little or no shouting; the beautifully moderate playing of the orchestra makes it possible for the singers to use the *mezza voce* almost everywhere, except in passages of extreme passionate violence. Hardly a word is lost; and the singers sing easily and humanly, without excessive exertion. Even for the "Ride of the Valkyrior" (in "Die Walküre"), which we know here as a rather striking example of powerful orchestration, Wagner said to the orchestra, at one of the Bayreuth rehearsals, in 1876: "Gentlemen, I want a great deal of accent here, but little noise" (*sehr viel Accent, aber wenig Lärm*). Indeed, not a little of the bad singing we too often hear in Wagner's operas is quite sufficiently accounted for by the fact that the singers are too hard pushed by the orchestra. Of the specifically un-Wagnerian singing, of which we hear not a little, much comes, doubtless, from an ingrained and inveterate operatic habit. The effective "final cadence that brings down the house" is something that few singers can be prevailed upon to forego. I wonder how many habitual opera-goers, who are familiar with "Die Walküre," are aware

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that *Siegmund's* love-song, in the first act, really ends *piano;* I, for one, have never heard it sung so. Upon the whole, it may be said that just those vocal effects which are so telling, stirring, and perfectly in place in operas like "Aïda," or the "Prophète," are precisely the ones Wagner did not wish for in his own works. But it is not merely the ordinary "heroic" effects, and the "final cadence that brings down the house," so dear to the hearts of case-hardened opera-singers, that Wagner deprecated. Foreign as such things are to the spirit of his music, there is still another thing which he held in equal abhorrence. This is the rhythmic liberties habitually taken by opera-singers—the whole unrhythmic style of singing prevalent on the operatic stage.

In the old, traditional Italian opera the lyrical numbers had, as a rule, so simple, strongly marked, and perspicuous a rhythm that no irregularity in the singing, no *rubato* phrasing, could very well make it incomprehensible, if the singer was only possessed of a decent rhythmic sense. Retarding here, and hurrying there, imparted a certain expressive vivacity to the phrase, besides allowing the singer to make play with his voice at effective points. And this was all the more legitimate that the phrase itself was usually so simple in outline that this quasi-distortion did not hinder its being readily grasped by the listener. In the recitatives, on the other hand, there was no question of any rhythm at all; the singer was free to give the notes what value he pleased.

Now, what Wagner wrote for his singers, especially in his later works, is equally far removed from the regular rhythmic *carrure* of the lyrical numbers, and from the absolutely unrhythmic character of the recitatives, in Italian opera. No doubt there is not a little in his music-dramas that might be called recitative without an inordinate stretching of terms. But he was far from intending the singer to take any marked rhythmic liberties even here. As far back as "Tannhäuser," Wagner writes:

> In my opera no distinction holds good between those passages which are to be "sung," as the phrase goes, and those which are to be "declaimed;" on the contrary, my declamation is, at the same time, singing, and my singing, declamation. The definite cessation of "singing," and the definite beginning of the customary "recitative," by which the singer's performance in opera is divided into two wholly different styles, does not exist in my works. I do not recognize at all the real Italian recitative, in which the composer hardly indicates the rhythmic element in performance, but leaves it to the singer's discretion; in passages where the poetry sinks from the more impassioned lyrical plane to the homelier level of mere emotional speech I have never forfeited my right to determine the style of performance quite as precisely as in outbursts of lyric song. Therefore, he who confounds such passages with the customary recitatives, and alters and transforms their rhythmic character accordingly, distorts my music quite as much as if he added new notes and harmonies to my lyric melody.

If this principle holds good in "Tannhäuser," it is of threefold weight in the later music-dramas. At the beginning of *Wotan's* long narrative: "*Als junger Liebe Lust mir verblich*, etc.," in the second act of "Die Walküre," we accordingly find the direction, "*streng im Zeitmaass*" (in strict time)—a direction which probably recurs oftener in Wagner's scores than in those of any other dramatic composer. Shamefully as this principle is disregarded by most singers who have to do with Wagner's music-dramas, we have had here at least one noteworthy example of its complete application—Albert Niemann. Whatever this distinguished artist's singing may not be, it is thoroughly Wagnerian in its persistently rhythmic quality.

I have shown here what seem to me the most important elements of correct musico-dramatic performance according to Wagner's ideas, laying especial stress upon such principles and details as are oftenest neglected, and in the practical following-out of which the Bayreuth Theatre stands, as yet, solitarily alone. And, as I have said, it is by this faithful adherence to Wagnerian principles that the importance of Bayreuth, as the headquarters of Wagner's art, still maintains itself.

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SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SHERIFF ASSISTS.

WHILE Isabel sat over the stove in the cold, austere parlor of the Warren house, with its ancient furniture, the never-failing photograph album, and those huge pink shells on the mantel-shelf, without which no rural home used to be complete—waiting for she scarcely knew what—strange things were going forward in the home of the Fairchilds.

On the forenoon of this same day, Thursday, there had been a gathering in the office of the Thessaly *Banner of Liberty*. It was the publication day of the paper, but for once it went to press without enlisting even the most careless scrutiny, let alone the solicitude, of its editor-proprietor. He had more serious business on hand. Closeted with him in the little editorial room, whose limited space had rarely before been so taxed, were Beekman, Ansdell, the District Attorney, the Sheriff, and the younger of the dead man's two New York partners, a shrewd, silent, long-faced man. Seth had desired to be of the party, but his brother had sent him off, to return after dinner.

These men gravely discussed some subjects with which our readers are familiar, and some now first brought to light. John had a letter from Annie, sent by hand the previous evening, detailing the strange things Milton had said to her about the black mare. Ansdell and Mr. Hubbard, the partner, recited how they had discovered that Albert Fairchild, on the preceding Monday, sold $16,000 worth of Government bonds, and the abortive effort he made to so arrange the transfer that it would not be traced. Beekman recalled how the black mare had balked on the edge of the gulf the day after the murder—for they all thus characterized it now. Later, the Coroner came in by appointment, and, in the presence of the dreaded District Attorney, was meekness itself. He even heard that two physicians were to go out with the party, and make an examination, without taking offence.

After the noon-day dinner the gathering was reinforced by the two doctors and by Seth, the latter devoured by curiosity, and vexed at being kept so long in the dark. Soon after, all of the party save the Sheriff made their way to the Fairchild house, driving by twos or threes, and at intervals, to avoid exciting suspicion. It was after the arrival of the last division that Ansdell met Isabel, and advised her to stay away from the house for a time.

The two surgeons and the Coroner went silently into the parlor, and closed the door behind them. In the living-room Ansdell, Hubbard, John, and the District Attorney took chairs around the stove, having given word that Milton, who was off on the other side of the hill, arranging the sale of some apples, should be sent in to them when he arrived, which could not be very long now. In the kitchen, opening back from the living-room as this in turn did from the parlor, Seth and Beekman sat with the three women of the household.

These latter had been told that something was going on, or rather had inferred it from being forbidden to leave the room, and were agog with puzzled excitement. They had no clew, save a vague understanding that important personages were in the front portions of the house, but Alvira and Melissa stole unhappy glances toward Seth, in uneasy fear that the worst suspicions born of Samantha's recital were to be realized in fact. Aunt Sabrina, sitting with her shawl wrapped about her gaunt shoulders, and with her feet on a piece of wood in the oven, did not know of this story which gave point to the other women's anxiety, but was in misery between a deep yearning to learn what had happened, and a pessimistic conviction that it must be another addition to the Fairchilds' load of calamities.

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They heard Milton drive up presently, and hail Dana with instructions to put the horse out, and a query concerning the several strange vehicles under the shed. Then he came into the kitchen, stamping his feet with the cold, and walking straight to the stove to warm his hands. It was growing dark in the low room, and he did not recognize Beekman.

Seth delivered his errand, saying that his brother John wished to see Milton, as soon as he returned, in the living-room. The hired man gave the speaker a curious glance, and, after a moment or two of hand-warming, went in to learn what was wanted.

Almost as he closed the door behind him, the Sheriff entered the kitchen from the outside, and after an interrogative glance toward Beekman, which the latter answered by a nod, drew up a chair leisurely by the stove.

"Who'd a thought it 'd a turned out so cold, 'fore the moon changed?" he asked of the company collectively. "Hev yeh got any cider abaout handy? 'N' a daoughnut, tew, ef yeh don't mine."

While Melissa was in the cellar, the Sheriff, who was a Spartacus man, and a stranger to both Seth and the females, asked of Beekman: "What did yeh agree on fer a sign?"

"Th' shakin' of th' stove."

Seth had been annoyed all day at the pains taken by John to keep the facts of the enterprise now in hand from him, and he displayed so much of this pique in the glance he now cast from the Sheriff to Beekman, that the latter felt impelled to speak:

"P'raps you disremember my askin' yeh t' other day 'baout whether yer brother had much money on him that night. Well, we've settled thet point. He did hev'—'n' 'twas a considerable sum, tew—'baout sixteen thaousan' dollars."

"No!" Seth's exclamation was of incredulous surprise.

"Yes, sixteen thaousan'. We knaow it."

"Oh! I remember now," said Seth, searching his impressions of the night. "I remember that when I said he might fail to be nominated, he slapped his breast two or three times as if he had something in the pocket. By George! I wonder——"

"Yeh needn't waste no more time wond'rin'. Thet was it! 'N' d'yeh knaow what he was goin' to dew with thet money? No, yeh daon't! He was agoin' to buy me! I wouldn't say this afore aoutsiders; I dunnao's I'd say it to yeou ef your paper wa'n't so dum fond o' pitchin' into me fer a boss, 'n' a machine man ez yeh call it, 'n' thet kine o' thing. Yer brother hed th' same idee o' me thet your paper 's got. He was wrong. They tell me ther air some country caounties in th' State where money makes th' mare gao. But Jay ain't one of 'em. Yer brother wanted to git into Congress. Ther was nao chance fer him in New York City. He come up here 'n' he worked things pooty fine, I'm baoun' to say, but he slipped up on me. Bribes may dew in yer big cities, but they won't go daown in Jay. I don't b'lieve they's ez much of it done anywhere ez folks think, nuther."

"But this money, then, was——"

"Lemme go on! P'raps this 'd never be'n faound aout, ef yer brother hadn't made mistake number tew in pickin' aout the wust 'n' meanest cuss in th' caounty to be his gao-between. I kin tell mean cusses when I see 'em, 'n' this feller he had was jest *the* dirtiest scalawag I ever did see. I kin stan' a scoundrel in a way ef he's bright abaout it, but this was a reg'lar, natchul born fool. Somehaow in th' kentry, these men don't seem to hev no sense. Ef they're goin' to rob a man, or set his barns afire, or kill him, they dew it in the darnedest, clumsiest saort o' way, so they're sure to git faound aout the minute anybody looks an inch beyond his nose into th' thing. It makes a man ashamed to be a kentryman to see th' foolish way these here blockheads git caught, ev'ry time."

The women had been listening intently to this monologue. They looked at one another now, with the light of a strange, new suspicion in their eyes.

"Who is this man? Who are you talking about?" Seth asked, eagerly.

At that moment the sound of a stove being shaken vigorously came from the living-room. The Sheriff rose to his feet, and strode toward the door of this room.

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"I'll shaow him to yeh in th' jerk of a lamb's tail," he said.

The conversation in the living-room, after Milton entered, had been trivial for a time, then all at once very interesting. He had been disagreeably surprised at finding three men with John, but had taken a seat, his big hands hanging awkwardly over his knees, and had been reassured somewhat by the explanation that Mr. Hubbard, the dead man's partner, was anxious to hear all he could about the sad occurrence. The District Attorney he did not know by sight, and he did not recognize Ansdell, who stood looking out of the window, softly drumming on the panes.

Milton told a lot of details, about Albert's return, about hitching up the grays for him, about how the news was received at the Convention and the like, all recited with verbose indirectness, and at great length. Once he stopped, his attention being directed to a slight sound in the parlor, and looked inquiry. John promptly explained that it was the undertaker, and the hired man went on.

At last the District Attorney, who had hitherto been silent, asked quietly:

"You went back to the stable—to your own room—after Mr. Fairchild drove away?"

"Yes, 'n' went to bed."

"Did you hear anyone enter the stables afterward?"

"No, nary a soul."

"There is a black mare in the stables, used under the saddle. Was she taken out that night?"

"Not thet I knaow of. Why?"

"Well, there seems to be a pretty positive story that she was. She was seen on the road, in fact, late that night, coming from the ravine. The rider was not recognized, but the mare was. How do you account for that?"

"Tain't none o' my business to 'caount for it." Milton did not like the tendency of the conversation.

"No, I know that, but we are interested in finding out. I don't think you know me—I am the District Attorney—and I shall take particular pains to find out."

A gulf suddenly yawned before Milton's feet, and he made a prompt, bold attempt to leap it. "I didn't like to say nothin' 'baout it, being as it's in th' fam'ly"—he cast an uneasy glance at John here—"but Seth Fairchild rides th' mare a good deal. I did hear somebody saddlin' th' mare, but I took it fer granted it was him, 'n' sao I didn't git up. It 'd be jes like him, I said to myself, to go ridin' in th' moonshine. He's thet sort of a feller, naow ain't he, John?"

The sound of his own voice frightened Milton as he went on, and his closing appeal to the brother for corroboration carried the nervous accent of fear. John did not answer, but rose and walked over to join Ansdell at the window.

"Of caourse," Milton began, in a lower voice, to which he sought to give a confidential tone, "I don't wan' to say nothin' agin Seth. Of caourse, he's John's brother, 'n'——"

The words were cut short by the rolling back of one of the parlor doors, and the entrance of the three doctors. The Coroner, who came last, pulled the door shut again. The older of the other two came to the District Attorney and said, with deliberate distinctness:

"We are both prepared to swear that Mr. Fairchild's death was caused by a gunshot wound in the head."

It was then that John sprang to the stove, and shook its grate vehemently.

At sight of the Sheriff, who advanced upon him with a directness which left no ambiguity as to his purpose, Milton rose excitedly from his chair, cast a swift, scared glance around the company, and then, while the handcuffs were being snapped upon his wrists, began to whimper.

"I didn't do it! It's a put-up job! It's them brothers o' his thet allus hankered after his money, 'n' naow they got it they're tryin' to put the thing on me. 'N' his wife, tew, thet stuck-up city gal, she——"

"Come naow, yeou better shut up," said the Sheriff, sententiously. "Th' more yeh say th' wuss it'll be fer yeh."

Most of the men present averted their gaze during the brief period of alternate threats and cringing, of rough curses and frenzied fawning on the Sheriff, the District Attorney, and even the Coroner, which ensued; but Mr. Hubbard watched it all carefully, with evident interest.

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"That is a very curious type of criminal," he said, as the Sheriff and his prisoner left the room; "very curious, indeed! I never saw a murderer before who had so little nerve, and funked so absolutely when he was confronted with detection. Why, I've seen men, guilty as guilty could be, who would deceive even their own lawyers. But such a simpleton as that—he's not worth his rope."

"That is because you are a city man," explained the District Attorney. "You don't know the kind of murderers we raise here in the country. The chances are that your city assassin would be tortured by remorse, if he escaped discovery, and that he committed the deed in a moment of passion. But the rural murderer (I am speaking of native Americans, now) plans the thing in cold blood, and goes at it systematically, with nerves like steel. He generally even mutilates the body, or does some other horrible thing, which it makes everybody's blood boil to think of. And so long as he isn't found out, he never dreams of remorse. He has no more moral perspective than a woodchuck. But when detection does come, it knocks him all in a heap. He blubbers, and tries to lay it on somebody else, and altogether acts like a cur—just as this fellow's doing now, for instance."

A hubbub of shrieks and sobs rose from the kitchen as he finished this sentence, and they with one accord moved toward the door.

The Sheriff, with an eye to his promise to the two men in the kitchen, had led the livid and slinking wretch out to the centre of the room, where the dim candles had now been lighted, and, forcing him to hold up his hands so that the manacles might be fully visible, said to Seth:

"Here yeh air! I said I'd shaow him to yeh! Here is the whelp thet did th' mischief. Look at him!"

There was a second of dead silence, as the several listeners took in the significance of his words, and of the spectacle.

The silence was broken by an inarticulate, indescribable cry from Aunt Sabrina. Then came, with startling swiftness, a confusion of moving bodies, of screams, and the rattling of the handcuffs' chain, which no one could follow. When the intervention of the Sheriff and Beekman had restored quiet, it was discovered that the old lady, with an agility of which none could have supposed her capable, had snatched a potato-knife from the table, and made a savage attempt to wreak the family's vengeance upon Milton. She had not succeeded in inflicting any injury, save a slight cut on one of his pinioned hands, and Seth now with some difficulty persuaded her to leave the room.

It fell to Alvira's lot to bind up the bleeding hand—for Melissa, undertaking the task, was too nervous and trembling to perform it.

A little dialogue, in hushed whispers, which only imperfectly reached even the sentinel Sheriff, ensued:

"Sao this is what yeh've come tew!"

"It's all a lie!"

"Oh, don't tell *me!* Ef you'd b'en contented with yer lot in life, 'n' hadn't tried to swell yourself up like a toad in a puddle, this wouldn't a happen'd. But nao, yeh poor fewl, yeh must set yerself up to *be* somebody! 'N' noaw where air yeh?"

Words with which to answer rose to Milton's bloodless lips, but he could not give them utterance. He could not even look at her, but in a dazed way stared at the hand, which he held so that she could wind the bandage in spite of the gyves.

"I didn't use to think yeh was aout-'n-aout bad," she continued, more slowly; "they was a time when yeh might a made a decent man o' yerself—ef yeh'd kep' yer word to me."

This time he did not make an effort to answer.

The task of sustaining the talk alone was too great for her. The tears came into her eyes, and blinded the last touches to the bandage. As it was completed, the Sheriff put his hand roughly on the prisoner's shoulder. The meaning of this movement spread over her mind, and appalled her. With a gesture of decision she stood on tiptoe, lifted her face up to Milton's and kissed him. Then, as he was led away, she turned to the onlookers, and said, defiantly, between incipient sobs:

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"I daon't keer! Ef t' was th' last thing I ever done in my life, I'd dew it. We was—engaged—once't on a time!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AT "M'TILDY'S" BEDSIDE AGAIN.

"Do you clip over and tell Annie," John had said to Seth, when the first excitement of the scene had passed off, and they stood at the kitchen window, watching the Sheriff's buggy fade off in the dusk down the hill toward Thessaly jail. "It's the thing for you to do—the quicker the better!"

Annie had been home from her day's task some minutes, and sat by her grandmother's bedside. The patient was in a semi-comatose state, breathing with unnatural heaviness, and Samantha had been despatched with all haste to bring a doctor from Thessaly. It seemed terribly probable that Mrs. Warren's last day had come.

Yet as she sat by the curtained recess, holding in her's the withered hand which lay inanimate on the high edge of the bed, Annie still thought very little of the great change impending over her home; she had faced this death in life so long that its climax did not startle her, or wear the garb of strangeness. Instead, she was pondering the unaccountable, unwelcome fact with which Samantha had greeted her on her return—that Isabel was in the adjoining room, and had asked to see her.

What could it mean? What could Isabel's purpose be in coming? And ought she to sacrifice her own feelings to the dictates of politeness, and go in to see this wicked, cruel woman? Perhaps she had come to retract and apologize for the fearful words of Tuesday. Perhaps her intention was to reiterate them, or worse, to recount that now the whole world would know of them—and gloat over her pain. No, that could scarcely be, for, since her interview with Milton, Annie felt satisfied at least of Seth's innocence. But still something new might have been disclosed—Isabel might have evil tidings of some sort with which to overwhelm her afresh. What should she do?

The parlor door was ajar, and though she could not see her visitor, she could plainly hear the snapping of the wood fire within, which Samantha had kindled. Isabel must be perfectly aware of her return, and of her presence in this sick chamber. Every minute that she hesitated would only augment the widow's anger at being thus inhospitably neglected. Even if she had relented, and had come with kindly intent, this reception might alter her impulses.

She rose to enter the parlor, but still stood irresolute, holding her grandmother's hand, when there came the sound of footsteps in the front hall—then of a hasty knock on the door opening from the hall into this room in which she was. She opened the door, and before her, excited and jubilant, stood her cousin Seth.

"I've come to tell you!" he burst out, "It's all cleared up. There *was* a murder. Milton did it! He's just been arrested! I tried to ring your bell, but it didn't seem to work. So I *had* to come in! And now——"

He opened his arms with an unmistakable gesture, and they closed fondly upon an overjoyed maiden, who sobbed upon his breast for very relief.

When she found breath and words, it was to say:

"Oh, you can't guess what I have suffered these last two days; I thought I should never live through them! And now it seems as if I should go wild with joy—as if I couldn't keep my feet down on the floor!"

"Yes, yes, I know, my darling. But we shall be all the happier for this spell of wretchedness. Dry your eyes, pet. There shall be no more thought or talk of tears—much less of dying."

"O Seth!—I forgot!—my grandmother!"

She lowered her voice, and told him her fears.

Hand in hand, and with his arm about her shoulder, they moved softly to the bedside of the dying woman. The noise of the talking, or some less apparent influence, had aroused her from her lethargy. Her pale eyes were brilliant still, with an unearthly light, it seemed to the awed young man, and she rested their gaze fixedly upon the couple.

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"Who is that?" she asked in a querulous whisper.

"It is Seth, Granny," the girl answered, relapsing unconsciously into the familiar form she had not used since childhood.

The aged woman restlessly moved her head, and her eyes snapped with impatience at her inability to raise herself from the pillow.

"I won't have him here! Tell him to take his arm away. What's he doin' here, anyway? He desarted yeh! His own father told me so! Tell him to go away! I hate the sight of the hull breed!"

"But he's come back to me, Granny," the girl pleaded, while Seth shrank backward in the shadow of the curtain. "Truly he has, and he's not to blame. And I love him very dearly"—a pressure from the young man's hand answered the sweetness of this avowal—"and he will be all I shall have left when—when—" she stopped, unwilling to conclude her thought in words.

"An' will he take yeh away, an' do by yeh ez a husban' ought to do, or will he take yeh onto that Fairchild farm, an' break yer heart out, ez his father did his mother's, an' ez his uncle did yer mother's, an' ez his brother, so they tell me, is doin' with his wife?"

"Oh, mercy!" the girl exclaimed, involuntarily; then she whispered to Seth, back of the curtains: "What shall I do! I forgot all about it—Isabel is there in the parlor and she has heard every word we've said."

The quick ears of the invalid caught the whispered explanation.

"Isabel!" she said, sharply. "That's Albert Fairchild's wife, ain't it?"

"Yes!" the girl answered. She tried in dumb show to convey to Seth that her grandmother was ignorant of his brother's death.

"Go an' fetch her in here," said Mrs. Warren, with more animation in her voice than it had shown before. "I want to see her—to talk with her."

"But, Granny, you oughtn't to see strangers; you know, the doctor——"

"I guess she ain't much more of a stranger than this young man you've got here. Go an' fetch her, I say! I won't hurt her, an' she won't hurt me."

There was nothing for Annie to do, but go into the parlor, and bow shamefacedly to Isabel, and say, with embarrassment in every syllable: "Excuse me for not coming before, but I think my grandmother is dying. She wants very much to see you. Won't you come, please?"

Isabel had risen to her feet upon Annie's entrance. To the latter's surprise and increased confusion she held forth her hand with a friendly gesture. "Yes, I will come with you," she said, as Annie doubtingly took the proffered hand, and the two women entered the sick-room.

Isabel did not seem to see Seth, who stood at the head of the bed, among the drawn curtains, but walked to the bedside and said, softly: "I am Isabel, Mrs. Warren; I am sorry that our first meeting should find you so low."

"So you're Albert's wife, eh?" The old woman eyed her keenly for what seemed a long time. "I've heered tell o' you. Would you mind gettin' that candle there, on the mantel-piece, an' holdin' it so't I kin see yer face?"

Isabel gravely complied with the request, and stood before the invalid again, with the yellow light glowing upon her throat and lower chin and nostrils and full, Madonna-like brows. Her face was at its best with this illumination from below. She would have been a rare beauty close before the footlights.

"Well," said Mrs. Warren, after a long inspection, "p'raps it'll sound ridiculous to yeh, but yeh don't look unlike what I did when I was your age. The farm ain't had time to tell on yeh yit. But it will! It made me the skeercrow that you see; it'll do the same for you. When I was a girl, I was a Thayer, the best fam'ly in Norton, Massachusetts. We held our heads high, I kin tell yeh. Why, when I brought my side-saddle here, stitched with silk, 'twas the fust one they'd ever seen in these parts. But I married beneath me, an' I come up here into York State to live, on this very farm. With us, farmin' don't mean a livin' death. P'raps we don't hev sich fine big barns ez yeh build here, but our houses are better. We don't git such good crops, but we pay more heed to

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education and godly livin'. It's th' diff'rence 'twixt folks who b'lieve there's somethin' else in life b'sides eatin' an' drinkin' an' makin' money, an' folks that don't. Well, I left a good home, an' I come here, an' here I am. Look at me! Look at Lemuel Fairchild's wife, Cicely—she was a relation of yours, wasn't she?—see how the farm made an ole woman o' her, an' broke her down, an' killed her! You're young, an' you're good lookin' yit, but it'll break yeh, sure's yer born. Husban's on these farms ain't what they air in the cities, nor even in the country in New England. I'm told your husban' don't treat you right."

"Don't let us talk about that—please!" said Isabel: she stole a swift, momentary glance toward Seth as she spoke.

The keen eyes in the recess followed this look. "Well, no," the husky, whispering voice went on, "p'raps it ain't none o' my business. But tell me about this young man here—yer husband's brother. I want to know about him."

"What about him?" asked Isabel, slowly, after a pause.

"Why, is he a likely man? Air his habits good? Could he take this girl o' mine—an' she's a good girl, Annie is—could he take her to Tecumsy, an' make a fit home fer her? An' *would* he do it? Would he make her a good husban'—ez good ez she desarves? I ask you, 'cause you know him. I leave it to you—would you yerself marry him ef yeh was free, an' feel safe about him? Come, now, tell me that!"

Isabel hesitated so long that the old woman, seemingly wandering a little after her long, laborious concentration of thought, broke in again:

"Oh, I know 'em! I know 'em! Of all the Fairchildses, there never was one decent one. They stole my daughter, an' let her die 'mongst strangers, an' they made a broken ole woman o' me, an' they slaved Cicely's life out o' her, an' now they want my Annie——"

"No," said Isabel here, speaking softly, and putting her hand on the wasted arm which lay above the coverlet. "I think you wrong Seth. Whatever the rest may have done, I think he will be a good husband to Annie. I am *sure* he will."

No answer, save a low, incoherent murmuring, came from the recess. The invalid had lapsed into the lethargy of exhausted nature. As the trio stood by the bedside even this sound ceased. Nothing was to be heard but the labored, unnatural breathing.

Isabel placed the candle again upon the shelf. She had not removed her bonnet and wrap, and she turned now irresolutely toward the door.

Annie went to her, and silently took her hand. "I forgive you," she whispered. "Was there anything else? Did you want to speak to me?"

"I don't know what I wanted when I came. Let me go now. Perhaps if I said any more, I should hate myself afterward."

And thus, without a glance at Seth, she went.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"SUCH WOMEN ARE!"

THE story, such as it is, is told.

Before the daily press of the State, which had given great attention to the tragedy in Dearborn County, became fairly aware that a mystery attached to it, the wretched Milton had confessed his crime. He had followed and come up with his employer, who stopped at his call. There was a conversation—then the killing. The prisoner made a weak effort to pretend that there was a quarrel first, and that his deed was in self-defence, but he deceived no one. He had with much difficulty led the grays off the side of the ravine, the murdered man being first thrown over, and the horses and buggy purposely hurled down upon him. There was some angry criticism when it become known that the District Attorney had agreed to accept a plea of murder in the second degree, and the popular explanation—that it was done from motives of consideration for the family—provoked not a few jibes from people who wanted to know why the Fairchilds were any better than other folk. But the course of the law

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was not affected by this comment, nor did the District Attorney suffer appreciably from it when he came up the succeeding autumn for re-election. The money was all recovered—and, if you have the influence requisite to obtain a visiting pass to New York's forest-girt prison on the Eastern watershed of the Adirondacks—that terrible subterranean place of woe from which even Siberian jailers might get some hints of new things in anguish—you may still see a thin, bent, evil-faced wretch dragging out existence in the mines, who once was reckoned a likely man in Dearborn County, and who cast its united vote at the most famous of all Tyre's conventions.

The funeral of Albert Fairchild will long be remembered in all the section round. More than one State official attended, and there was a vast concourse of lesser political lights, who kept a shrewd eye upon opportunities for profitable discourse with each other, before and after the services, while they put themselves dignifiedly in evidence before the public by getting their names in the local papers.

There were no surprises to the inner circle of the family when the will came to be read. Subject to the widow's third, the farm was devised in equal parts to the two brothers, but the major share of the other property went to Seth. The partner from New York remained at the homestead long enough to arrange the details by which the widow's portion was bought by the brothers, and her leave-taking accomplished.

John Fairchild lives in high contentment on the ancestral farm. He grows stout now, in the accustomed Fairchild fashion, and though his light ruddy face and brown beard are hostile to the suggestion, people profess to see the family likeness in him as he grows older. Aunt Sabrina especially cherishes this fancy with fondness. She has come to regard this nephew, whom once she so deeply disliked, with some affection and vast esteem, and she devotes her hours to dreaming of the great things he may accomplish as the Fairchild of Dearborn—what time she is not joining Alvira in prayer that he may not be moved to marry a city woman. Thus far there are no indications that he thinks of marrying anyone, and his ambitions seem to take no higher form than the reinvigoration of the *Banner of Liberty*, which he drives over to Thessaly three times a week to superintend, and which, they say, promises soon to blossom into a daily.

One closing scene we may glance at—a pretty room, with modern furniture, and wide, flower-clad windows looking upon one of the best of Tecumseh's residential streets. Annie, grown brighter-faced and yet no older in looks, despite the nearly four years of married life which have gone by, stands at the window with a baby in her arms, and laughs as she tosses the infant forward toward the panes, in greeting to the paternal parent, who is coming up the front steps. The wife is in gay spirits, not only because the head of the house has come home to dinner instead of stopping at the club, but for another reason, compared with which all dinners were trivial.

"Oh, Seth, her first tooth has come through!"

"That so? It's about time, I should think."

His reception of the great tidings is so calm, not to say indifferent, that the beaming wife looks at him in mock surprise. Seth has not aged specially either, but he wears this evening an unwontedly serious expression of face, and gets into his dressing-gown and slippers with an almost moody air.

Baby is brought up in frowning, blinking proximity to her sire and made by proxy to demand an explanation of this untoward gloom, on an occasion which ought to be given over to rejoicing.

"Oh, I'm tired," Seth answers; "and then—then I have a letter which puzzles and annoys me a little."

"Is it anything that I know about?" Annie has seated herself beside him now, and looks sweet inquiry.

"Well, yes. It is a letter from Dent—you know I've let him go down to Washington to get an idea of the place and the men while the session is on—and along with a letter to the paper, pretty good stuff, too, he sends me this personal note. Read it for yourself."

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Annie took the letter, and read steadily along through its neat chirography:

"WASHINGTON, March 7th.

"DEAR FAIRCHILD:

"I send a letter going into the silver question from the standpoint of some of the Western men I have talked with. They impress me as being more sincere than sensible on the subject. I think the trip will be of vast service to me—and also, I trust, to the paper.

"Last evening, I met for the second time since I have been here, an elderly gentleman from your part of the State, named Beekman. Like myself, he is down here to look around, and get an idea of things. It is the first time, I should judge, that he has been so far away from home, and his comments are extremely droll—often very clever, too. He seems to know you very well, and asked me to remember him kindly to you, and express his congratulations upon your purchase of a controlling interest in the paper. He wanted me to be sure and say to you that while the experiment of electing Ansdell had worked very well—he seems to admire Ansdell greatly—you mustn't allow that to lead you into the habit of thinking that all bolters are saints and all straight-party men devils. It seems that since he has been here he has encountered some foolish and exceptional Southern Congressman who provoked him by saying '*Your* Government' and '*your* laws' instead of using the pronoun '*our*,' and that has made him a great stalwart again—for the time being."

Annie looked up from the sheet. "I must say I don't see anything in all this to particularly disturb anybody. This seems just the harmless sort of letter I should expect your innocuous Mr. Dent to write."

"Read the rest of it," was Seth's reply.

She went on:

"By the way, I met your sister-in-law among the guests at a reception the other evening, to which Mr. Ansdell kindly secured me an invitation. Her residence on K Street—she gave me the number, which I have somewhere—is said to be one of the most charming homes in Washington. She is very popular in society here, and I am told that you meet her at every fashionable gathering. She was certainly very pleasant with me, when Mr. Ansdell presented me and explained who I was. She especially asked me if I knew what you had named your baby-girl, but I could not tell her."

"*I* could tell her if she asked *me!*" remarked the young wife, grimly. "The very idea!"

"Go on," said Seth—"or I shall feel that we ought to have named her Procrastinatia instead of Annie; get to the end of the thing."

Annie got to the end with a single sentence:

"By the way, it may interest you—and I hope you wont be annoyed at my mentioning it, and indeed you may very possibly have heard it already—to learn that everybody here seems to understand that Mr. Ansdell is shortly to marry your sister-in-law, and he himself, speaking to me, referred to her in a way which amounted to a declaration of the fact."

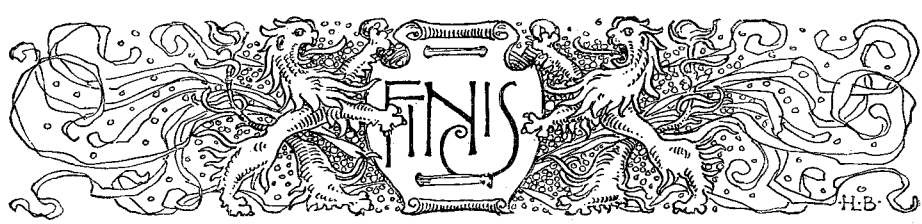
"Well, there you have it!" said Seth, slowly, after a long pause in which husband and wife looked at each other. "That *is* news, isn't it?"

"I should think so!" Annie spoke deliberately, too, turning the letter over with a meditative air, "I should think so!"

The gravity of his wife's tone seemed to Seth to be more profound than the circumstances altogether demanded.

"I don't know after all," he said, in half-apology for his own earlier confession of gloom, "but that it would be a tolerable match. I don't say that they would be happy in the sense that we are happy, my girl; but she has a great many qualities which would make her a helpful wife to an ambitious, successful, masterful sort of public man like Ansdell. Come, now, let's be fair to her. Dent says that she is very popular in Washington."

"Yes," replied Annie, thoughtfully, drawing her daughter closer to her breast, "she always will be popular with people who are not married to her. Such women are!"



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THE PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ATHLETE.

By D. A. Sargent, M.D.

IN spite of their objectionable tendencies, the beneficial effects of athletic sports upon the development of the physique are evident. The nature of this development is governed largely by the constitutional bias of the individual, the sport in which he is engaged, and the time devoted to it.

There is, however, a general development which distinguishes the athletic from the non-athletic class. The tracings given in Chart I.* (p. 542) were made from the measurements of twenty-three hundred Harvard students, of whom seventeen hundred had never practised athletics systematically, while six hundred had been active members of college athletic organizations from one to four years. Many of the former class, however, were accustomed to some form of physical exercise, and the athletic career of many in the second class was limited to a single season.

It may be said, also, that men are often selected for athletics on account of their height and weight, so that the increased size exhibited in such cases cannot always be attributed to the practice of athletic exercises. The chances are, however, that every member of a college team has had more or less previous experience in athletics.

Knowing, as we do, the influence of physical activity upon the development of the individual, it is fair to presume that a like influence will be exerted on the development of a class. The nature of this development may be found by referring to the heavy lines on the chart. Supposing the fifty per cent. line to represent the mean measurements of the non-athletic class, the heavy line at the right of the fifty per cent. line will then indicate the mean relative standing of the athletic class. On the other hand, let the fifty per cent. line represent the mean measurements of the athletic class, and the mean measurements of the non-athletic class will be represented by the heavy line at the left of the fifty per cent. line. The chart as a whole seems to indicate that the first and most marked changes produced upon the physique by the practice of athletics are shown in the weight, girth of chest, hips, thighs, and arms, in breadth of shoulders, and in the increased strength of all parts of the body, while the girth of the neck, waist, and calves, the depth of chest and abdomen, the breadth of neck, waist, and hips, seem to respond more slowly. The total height is slightly increased, through increase in length of the lower extremities, but the sitting height, the girth of head, knees, insteps, wrist, and the length of upper arm and foot are at first hardly altered.

In the athletic class, the excess in development of the right arm tends to establish the fact that our popular games give more employment to the right arm than to the left. The great showing of strength in the forearm of athletes is probably due to the number of tennis-players, boating and base-ball men, that belonged to the class measured. The slight difference between the two classes in the girth of the waist and the calf, and the consequent tendency of the lines to approach at these points, may be easily accounted for. In persons who engage in very active exercise, the girth of the waist will at first diminish, while in persons of less active habit the size of the waist increases. The muscles of the lower leg are generally well developed in the non-athletic class, being the principal muscles brought into play in walking. The depth of abdomen and breadth of waist would not be likely to show a marked change, for reasons already given. The depth of chest and breadth of hips, being principally bone measurements, are slow to

* In order to understand the construction of the charts used in this article, see "The Physical Proportions of the Typical Man," in the July number of this MAGAZINE.

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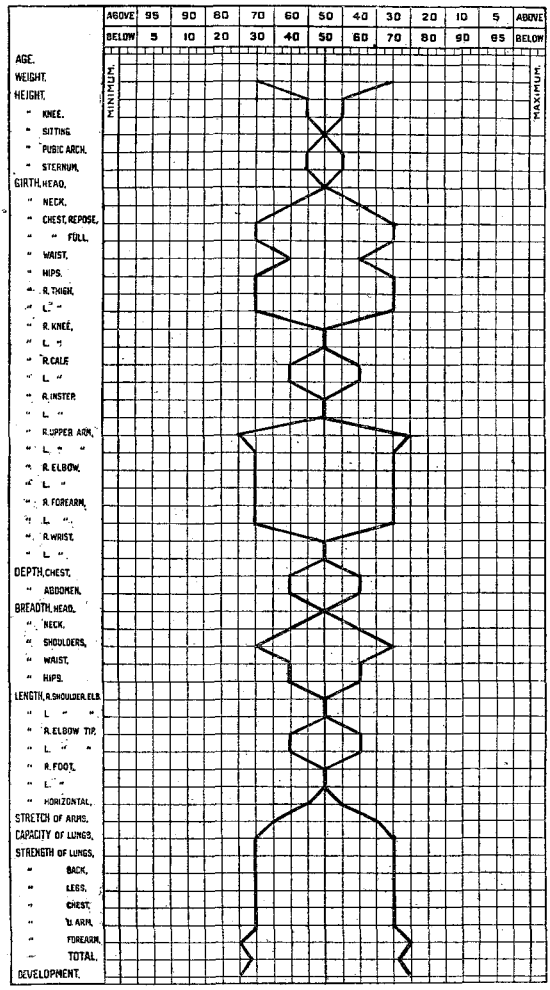

Chart I., showing the comparative measurements of the athletic and non-athletic classes.

respond to exercise. The similarity in the two classes between the mean girth of head, knee, instep, and wrist, and the length of foot, may perhaps be accounted for by the smallness of the athletic as compared with the non-athletic class.

The most significant fact in connection with this diagram is that it shows, in certain directions, the uplifting of a class. The data collected are not sufficient to lead to any satisfactory conclusions as to the trustworthiness of the diagram here plotted. The addition of a few more rowing men, or the subtraction of a few base-ball men, or, in fact, a change in the relative numbers of any of the so-called specialists, might have altered the result.

The improvement of the physique and strength in certain directions is indicated by the strength tests and by the increase in weight, height, chest-girth, etc. How far this development can be attributed to athletics, and how far to gymnastic training remains an open question, as the work on the water and in the field is supplemented by a few months' practice in the gymnasium.

What the gymnasium is doing for the strength and vigor of the masses in some of our institutions of learning may be inferred from a single illustration taken from the records at Harvard University.

In the year 1880, seven hundred and seventy-six men were physically examined. The strongest man out of this number showed in strength of lungs, back, legs, chest, and arms, as indicated on the chart, a grand total of 675.2. At the close of the summer term of the present year, the highest strength test recorded was 1272.8, and there were over two hundred men in college whose total strength test surpassed the highest test of 1880. This general gymnasium work is therefore reducing the one-sided development once so common with athletic specialists.

It must not be forgotten, however, that there is a development peculiar to the runner, jumper, wrestler, oarsman, gymnast, ball-player, heavy-lifter, etc., and anyone familiar with athletics at the present day can easily recognize one of these specialists. The same training that produced those matchless specimens of human development embodied in the statues of the Gladiator, the Athlete, Hercules, Apollo, and Mercury of old, would produce the same results under similar circumstances at the present time.

With every kind of physical exercise, the qualities at first required are the qualities at length developed. Speed and endurance are required of the run-

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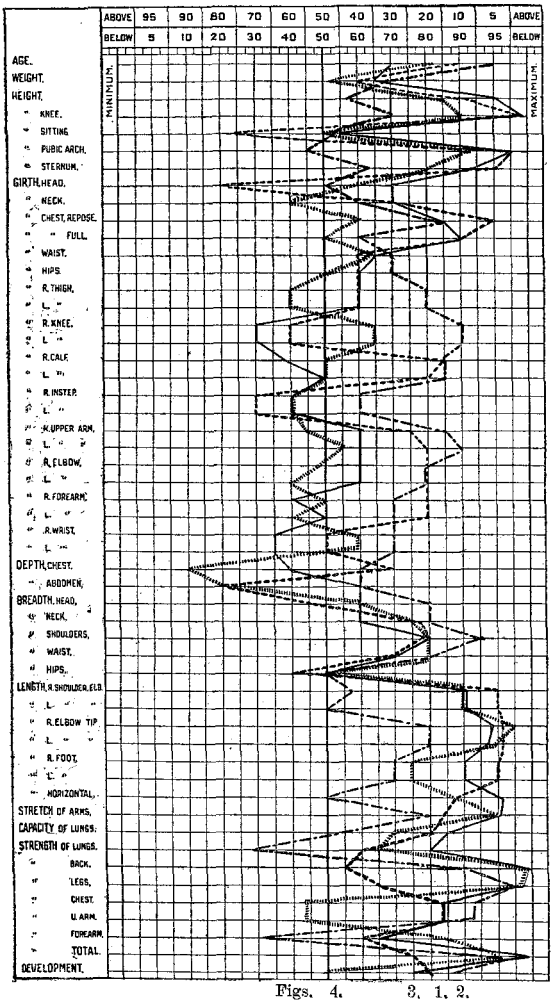
ner, and these are the qualities that come to him by practice. In a like manner, skill and activity come to the gymnast and ball-player; and strength and stability to the oarsman and weight-thrower. Most of these qualities are accompanied by physical characteristics. If it were not for the recognized tendency of certain exercises to produce certain results, it would be impossible to prescribe special work for individual cases. All men, however, who practise athletics for the same length of time, and under similar conditions, do not attain identical results in their physical proportions or the same degree of success in their athletic achievements.

In order to illustrate some of the distinguishing features that characterize the development of successful athletes, I have selected representative members of the different athletic organizations in the universities of Yale and Harvard, a few of whom distinguished themselves, within the last two years, by breaking all previous college records for certain events. The photographs of these men, in spite of their dissimilarity, show us certain characteristics common to certain figures, and marked peculiarities of another kind will accompany others. Some of these characteristics are not readily detected by the eye, but appear distinctly in the charts (see Fig. 1, p. 545; Chart II., p. 543). Sixty per cent. of the ten thousand examined failed to surpass this young man in weight, while ninety per cent. fell short of him in stature, and ninety-eight and three-fourths per cent. in height of knee. The sitting height drops back to the twenty-five per cent. class, while the height of the pubic arch, which gives us the length of the thigh, is very near the ninety-seven and a half per cent. line. The position of the sternum would indicate that the neck and head were a little short, thus adding something to the relative length of the short body. In glancing down the line, it will be observed that the girth of most of the bone measurements and the breadth of head and hips are below the mean. The chest is deep and full, standing almost as high proportionally as the length of the lower limbs. The waist, though small for the weight and height, is above the average. The calves are large and the arms well developed, but the thighs are deficient in girth, and do not compare favorably with the other muscle measurements. The arms and feet are long for the girth of the bones and muscles, but are in harmony with the length of the leg and thigh. The capacity of the lungs is very good.



Figs. 4. 3. 1. 2.

Chart II., plotted from Figs. 1, 2, 3, and 4.

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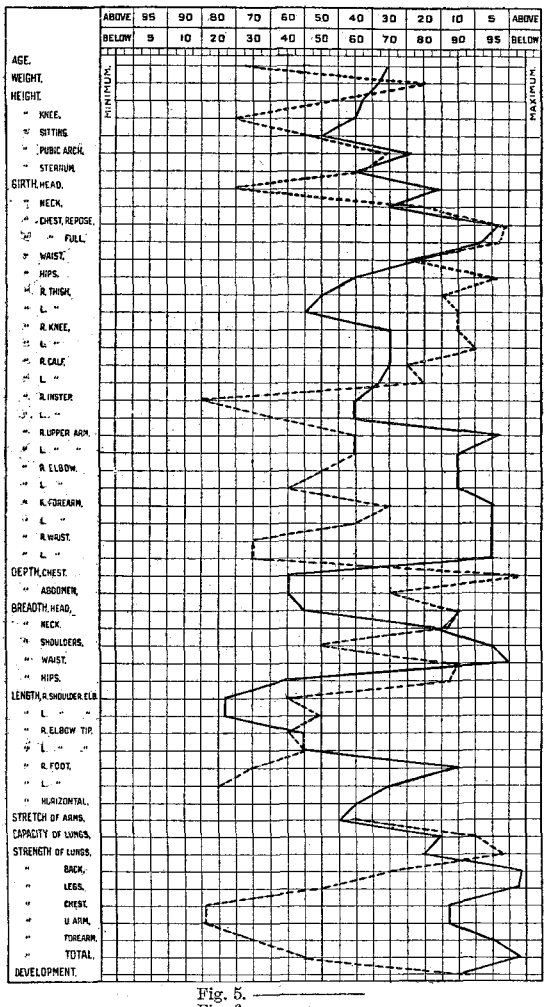

Fig. 5. ————————
Fig. 6. - - - - - - - - - -

Chart III., plotted from Figs. 5 and 6.

and the strength of the chest and arms is in keeping with the measurements of these parts. The strength of the back, legs, and forearm are deficient, and the total strength is small for the total development.

In looking at the chart as a whole, the striking points are the shortness of the body as compared with the total height, the great length of limbs, the large and deep chest, the well-developed calves and proportionally small thighs. To these points might be added the smallness of the bones as measured by their girth and diameter. A person familiar with zoology and comparative anatomy, in selecting an animal for speed, would unhesitatingly choose one similarly constituted, for many of the points necessary to the development of speed in animals are equally essential in man. These, in a word, are the qualities possessed by the subject of the chart just described, who, though not a professional runner, has made the fastest time for certain distances that has as yet been recorded. That all the qualifications possessed by the subject must necessarily be possessed in the same degree by all runners who would equal his performances would be an idle statement. One might compensate for great length of limb by a greater development of muscle, or for want of chest-capacity by a large supply of nervous energy, etc. We feel prepared to maintain, however, that relatively long limbs with a short body, full chest, and small bones, will characterize the typical short-distance runner wherever he may be found. Short races (100, 220, and 440 yards) are often won by a few inches, and the value of an inch or two in a runner's stride is of the greatest importance, for, other qualifications being equal, this man is bound to be first at the goal.

The small girth of the legs of runners is often mystifying. From the girth of a muscle we get a correct idea of its volume or transverse diameters, but learn little of its length and the extent of its contractile fibres. Whereas it is the length of the muscle, and not the thickness, that is of significance to short-distance runners. Given the physiological fact that a muscle can contract about one-third of its length, it will readily be seen that the longer the muscle the greater will be the movement of the part to which it is attached. To the runner the desired movement is in the elevation of the thigh and the extension and flexion of the leg and foot. An instantaneous photograph of sprint-runners shows

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that the range in the movement of the limbs is very extensive—the stride of a fast walker being from four to six feet, and that of a fast runner from six to eight feet. If the stature is short, it is necessary

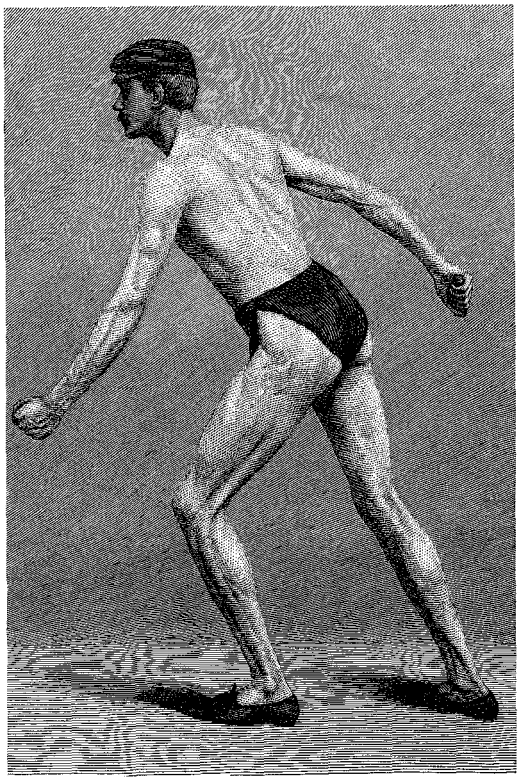

Figure 1.

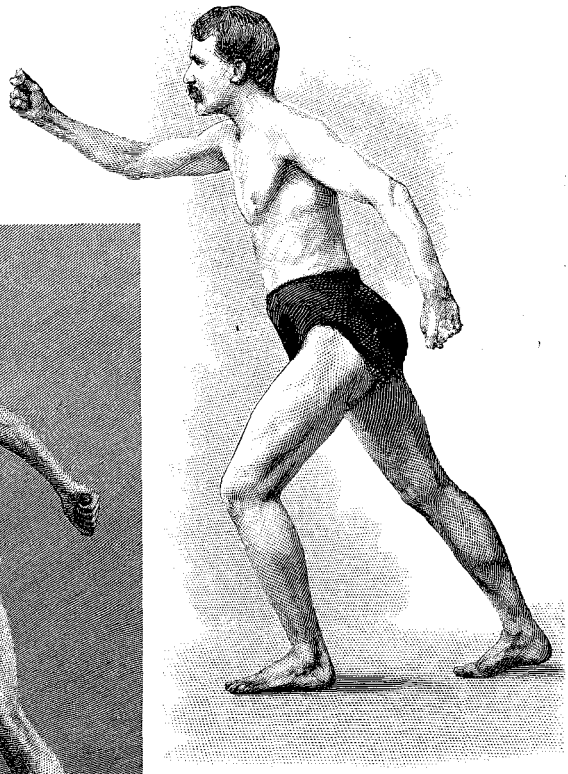

Figure 2.

for the runner to get a greater elevation from the ground at each step in order to maintain a long stride. When this is done a relatively long lower leg is of the greatest advantage. This fact is admirably brought out in the case of Myers, the professional runner. With a height of 5 feet 7½ inches, which is a little below the mean, or fifty per cent. class, he has a length of lower leg which corresponds to a man over 5 feet 10 inches in height, a length of thigh usually found in men of 5 feet 9 inches, while the sitting height is the same as that which makes up the stature of men of 5 feet 4 inches.

Figs. 2 and 4 (pp. 545–6), Chart II., give the physical proportions of two other runners noted for their speed. Fig. 3 (p. 546), with the same chart, represents a walker of some prominence. Many of the characteristics that distinguish the short-distance runner are apparent in this case, but it is difficult to affirm that they would be found in other walkers, as there are not sufficient data at hand to establish any satisfactory conclusions.

In Figs. 5, *a*, *b*, and 6, *a*, *b* (pp. 547–8), Chart III. (p. 544), you will see runners

FIGURE 1.—B——, Harvard, '86; age, 23 years, 7 months; wt., 140 pounds; ht., 5 feet, 10.9 inches. Holds nearly all the amateur records from 100 yards to 440 yards, and the Harvard record for ¼ mile: 100 yards, 10 seconds; 110 yards, 11⅕ seconds; 130 yards, 13 seconds; 180 yards, 18 seconds; 220 yards, 22 seconds; 440 yards, 47¾ seconds.

FIGURE 2.—W——, Harvard, '82; age, 27 years; weight, 125.7 pounds; height, 5 feet, 9.7 inches. He holds the best American and college record for 100 yards in 10 seconds. In justice to Mr. W—— it should be said that he consented to have his measurements and photograph taken at a time when he was not in running condition.

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of another type. In neither of these cases do we find so great a relative distance between the height standing and sitting as marked the individuals just considered. In both cases the sitting height is proportionally short, and in one case both

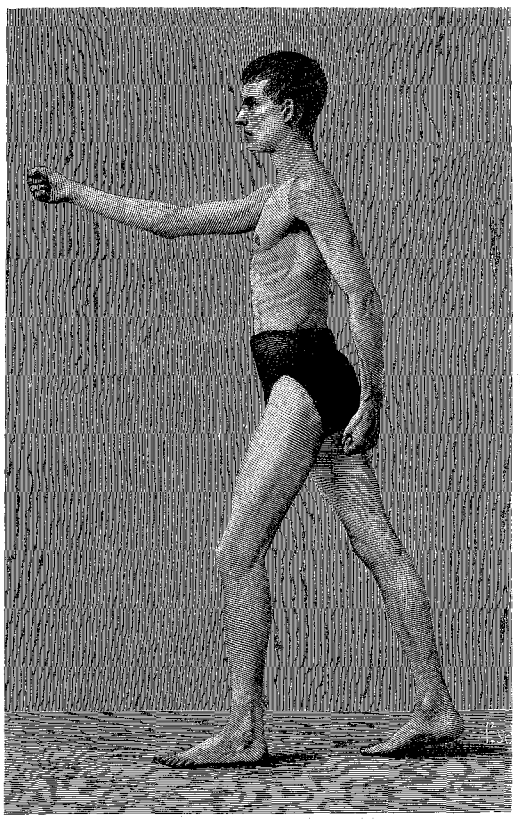

Figure 3.

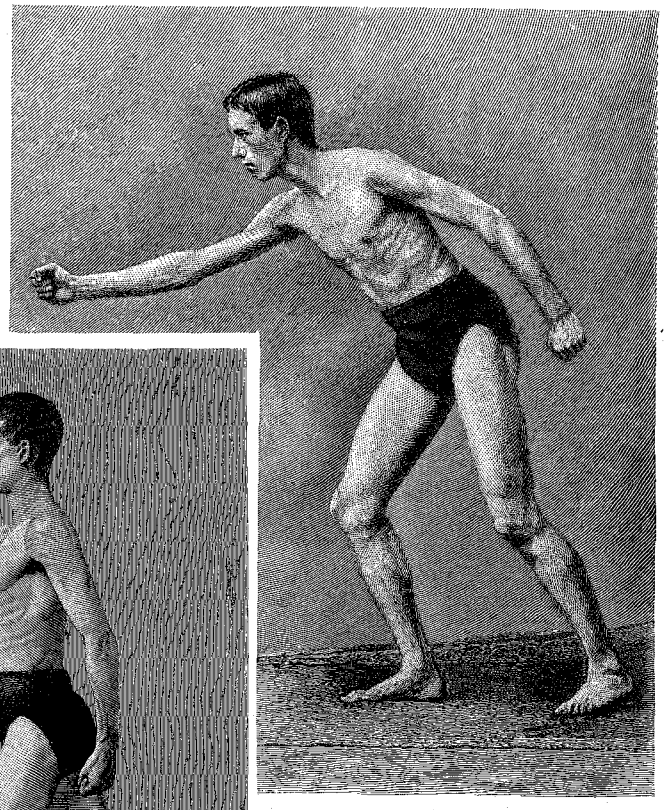

Figure 4.

the leg and thigh are long for the length of the body. In the other case, however, the thigh is long and the leg is short for the sitting height. It will be noticed that in both figures, as shown by the chart, the thigh is long for the leg. The chest and waist measurements are large, when compared with other parts of the body. But the striking characteristic in both cases is the large girth measurement taken below the chest-muscles immediately over the ninth rib. Unfortunately this measurement is not shown in the chart, but the expansion in that region is apparent in both photographs. In the Harvard man (Fig. 5) there is a greater development of the chest-muscles, while the Yale man (Fig. 6) has a larger chest-girth, though the lower border of the pectorals is hardly discernible.

The Harvard man has broad shoulders and large arms with narrow hips and

FIGURE 3.—B——, Harvard, '87; age, 21 years, 7 months; weight, 141 pounds; height, 5 feet, 11.9 inches. Holds the Intercollegiate-walking records from one mile to seven; has practised walking for last four years; 1 mile, 6 minutes, 59⅕ seconds; 2 miles, 15 minutes, 10⅕ seconds; 3 miles, 24 minutes, 14⅖ seconds; 7 miles, 58 minutes, 52 seconds.

FIGURE 4.—W——, Harvard Law School; age, 22 years, 4 months; weight, 136 pounds; height, 5 feet, 10.3 inches. Holds no records, but has won the quarter-mile race in the Intercollegiate sports for two years, and he is a fast runner for all distances between one hundred and four hundred and forty yards.

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small thighs, while the Yale man has narrow shoulders and small arms with broad hips and large thighs. The Harvard man has a very wide chest, with great muscular strength and good lung-capacity, while the Yale man has a very deep chest, with less muscular strength, but greater lung-power. As these men are noted in their respective institutions as great distance-runners, we ought to find some characteristics common to both. All that remains, however, is the length of body and thighs and the great girth of chest and the region just above the ninth rib. To these qualifications may be added the splendid heart- and lung-power that usually accompanies this peculiar formation of the body. Without this power great muscular strength in body or limbs cannot be depended upon for long-continued exertions. With a good respiratory and circulatory apparatus an immense amount of work can be accomplished by comparatively small muscles.

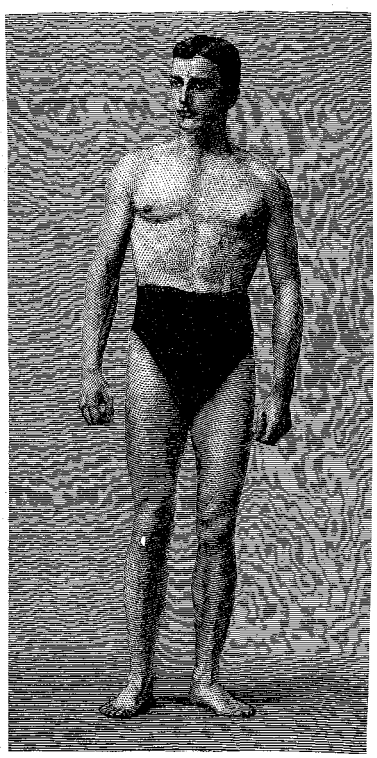

Figure 5, *a*.

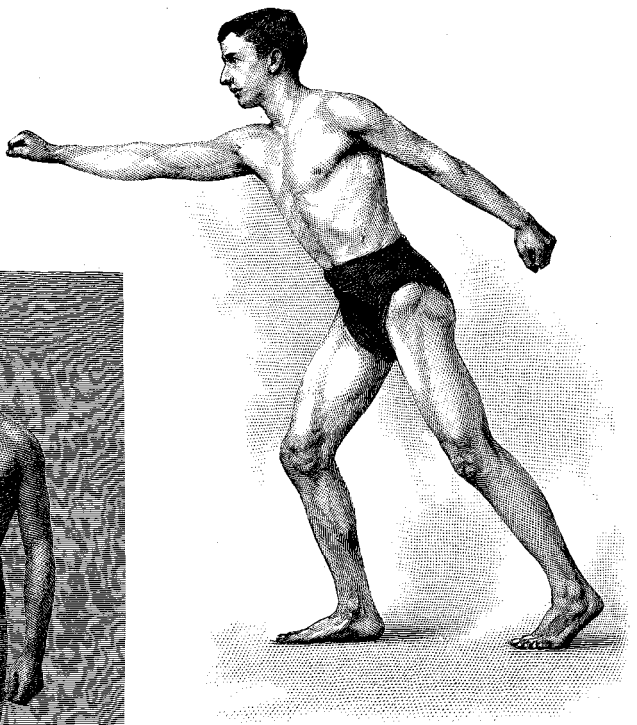

Figure 5, *b*.

The essential requisites of a long-distance runner, then, are a strong heart and capacious lungs in a broad, deep, and mobile chest. The reason for this will be apparent to those who understand the physiology of exercise. To sustain long-continued exertion latent energy in the muscles used is necessary, and also a ready means of supplying these muscles with an increased amount of oxygen while in action, and of carrying away the carbonic acid that results from the combustion in the tissues. Hence the necessity of breathing faster

FIGURE 5, *a* and *b*.—D——, Harvard, '90; age, 21 years; weight, $142\frac{1}{5}$ pounds; height, 5 feet, $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Holds the 3-mile Intercollegiate record of 16 minutes, $5\frac{2}{5}$ seconds; has raced but one season, but has practised much in the gymnasium, and ran long distances in "Hare and Hounds" races before coming to college.

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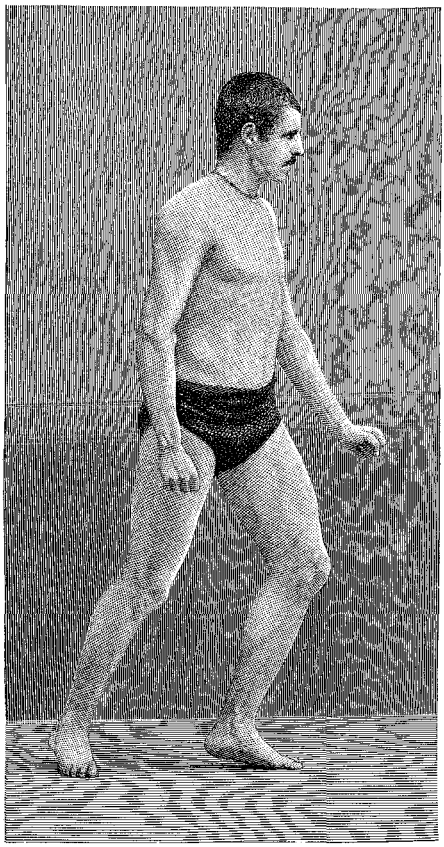

Figure 6, *a*.

while running than while walking, and unless this exchange of gases can be carried on with sufficient rapidity and in sufficient quantities to meet the demands of the organism under these trying circumstances, there soon comes an end to further muscular activity, though the muscles themselves may be far from exhaustion.

Figs. 7 and 8, *a*, *b* (pp. 550–1), and Chart IV. (p. 549), represent two young men whose peculiar development characterizes another branch of athletics. Fig. 7 has the college record as a hurdle-jumper. His height falls in the eighty per cent. class, his height of knee in the forty per cent. class, his sitting height in the seventy per cent., and his pubic arch in the eighty-seven and a half per cent. class. When it is known that this man clears his hurdles in regular strides, "bucking" them, as it is termed, the advantage of the short leg, long thigh, and comparatively short body is manifest. The chest is small and the girth of the chest in repose is proportionally larger than the girth of the chest when inflated. This is due to the fact that in most men the difference between the natural and inflated chest is due in part to the muscular development, so admirably exhibited in Fig. 8, *a*, *b*.

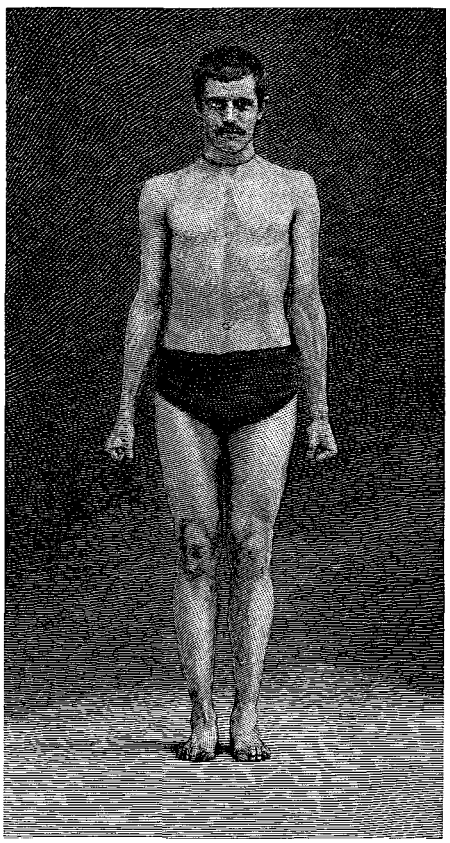

Figure 6, *b*.

In Fig. 7, Chart IV., the breathing capacity reaches the ninety per cent. class. Here the pectoral muscles show a comparatively slight development, but the breathing is largely abdominal, and the broad waist and deep chest indicate

FIGURE 6, *a* and *b*.—H——, Yale, '90; age, 18 years, 10 months; weight, 150 pounds; height, 5 feet, 7.7 inches. Holds the Intercollegiate record for 1 mile in 4 minutes, 36 4/5 seconds, and the College record for 2 miles in 10 minutes, 7 seconds.

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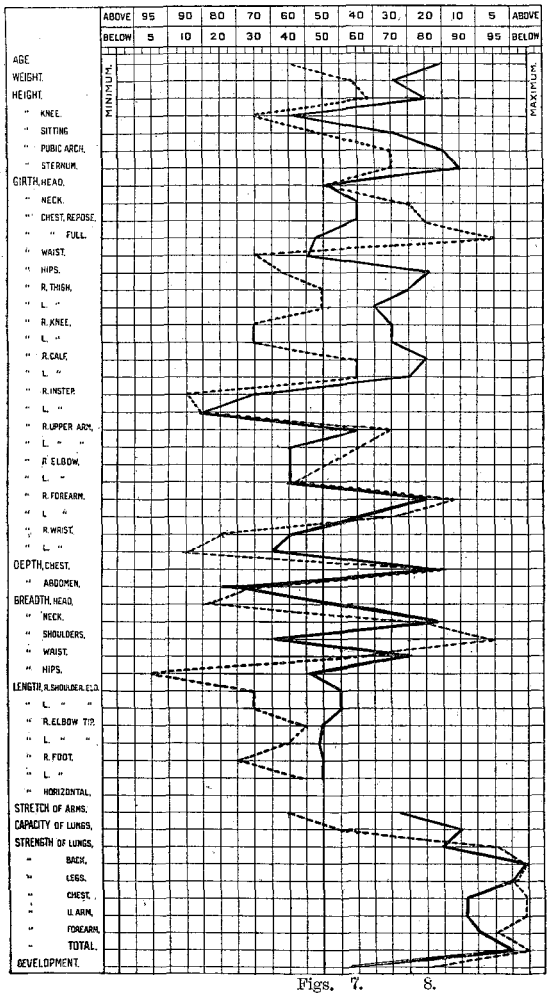
considerable mobility in the chest and abdominal walls. The gluteal muscles about the hips are well developed, as



Figs. 7. 8.

Chart IV., plotted from Figs. 7 and 8.

are also the muscles of the thigh and leg. The development of the arms and shoulders is not so favorable. The difference in favor of the right side of the body is probably due to the take-off (start) of the jump being from the right leg. The outlines of the muscles in this case are remarkably well defined, indicating a fine condition.

In Fig. 8, *a*, *b*, Chart IV., the same peculiarity in the relative length of body, legs, and thighs is not so well marked. The bony framework in this case is considerably smaller and the muscles are proportionally larger. Here the ability to excel in pole-vaulting rather than in long jumping is apparent. The peculiar development of the arms, chest, and shoulders is characteristic of the gymnast. The shortness of the upper and forearm affords an excellent leverage for the muscles attached to these bones, and this young man could easily excel on the parallel bars, horizontal bar, or rings. For a similar reason the intercollegiate record for pole-vaulting is within his grasp. The development above the hips may enable him to get a lift or elevation from the ground, which he cannot obtain in any other way. This advantage, coupled with the relatively long and muscular thigh, the ability to run short distances, and to concentrate the nervous energy of the body into single efforts, gives the power needed.

How little this ability to make violent spasmodic efforts contributes to one's lasting or staying power may be inferred from a glance at the lung-capacity. Here depth of chest is to be attributed largely to muscular development, and the strength of lungs to the power of exhaling with a quick, explosive effort. Contrast the form of the chest and waist in this case (Fig. 8) with that of the long-distance runner from Yale (Fig. 6).

In connection with jumping, the measurements of W. B. Page, who recently represented this country in athletic contests in England, will be interesting. Page has a record of 6 feet $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches for high jumping. Considering his height (5 feet 6.9 inches), this performance is something phenomenal. We find his weight on the fifty-five per cent. line, his height on the forty per cent., knee-height on the twenty per cent., sitting height just above the five per cent., pubic arch on the fifteen per cent., and height of sternum on the fifty-five per cent. line. Although very short compared with the sitting height, the body

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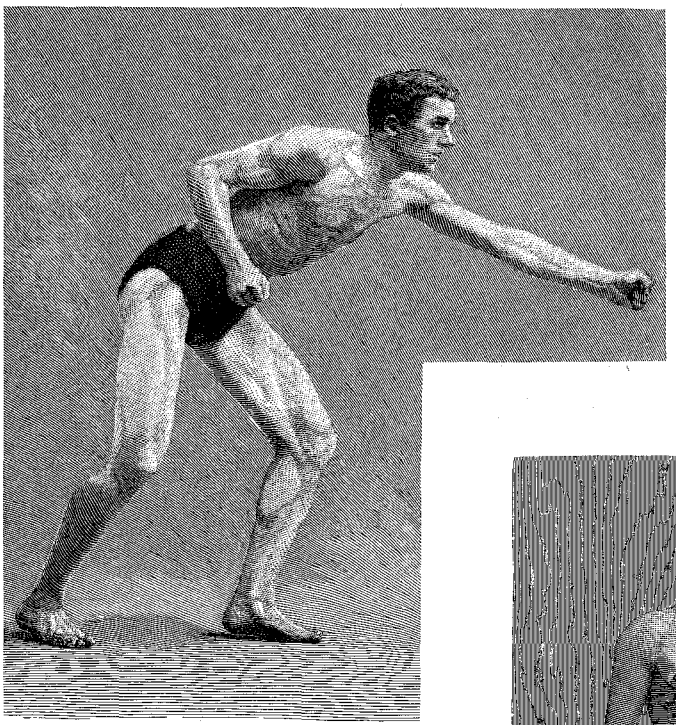

Figure 7.

is long compared with the stature, as evidenced by the high position of the sternum. This being proportionally several points above the total height on the chart, it would indicate a relatively short neck. It will be seen that the jumper's characteristics are wanting here in the relatively long thigh and short leg, though both are proportionally long for the body. When we come to consider the other measurements, this apparent disadvantage is to a certain extent accounted for. All the bone measurements are very small, and the muscle measurements exceedingly large, the girth of head falling on the five per cent. line, while the girth of chest is on the ninety per cent. line. The girth of the knee falls on the thirty per cent. line, the girth of elbow on the twenty, and the girth of the thigh, calf, arm, and forearm near the eighty per cent. line. If the measurements as plotted are correct, this man owes his success in jumping rather to his light, bony framework, short trunk, and superb muscular development than to the relative strength of limb that we find in many jumpers. In a person so constituted nearly every muscle in the body contributes something to the effort in jumping.

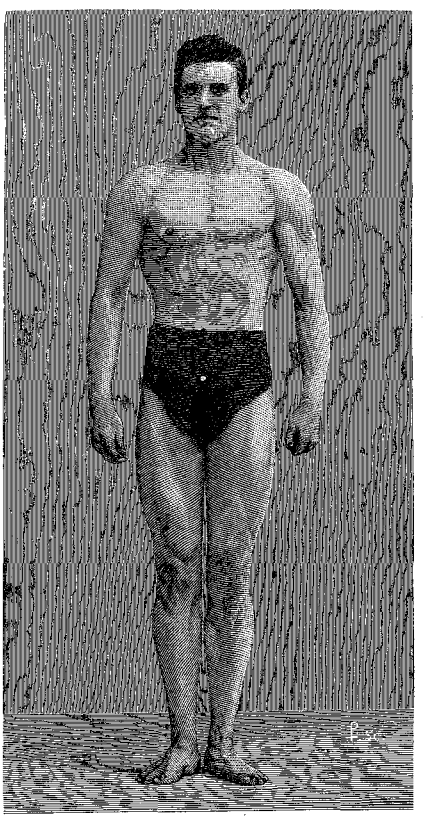

Figure 8, *a*.

Figs. 9, 10, and 11, *a*, *b* (pp. 551–2 and 556), Chart V. (p. 554), introduce us to men prominent in another branch of athletics. In each case the weight

FIGURE 8, *a* and *b*.—S——, Yale, '89; age, 19 years, 1 month; weight, 138 pounds; height, 5 feet, 8.5 inches. Holds the Intercollegiate record for broad-jumping, 21 feet, 7⅛ inches; and the Yale record for pole-vaulting, 10 feet, 3⅛ inches; and 5 feet, 6¾ inches, for the running high jump.

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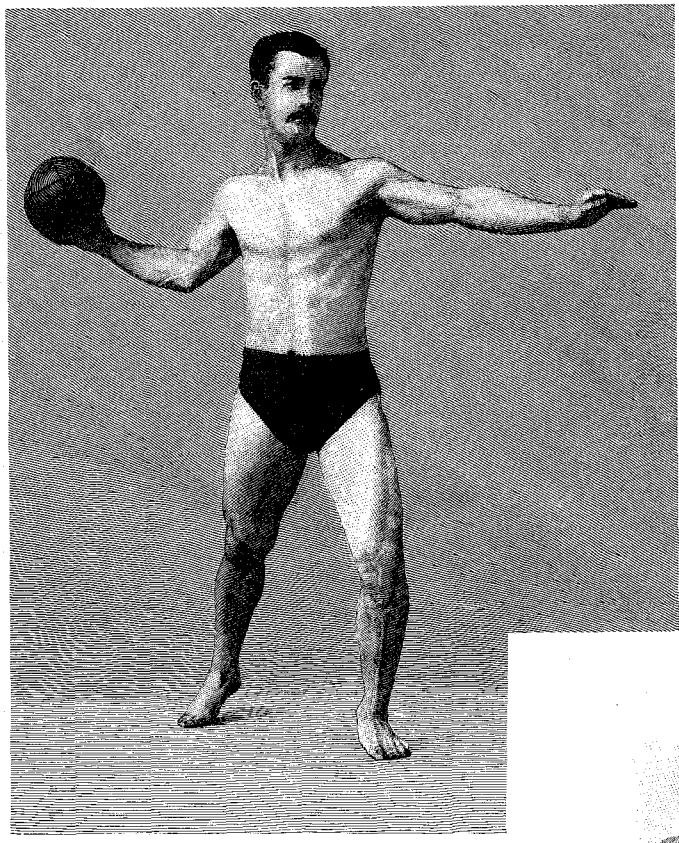

Figure 9.

as shown by the height of the pubic arch; in the other cases the length of the lower leg is relatively in excess of the upper. Here all the bone and muscle measurements are large and massive, the girth of head in one case being above the ninety-five and in another at the eighty-five per cent. class, while the girth of the bones of the legs and arms are nearly in the same class as the muscles that act upon them. In each case the girth of the chest reaches the ninety-seven and one-half per cent. class, and in two cases the depth of the chest corresponds. In all there is a slight falling off in the girth of the waist. This is due to the fact that the greater number of those who make up the measure-

FIGURE 9.—B——, Harvard, '87; age, 22 years, 3 months; weight, 173 pounds; height, 5 feet, 9.3 inches. Pulled the past three years on the Harvard University crew; played centre-rush in the '86 Harvard foot-ball eleven, and has had at least five years of exercise as a rowing man and foot-ball player.

falls near the ninety-five per cent. class, though the height varies considerably. In all of the tracings, however, it will be noticed that the relative position occupied by the body and limbs on the chart has changed. In the figures previously considered, length of limb predominated; here the body, as shown by the sitting height, is longer proportionally than either the arms or legs. In one case the height of knee is relatively less than the length of thigh,

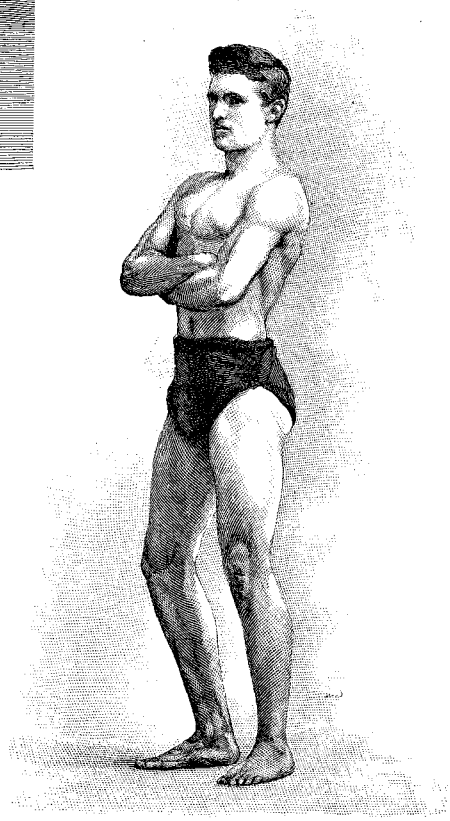

Figure 8, b

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ments of the classes in this part of the chart owe their extensive girth more to fat than to muscle. In comparison with the athletic class the falling off is not so perceptible, and it will be noticed in these cases that the breadth of waist is larger proportionally than the depth. In two of this group the arms are relatively short, and in each of the group the upper arm is proportionally shorter than the forearm. The lung-capacity in one case is very good, reaching the ninety-five per cent. class, but in the other cases, though above the mean, it is not large enough to support the fine muscular development represented. In Fig. 11, *a*, *b*, the muscle measurements are large for the age, and consequently threaten to exceed the vital resources. The showing of muscular strength, so far as the tests could be taken, is excellent.

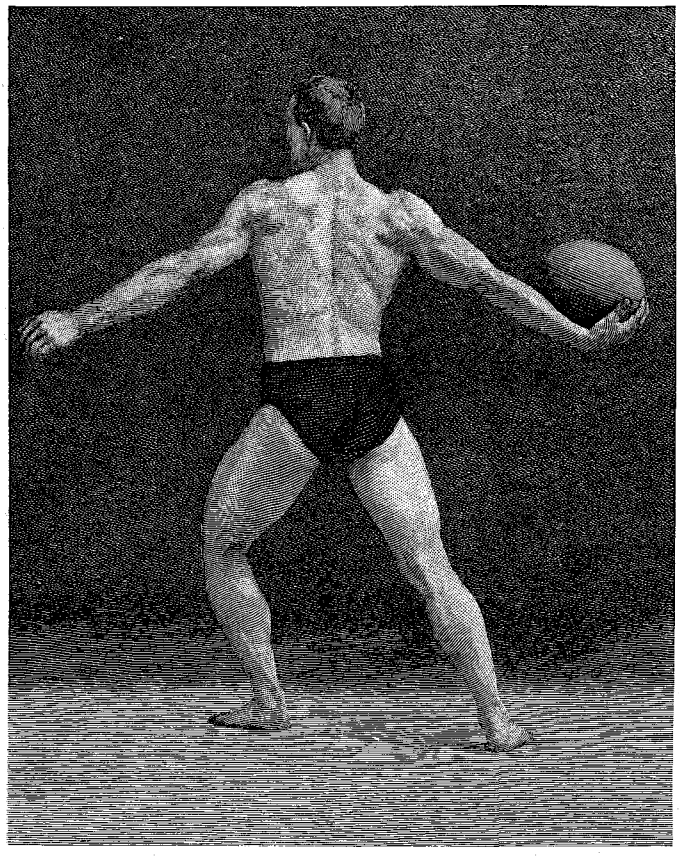

Figure 10

The striking characteristics of the three figures are the long body, short thigh, large bones, full chest, short upper arm, good lung-capacity, and fine muscular development throughout the whole physique. What better illustration could be furnished of the perfect harmony between the form of the muscles and the character of their functions? Here we find the large transverse development of arms and thighs, indicating great strength and short range of action; and the expansive chest and long body, indicating great vital power and extensive range of muscle-movement.

Let us consider, briefly, the branches of athletics which these three men represent, and see the connection between their peculiar development and the sports they are familiar with. Each has played in the rush-line of a foot-ball team, and has been a member of a university boat-crew. Of all athletic sports, foot-ball is the best game to test a man physically. In the pushing and hauling, the jostling, trampling struggle for supremacy, few muscles of the body are inactive. The legs are almost constantly in motion, and the arms, chest, abdomen, and back get their share of activity; the lameness and soreness in these regions of the body after a fierce contest is due as often to great muscular effort as to collision with opposing rushers. In spite of the accidents attending this game, as at present played,

FIGURE 10.—W——, Yale, '89; age, 23 years, 4 months; weight, 167 pounds; height, 5 feet, 8.9 inches. Played right guard on Yale's foot-ball eleven for '87, and rowed on the Yale University crew for two years.

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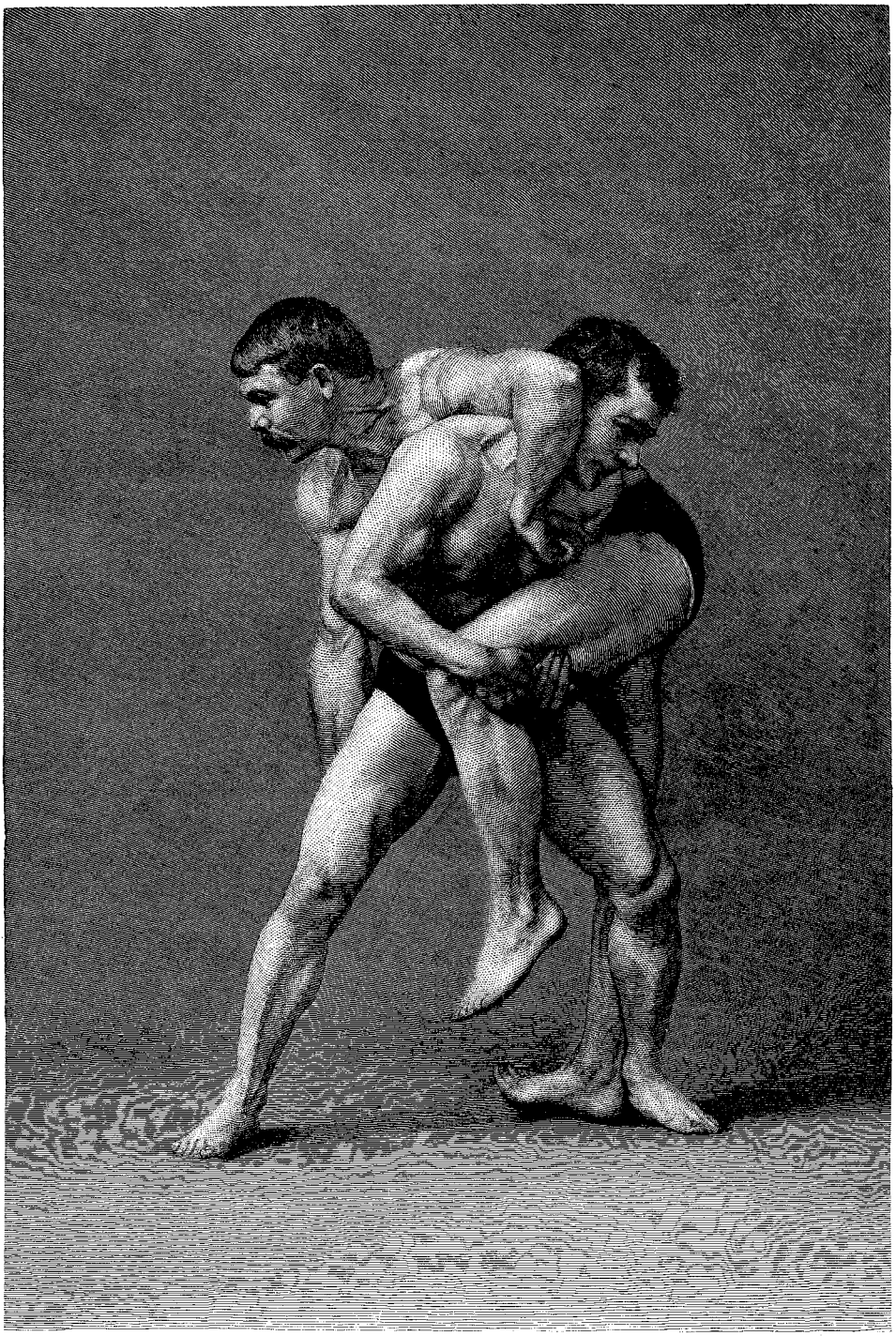

Figures 12 and 13.

FIGURE 12.—G——, Harvard, '88; age, 22 years, 10 months; weight, 169 pounds; height, 5 feet, 7.7 inches. Has the Harvard leg- and back-lift records of 520 kilos (1146.6 pounds) for the legs, and 370 kilos (815.8 pounds) for the back; he is a hammer-thrower and broad-jumper, and has had four years' general exercise in gymnasium and field sports; is third strongest man at Harvard, having a total strength record of 1139.7.

FIGURE 13.—H——, Harvard, '88; age, 19 years, 10 months; weight, 150 pounds; height, 5 feet, 4.3 inches. Is the type of a middle-weight wrestler, had three years' practice in general athletics, has a total strength of 1060.3.

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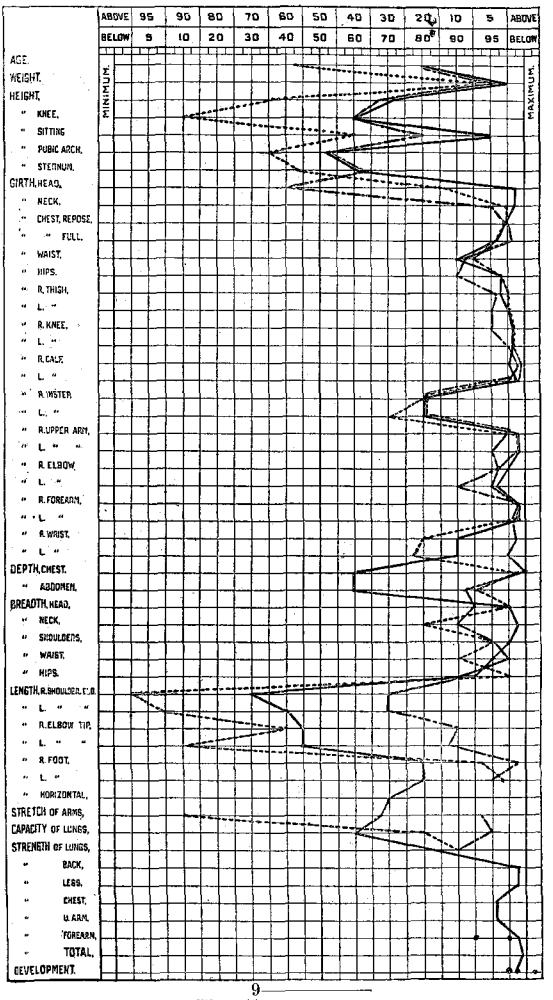
no sport affords better opportunity for vigorous training. Though rowing contributes largely to the development of the back and legs, and slightly to the arms and chest, to the gymnasium and foot-ball training we must attribute much of the superb muscular development of the men just considered.



Figs. 9, 10, 11

Chart V., plotted from Figs. 9, 10, and 11.

In rowing the back takes the greatest portion of the strain, unless the friction of the seat is excessive, in which case a double duty is imposed upon the flexors of the legs. A long stroke being desirable, the advantage of a long body, if sufficiently broad and deep to furnish extensive attachments for the rowing muscles, becomes apparent, while the short thigh and upper arm give power to the muscles that are working these shortened levers from the body. It is only when the stroke is taken principally by the arms or legs that the great length of thigh and upper arm, as compared with the lower leg and forearm, is of service; when otherwise, a greater reach is obtained, without losing any mechanical advantage. These facts are better illustrated in Hanlan, the professional oarsman, than in the men we are now considering. His total height entitles him to a place in the sixty-five per cent. class, and his sitting height in the ninety per cent. class, while the height of knee remains with the thirty, and the pubic arch with the twenty-five per cent. class, the most surprising difference being in the relative length of the upper arm and forearm. Eighty per cent. of all those examined surpassed this man in length of upper arm, and only twenty-five per cent. surpassed him in length of forearm. In view of Hanlan's style of rowing, these measurements are suggestive.

Large bones, which usually accompany large muscles, may result from slow, heavy work, and are indispensable to him who handles great weights. If the bones have large, prominent processes for the attachment of muscles, or the muscles have short tendons and long insertions, great strength is the usual result.

Perhaps no one thing is more important to a successful oarsman than good lung-capacity. In order to relieve the heart and lungs of the embarrassment at first accompanying severe exertion, it is necessary to enlarge the chest and increase its mobility, especially in the region of the eighth, ninth, and tenth ribs. This can be accomplished by the use of light chest-weights, dumb-bells,

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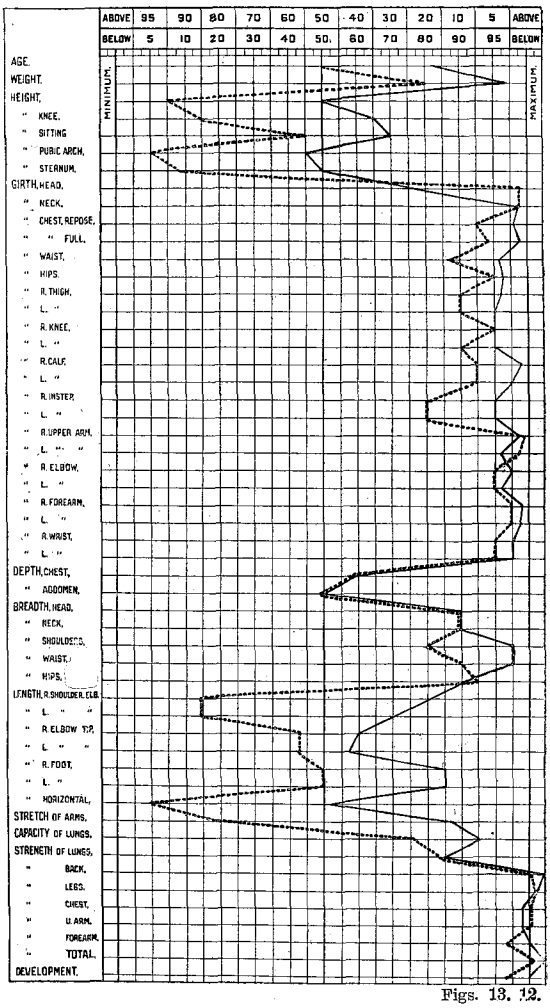
and running exercises. I am prepared to maintain, also, that rowing, with the use of the sliding-seat, is one of the best exercises for enlarging the chest, and believe that conclusions of Maclaren and others to the contrary were formed before the introduction of the sliding-seat, as the evidence is indisputable that the girth of the chest is greatly increased by rowing. The use of the sliding-seat brings more muscles into action; there is, in consequence, an increased demand for oxygen, which necessitates a larger chest-cavity, and the effort of nature, by aid of the muscles used in natural and forced respiration, is to produce this result. Nearly all the muscles of the chest, abdomen, and back assist respiration when the exercise is violent and prolonged. Considering that these accessory muscles are contracted and relaxed at least one thousand times a day during a season of vigorous training, we ought to get some result in the shape of increased volume of muscle and enlarged chest-capacity. This would naturally account for the increased girth of the chest from rowing.



Figs. 13. 12.

Chart VI., plotted from Figs. 12 and 13.

The physical proportions of the two wrestlers, Figs. 12 and 13 (p. 553), as shown by the tracings in Chart VI. (p. 555), are distinguished from those just described in proportional shortness of stature and in great volume of muscle. In one case the lengths of the arms and legs are very short for the length of the body. In both cases the depth of chest and abdomen is proportionately small, but the width of the waist corresponds more nearly to the other measurements. In the chart-tracings of Fig. 12 we have the nearest approach to symmetry in the girth of body and limbs that has thus far been recorded.

The group of tracings in Chart VII. (p. 561), representing Figs. 14, 15, *a*, *b*, and 16, *a*, *b*, *c* (pp. 557–560), are in some respects unique. Here we have for the first time some approach to symmetry in the relative heights of different parts of the body. There is no marked divergence in the points indicating the relative length of trunk and lower limbs. In two cases none of the measurements fall below the normal or fifty per cent. line, and in one case only thirty per cent. of them fall below the eighty per cent. line. In Fig. 14 the line of symmetry is very nearly approached in the chest, waist, hips, thighs, and knees. The upper arm, elbow, and forearm, also, are nearly symmetrical, although a trifle large for the lower extremities. The depth of chest and abdomen is a little low, and the lung-capacity is de-

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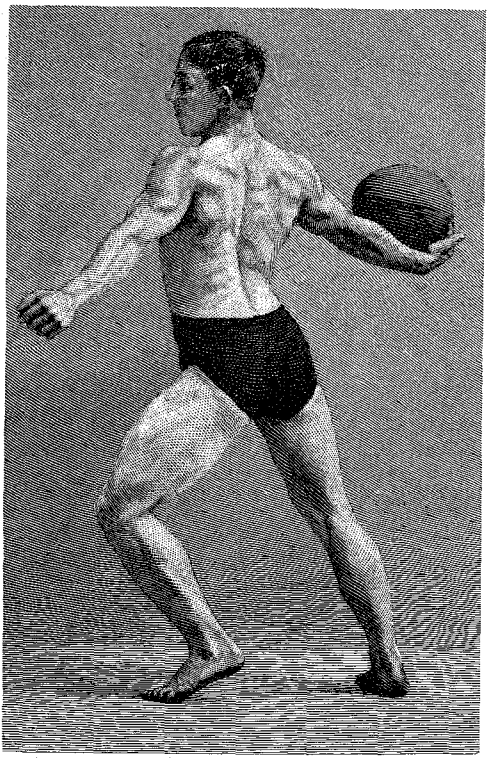

Figure 11, *a* and *b*.

owing to the shortness of the arms and legs, and have reached the region of the maximum.

These two men are base-ball players of some prominence. As a base-ball pitcher offers the batters from two hundred to three hundred balls a game, superior development of the right arm and shoulder is the natural result, although the gymnasium training counteracts in a measure this one-sided tendency. Anyone familiar with the modern style of delivering the ball, the number of times the pitcher turns around to

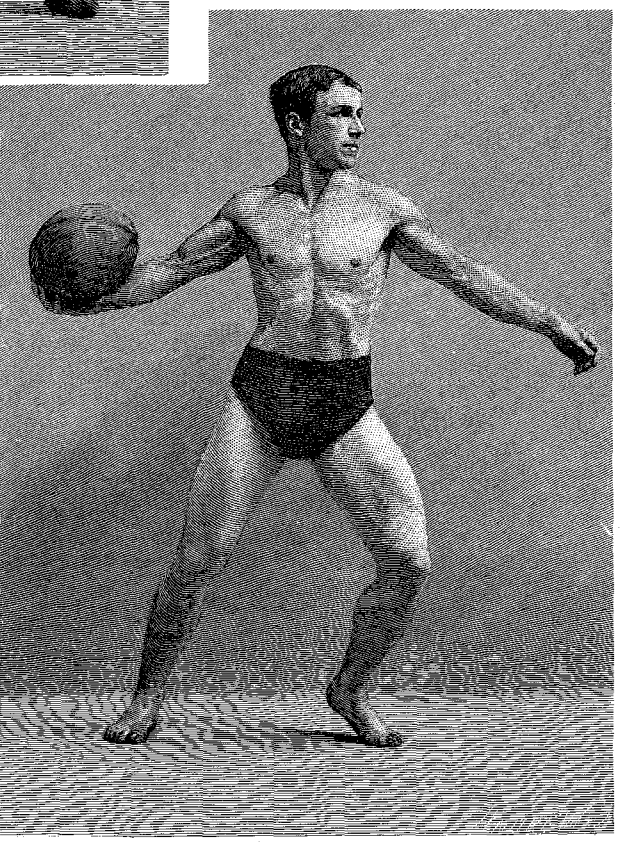

FIGURE 11, *a* and *b*.—G——, Yale; age, 19 years, 4 months; weight, 164 pounds; height, 5 feet, 6.9 inches. Played in the rush line of Yale's foot-ball team, and has rowed two years on the University crew.

ficient, but nearly all the strength tests are in the region of the maximum.

Fig. 16, *a*, *b*, *c*, is pleasing, and the harmonic poise and beautiful outlines it illustrates serve to show, also, that a man may depart from the normal standard in several parts and yet retain all the appearance of grace and symmetry. In girth of neck this man approaches within two and one-half per cent. of the maximum, while in length of upper arm he falls to within two and a half per cent. of the minimum. The waist and neck are very broad for the hips and shoulders, and the instep is apparently low, as the result, probably, of a high arch and narrow foot. In this, as in the preceding figure, the depth of chest is somewhat low and the lung-capacity at the normal. The strength tests would probably have exceeded the muscle measurements,

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perplex the batter or watch the bases, will know that the neck and waist are called upon for a large share of work, and must be developed correspondingly. Where the arms are short the muscles around the waist and body are used more in pitching. As the leverage in the former case is more favorable than in

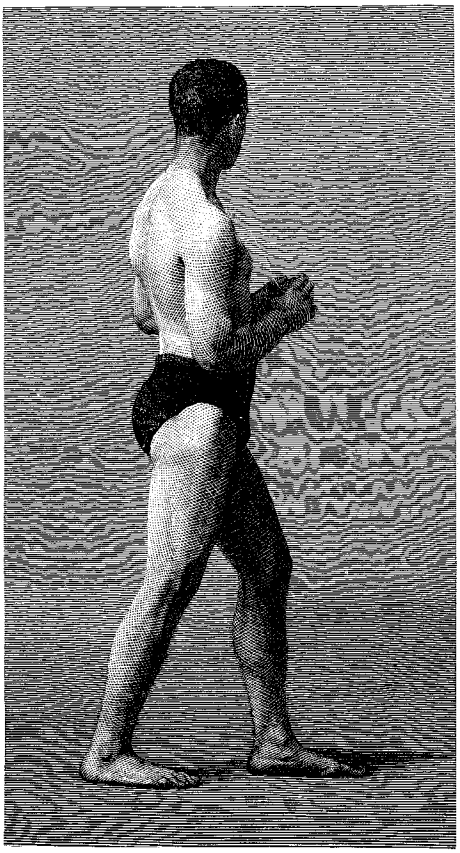

Figure 14.

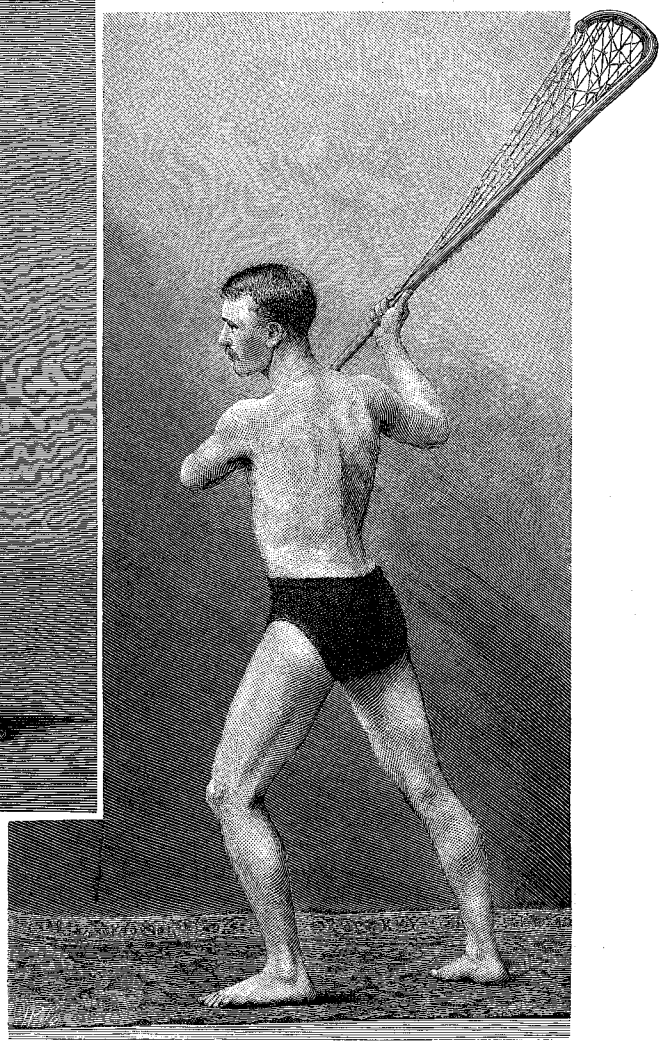

Figure 15, *a*.

the latter, this advantage should naturally add to the endurance of the pitcher so favored. In striking, the muscles of the arms, chest, abdomen, and back are brought more or less vigorously into action. In running bases the legs and arms do the work, as in "sprinting," but the lungs are not brought into full play, as in running long distances, and the lung-capacity is but slightly increased. The other developments peculiar to base-ball players will, of course, depend largely upon the positions they occupy.

In Fig. 15, *a*, *b*, we have a typical lacrosse-player. In this game the muscles of

FIGURE 14.—B——, Harvard Law School; age, 22 years, 6 months; weight, 166 pounds; height, 5 feet, 8.1 inches. One of Harvard's pitchers on the 'Varsity nine for '87, and half-back on the '86 'Varsity foot-ball eleven: he is second strongest man at Harvard, with a record of 1141.9 for total strength, and has had six years' training in college athletics.

FIGURE 15, *a* and *b*.—P——, Harvard, '87; age, 22 years; weight, 164½ pounds; height, 5 feet, 10.5 inches. Captain of '87 'Varsity Lacrosse team, and full-back of 'Varsity foot-ball eleven for '86; has had, at least, four years of athletic training.

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the arms, chest, back, abdomen, and legs are called upon, and the heart and lungs are often kept in a state of prolonged activity. As a means of general development, few games can be compared with lacrosse. It has many of the advantages of foot-ball without its element of danger, although the method of using the stick which has come into practice within the last few years threatens to deprive lacrosse of this distinction. In the figure under consideration, we see the result of a harmonious development in all directions. No one point stands out prominently. The extent of divergence on the chart is limited to a very few lines, and the approach to symmetry is apparent. The length measurements of the upper arm and forearm fall exactly on the normal line, and both are perfectly symmetrical as related to each other, and to the right and left sides. When compared with other parts of the body, however, it will be seen that the arms are short, illustrating a point in connection with the chart that may be of interest. In the original table, the fifty per cent. line represents the value of the measurements for each part at which the greatest number of observations occurred. For example, if out of any given number of men, collected from all parts of the globe, the largest group was 5 feet 5¼ inches in height, this measurement would naturally fall upon the central line of a chart composed of these records, and so would the measurements of the other parts common to the greatest number. If any one man could be found, all of whose measurements corresponded to those on the central line in the table, he would be termed a *mean* or typical man, *i.e.*, he would represent the type most common to the human race.*

The height, weight, and physical proportions of such a man are those that all men who have attained their growth would possess but for the influence of climate, heredity, nurture, and a multitude of accidental causes that have assisted or interfered with nature's plan of development. These causes, operating on a grand scale, have given us the forms and proportions that characterize different races.

We see their influence also upon a people of the same race, family, and kindred. It is manifest that a chart made up from the measurements of ten thousand African Bushmen, whose average height is 4 feet 4.78 inches, would have a different mean from a chart composed of the measurements of the same number of Englishmen or Americans, whose average height is nearer 5 feet 7¾ inches. For the same reason a chart composed of the measurements of a picked class in the community would represent a higher mean than a chart made up from a class less favorably situated.

Now, the same laws that govern the growth and development of the body in races and different classes in the community are just as apparent in the development of the class itself. The general chart at present under consideration was made up largely from college students, as stated in my paper in the July number of this MAGAZINE. There were about as many men above the mean as below it in the measurements of every part taken. In some individual cases all the measurements were above the mean, in other cases all were below, while others ranged extensively in both directions. To assume that the man whose measurements all come on the mean, normal, or typical line represents the *ideal* type, *i.e.*, the type to pattern after, is to assume that the standing taken by the average man of a class is more worthy of imitation than that taken by those nearer the top. If this were true, we should be obliged to admit that the lengths of the

* "The conclusions arrived at up to the present time, by the most eminent investigators in this particular branch of science (anthropometry), may be summarily stated as follows:

"1. There is a perfect form or type of man, and the tendency of the race is to attain this type.

"2. The order of growth is regular toward this type.

"3. The variations from this type follow a definite law, the law of accidental causes.

"4. The line formed by these variations, when arranged in groups, receding on either side of their mean, is the curve well known to mathematicians as the binomial; it was first applied by Newton and Pascal to questions of astronomy and physics, but it is applicable to all the qualities of man which can be represented by numbers.

"5. The more numerous the data obtained by actual measurements, supposing them to be made with reasonable care and without bias, the more nearly accurate is the mean result, and the more closely does it correspond with that obtained by calculation."—*Statistics, Medical and Anthropological of the Provost-Marshal-General's Bureau, Washington, D. C.*

FIGURE 16, *a*, *b*, and *c*.—S——, Yale, '88; age, 24 years, 9 months; weight, 149 pounds; height, 5 feet, 5.4 inches. Has pitched on the Yale base-ball nine for two years, and had considerable experience in ball-playing before entering college.

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upper arm and forearm as shown in Chart VII. to come exactly on the mean line, were the only normal proportions exhibited by this man, and that all the others had exceeded the proper standard. This is not the case. The reverse, however, is true. With a good inheritance to start with, and by dint of systematic exercise and correct habits of living, this young man has worked his way up through the fifty, sixty, seventy, and eighty per cent. classes to a position approximately near the ninety per cent. class. The measurements on this line may be reasonably considered to define *his* normal proportions, whereas the parts remaining on the so-called normal or typical line are the only ones in which he is defective.

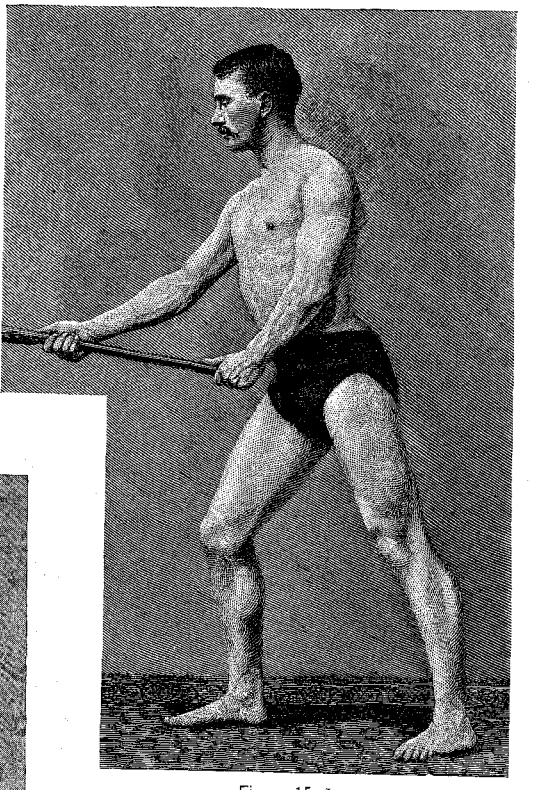

Figure 15, *b*.

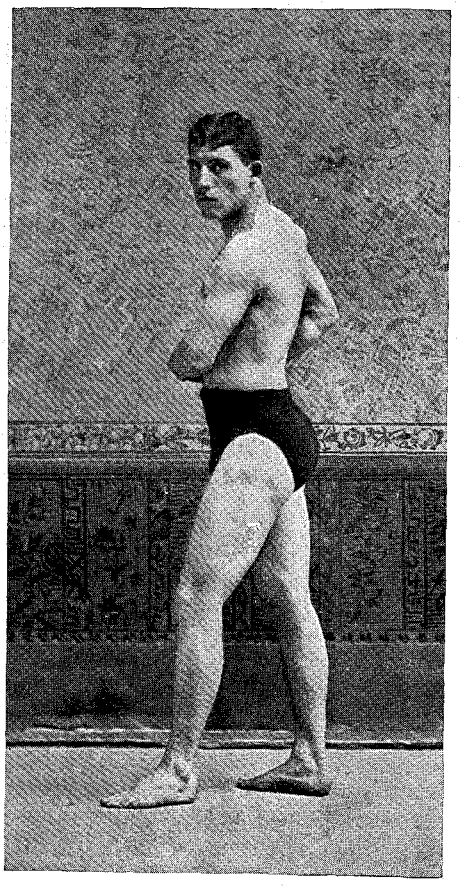

Figure 16, *a*.

The point, then, which is of the greatest significance is not to see how many of your measurements come in the centre of the chart, but to first endeavor to *straighten* your own line wherever it may be, and then carry it forward as near the one hundred per cent. line as possible. In other words, endeavor to obtain a symmetrical figure, then strive for a full-orbed and harmonious development of all parts of the body.

By so doing you will help raise the standard of the mean, and assist in determining the exact ratio between the different heights and girths that exists in a fully developed man.

We have seen that excellence in athletics is not incompatible with a fine figure and a superb development. The tendency, however, of all special exercises is to produce special results. The physical characteristics which we have found peculiar to runners, jumpers, oarsmen, etc., have in a measure been acquired

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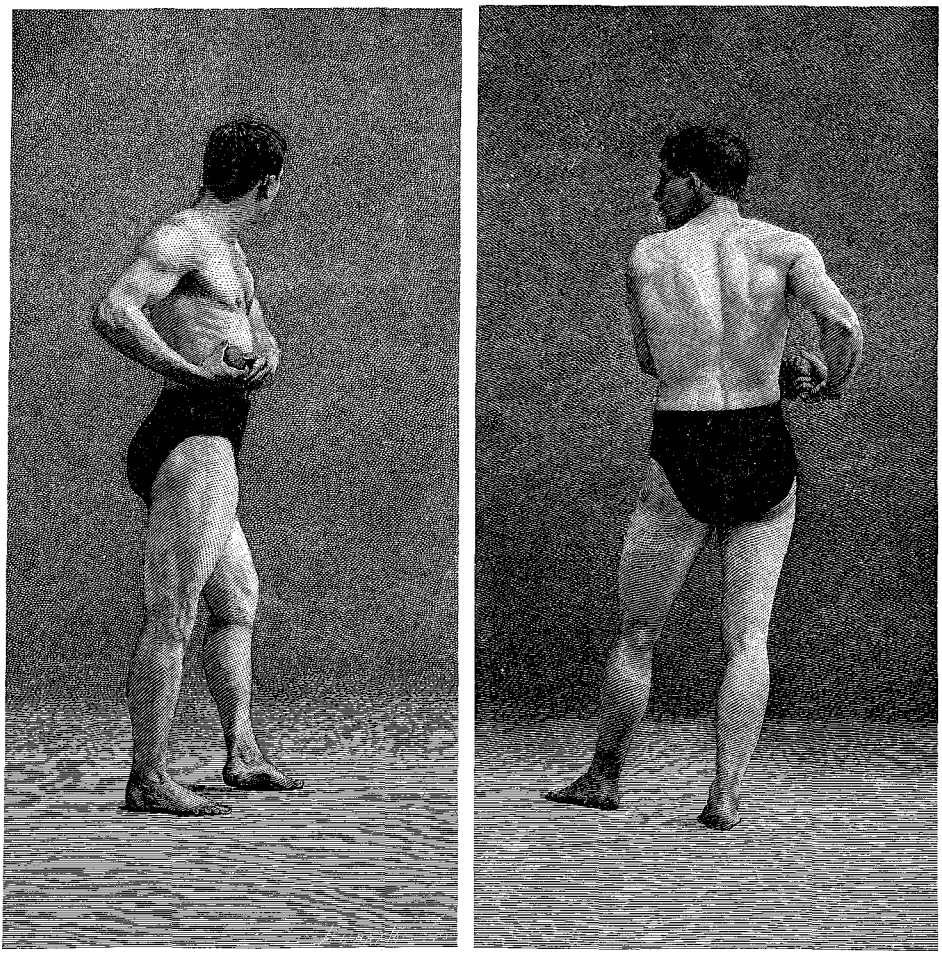

Figure 16, *b* and *c*.

by long and arduous practice in these sports. In many cases the special qualifications that make a man a first-class athlete are gifts of nature. Add to this inheritance the prolonged training that tends to cultivate these special powers to the extreme and we get sometimes a prodigy but more often a failure.

It would be of interest to know if an inch added to Myers's legs would have made him a greater runner than an inch added to his sitting height; or an inch added to Hanlan's long body would have made him a greater oarsman than an inch added to his relatively short legs. There is certainly a limit beyond which the development of special parts cannot be carried without interfering with the functions of other parts upon which their ability to act effectually depends. This and many other problems of a similar nature can never be decided until an immense amount of data has been collected and many experiments have been performed. In the meantime we feel prepared to affirm that mankind would be better served by a more general cultivation of athletics than by the cultivation of specialties to an extreme; that the development of athletes themselves would be more complete, and that they would even realize a greater progress in the pursuit of their specialties, if they participated in a greater range of exercises. The runner would find it to his advantage to practise rowing, and to use

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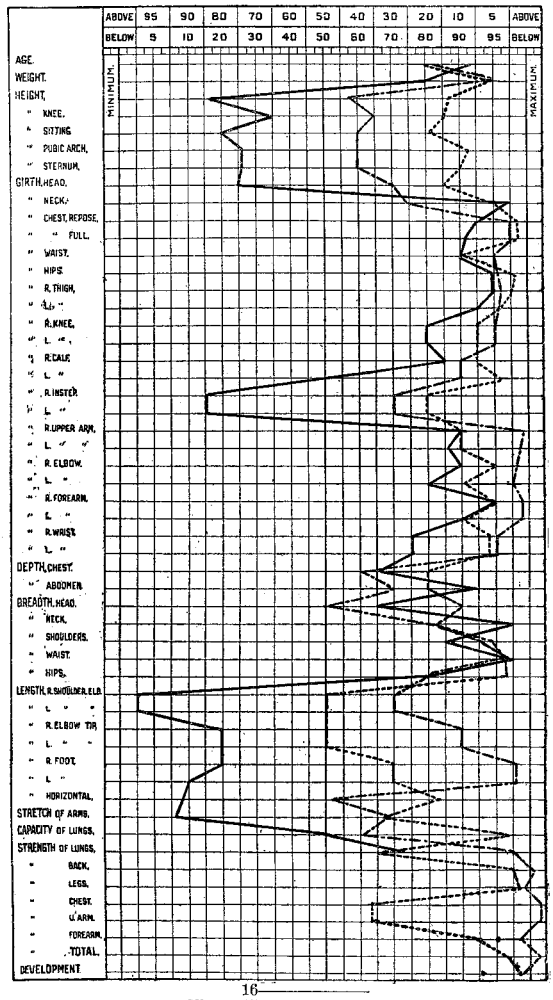
the gymnasium for the purpose of cultivating the muscles used in forced respiration. The oarsman would add greatly to his breathing capacity by long-distance running, and acquire dash and vim through foot-ball and lawn-tennis. The jumper could add to his agility by frequent trials at short-distance running and occasional spins on the bicycle. The gymnast would be likely to add to the permanency of his development, and improve his constitutional vigor by indulging more freely in out-of-door sports.

And so on through all the range of specialties. Let the active learn something from the strong, and the strong take lessons from the active, while both acquire the great secret of enduring. When our athletes shall have learned the full value of indirect training, we shall not only have greater athletic performances, but better specimens of physical manhood.

In conclusion let it be said, whatever may be the physical qualifications of the athlete, in his achievements he will fall short of success without a well-developed nervous system and the possession of that almost sublime quality in man, courage. As a means of developing such qualities, added to those of coolness, presence of mind, and the rapid and responsible exercise of judgment under trying circumstances, which are so desirable in the "battle of life," athletics should be kept from degenerating into the bad associations that often accompany professionalism, and be elevated to a high plane by the lovers of manly sport.



Figs. 16, 15, 14

Chart VII., plotted from Figs. 14, 15, and 16.

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TO RHODOCLEIA

ON HER MELANCHOLY SINGING.

By Andrew Lang.

(Rhodocleia was beloved by Rufinus, one of the late poets of the Greek Anthology.)

Still, Rhodocleia, brooding on the dead,
Still singing of the mead of asphodel,
Lands desolate of delight?
Say, hast thou dreamed of, or rememberèd,
The shores where shadows dwell,
Nor know the sun, nor see the stars of night?

There, 'midst thy music, doth thy spirit gaze
As a girl pines for home,
Looking along the way that she hath come,
Sick to return, and counts the weary days!

So wouldst thou flee
Back to the multitude whose days are done,
Wouldst taste the fruit that lured Persephone,
The sacrament of death: and die, and be
No more in the wind and sun!

Thou hast not dreamed it, but rememberèd!
I know thou hast been there,
Hast seen the stately dwellings of the dead
Rise in the twilight air,
And crossed the shadowy bridge the spirits tread,
And climbed the golden stair!

I know thee who thou art!
That Rhodocleia who, when all was done
The golden time of Greece, and fallen her sun,
Swayed her last poet's heart.

With roses did he woo thee, and with song,
With thine own rose, and with the lily sweet,
The dark-eyed violet,
Garlands of wind-flowers wet,
And fragrant love-lamps that the whole night long
Burned till the dawn was burning in the skies,
Praising *thy golden eyes,*
And feet more silvery than Thetis' feet!

But thou didst die and flit
Among the tribes outworn,
The unavailing myriads of the past:
Oft he beheld thy face in dreams of morn,
And, waking, wept for it,
Till his own time came at last,
And then he sought thee in the dusky land!

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Wide are the populous places of the dead
Where souls on earth once wed
May never meet, nor each take other's hand,
Each far from the other fled!

So all in vain he sought for thee, but thou
Didst never taste of the Lethæan stream,
Nor that forgetful fruit,
The mystic pom'granate;
But from the Mighty Warden fledst; and now,
The fugitive of Fate,
Thou farest in our life as in a dream,
Still wandering with thy lute,
Like that sweet paynim lady of old song,
Who sang and wandered long,
For love of her Aucassin, seeking him!
So with thy minstrelsy
Thou roamest, dreaming of the country dim,
Below the veilèd sky!

There doth thy lover dwell,
Singing, and seeking still to find thy face
In that forgetful place:
Thou shalt not meet him here,
Not till thy singing clear
Through all the murmur of the streams of hell
Wins to the maiden's ear!
May she, perchance, have pity on thee and call
Thine eager spirit to sit beside her feet,
Passing throughout the long unechoing hall
Up to the shadowy throne,
Where the lost lovers of the ages meet;
Till then thou art alone!

TIRAR Y SOULT.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

ROBERT KNIGHT, who was born, bred, and trained in New England, suckled on her creeds and weaned on her doubts, went directly from college to a Louisiana plantation. The change, as he felt, was extreme.

He happened to go in this way. He was a civil engineer. A company was formed among the planters in the Gulf parishes to drain their marshes in order to establish large rice-farms. James B. Eads, who knew Knight, gave his name to them as that of a promising young fellow who was quite competent to do the simple work that they required, and one, too, who would probably give more zeal and time to it than would a man whose reputation was assured.

After Mr. Knight had thoroughly examined the scene of operations, he was invited by the president of the company, M. de Fourgon, to go with him to his plantation, the Lit de Fleurs, where he would meet the directors of the company.

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"The change is great and sudden," he wrote to his confidential friend, Miss Cramer. "From Boston to the Bed of Flowers, from the Concord School of Philosophy to the companionship of ex-slave-holders, from Emerson to Gayarré! I expected to lose my breath mentally. I expected to find the plantation a vast exhibit of fertility, disorder, and dirt; the men, illiterate fire-eaters; the women, houris such as our fathers used to read of in Tom Moore. Instead, I find the farm, huge, it is true, but orderly; the corn-fields are laid out with the exact neatness of a Dutch garden. The Works are run by skilled German workmen. The directors are shrewd and wide-awake. Madame de Fourgon is a fat, commonplace little woman. There are other women—the house swarms with guests—but not an houri among them. Till to-morrow. R. K."

The conclusion was abrupt, but Knight had reached the bottom of the page of his writing-pad. He tore it off, put it in a business-envelope, and mailed it. He and Miss Cramer observed a certain manly disregard to petty conventionalities. He wrote to her on the backs of old envelopes, scraps of wrapping-paper, anything that came first to hand. She liked it. He was poor and she was poor, and they were two good fellows roughing it together. They delighted in expressing their contempt for elegant nick-nackery of any sort, in dress, literature, or religion.

"Give me the honest—the solid!" was Emma Cramer's motto, and Knight thought the sentiment very high and fine. Emma herself was a little person, with an insignificant nose, and a skin, hair, and eyes all of one yellowish tint. A certain fluffiness and piquancy of dress would have made her positively pretty. But she went about in a tightly fitting gray gown, with a white pocket-handkerchief pinned about her neck, and her hair in a small knob on top.

But, blunt as she was, she did not like the blunt ending of this letter.

What were the women like who were not houris? He might have known that she would have some curiosity about them. Had they any intellectual training whatever? She supposed they could dance and sing and embroider like those poor things in harems——

Miss Cramer lived on a farm near the village of Throop. That evening, after she had finished her work, she took the letter over to read to Mrs. Knight. There were no secrets in any letter to her from Robert which his mother could not share. They were all intimate friends together, Mrs. Knight being, perhaps, the youngest and giddiest of the three. The Knights knew how her uncle overworked the girl, for Emma was an orphan, and dependent on him. They knew all the kinds of medicine she took for her dyspepsia, and exactly how much she earned by writing book-reviews for a Boston paper. Emma, too, could tell to a dollar what Robert's yearly expenses had been at college. They had all shared in the terrible anxiety lest no position should offer for him, and rejoiced together in this opening in Louisiana.

Mrs. Knight ran to meet her. "Oh, you have had a letter, too? Here is mine!"

She read the letter with nervous nods and laughs of exultation, the butterfly-bow of yellow ribbon in her cap fluttering as if in triumph. Emma sat down on the steps of the porch with an odd, chilled feeling that she was somehow shut out from the victory.

"The 'Bed of Flowers?' What a peculiar name for a farm! And how odd it was in this Mr. de Fourgon to ask Robert to stay at his house! Do you suppose he will charge him boarding, Emma?"

"No, I think not."

"Well, Robert will save nothing by that. He must make it up somehow. I wouldn't have him under obligation to the man for his keep. I've written to him to put his salary in the Throop Savings Bank till he wants to invest it. He will have splendid chances for investment, travelling over the country—East, West, South—everywhere! House full of women? I hope he will not be falling in love in a hurry. Robert ought to marry well now."

Miss Cramer said nothing. The sun had set, and a cold twilight had settled down over the rocky fields, with their thin crops of hay. To the right was Mrs. Knight's patch, divided into tiny

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beds of potatoes, corn, and cabbage. As Emma's eyes fell on it she remembered how many years she had helped the widow rake and weed that field, and how they had triumphed in every shilling which they made by the garden-stuff. For Robert—all for Robert!

Now he had laid his hand on the world's neck and conquered it! North and West and that great tropical South, with its flowers and houris—all were open to him! She looked around the circle of barren fields. He had gone out of doors, and she was shut in!

She bade his mother good-night, and went down the darkening road homeward. What a fool she was! The fact that Robert had a good salary could not change the whole order of the world in a day. Her comradeship with Knight, their plans, their sympathy—this was the order of the world which seemed eternal and solid to poor Emma.

"I am his friend," she told herself now. "If he had twenty wives, none of them could take my place."

Now, Knight had not hinted at the possibility of wiving in his letter. There had never been a word or glance of love-making between him and Emma; yet she saw him, quite distinctly now, at the altar, and beside him a black-eyed houri.

She entered the farm-house by the kitchen. There was the bacon, cut ready to cook for breakfast, and the clothes dampened for ironing. Up in her own bare chamber were paper and ink and two books for review—"Abstract of Greek Philosophy" and "Subdrainage."

These reviews were one way in which she had tried to interest him. Interest him! Greek philosophy! Drainage!

She threw the books on the floor, and, running to the glass, unloosened her hair and ran her fingers through it, tore the handkerchief from her neck, scanned with a breathless eagerness her pale eyes, her freckled skin, and shapeless nose, and then, burying her face in her hands, turned away into the dark.

. . . . . .

The night air that was so thin and chilly in Throop blew over the Lit de Fleurs wet and heavy with the scents, good and bad, of the Gulf marshes. Madame de Fourgon's guests had left the supper-table, and were seated on the low gallery which ran around the house, or lounged in the hammocks that swung under the huge magnolias on the lawn. There were one or two women of undoubted beauty among them; but Robert Knight was not concerned, that night, with the good- or ill-looks of any woman, either in Throop or Louisiana. He was amused by a new companion, a Monsieur Tirar, who had ridden over from a neighboring plantation. Knight at first took him for an overgrown boy; but on coming close to him, he perceived streaks of gray in the close-cut hair and beard.

Tirar had sung and acted a comic song, after dinner, at which the older men laughed as at the capers of a monkey. While they were at cards he played croquet with the children. The women sent him on errands. "José, my thimble is in the library!" "José, do see where the nurse has taken baby!" etc.

A chair had been brought out now for M. de Fourgon's aunt, an old woman with snowy hair and delicate, high features. José flew to bring her a shawl and wrapped it about her. She patted him on his fat cheek, telling Knight, as he capered away, how invaluable was the *cher enfant*.

"He made that Creole sauce to-day. Ah, the *petit gourmand* has many secrets of crabs and soups. He says the *chefs* in Paris confide in him, but they are original, monsieur; they are born in José's leetle brain"—tapping her own forehead.

"Ah, hear him now! 'Tis the voice of a seraph!" She threw up her hands, to command silence in earth and sky; leaning back and closing her eyes, while the little man, seated with his guitar at the feet of a pretty girl, sang. Even Knight's sluggish nerves were thrilled. He had never heard such a voice as this. It wrung his heart with its dateless pain and pathos. Ashamed of his emotion, he turned to go away. But there was a breathless silence about him. The Creoles all love music, and José's voice was famous throughout the Gulf parishes. Even the negro nurses stood staring and open-mouthed.

The song ended and Tirar lounged into the house.

"Queer dog!" said M. de Fourgon.

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"He will not touch a guitar again perhaps for months."

"He would sing if I ask it," said the old lady. "He has reverence for the age."

M. de Fourgon, behind her, lifted his eyebrows. "José," he said, aside to Knight, "is a good fellow enough up here among the women and babies; but with his own crew, at the St. Charles, there is no more rakehelly scamp in New Orleans."

"Is he a planter?" asked the curious New Englander. Madame Dessaix's keen ears caught the question.

"Ah, the poor lad! he has no land, not an acre! His father was a Spaniard, Ruy Tirar, who married Bonaventura Soult. The Soult and Tirar plantations were immense on the Bayou Sara. José's father had his share. But crevasse—cards—the war—all gone!"—opening wide her hands. "When your government declared peace, it left our poor José, at twenty, with the income of a beggar."

"But that was fifteen years ago," said Knight. "Could he not retrieve his fortune by his profession—business? What does he do?"

"Do? do?"—she turned an amazed, perplexed face from one to the other. "Does he think that José shall work? José! *Mon Dieu!*"

"Tirar," said M. de Fourgon, laughing, "is not precisely a business-man, Mr. Knight. He has countless friends and kinsfolk. We are all cousins of the Tirars or Soults. He is welcome everywhere."

"Oh!" said Knight, with a significant nod. Even in his brief stay in this neighborhood, he had found other men than José living in absolute idleness in a community which was no longer wealthy. They were neither old, ill, nor incapable. It was simply not their humor to work. They were supported, and as carefully guarded as pieces of priceless porcelain. It is a lax, extravagant feature of life, as natural to Louisiana as it is impossible to Connecticut.

It irritated Knight, yet it attracted him, as any novelty does a young man. He turned away from his companions, and sauntered up and down in the twilight. To live without work on those rich, prodigal prairies, never to think of to-morrow, to give without stint, even to lazy parasites—there was something royal about that. It touched his fancy. He had known, remember, nothing but Throop and hard work for twenty-two years.

The air had grown chilly. Inside, M. Tirar had kindled a huge fire on the hearth. He was kneeling, fanning it with the bellows, while a young girl leaned indolently against the mantel, watching the flames, and now and then motioning to José to throw on another log. The trifling action startled Knight oddly. How they wasted that wood! All through his boyhood he used to gather every twig and chip. How often he had longed to make one big, wasteful fire, as they were doing now.

The young lady was a Miss Venn, who had been civil to him. It occurred to him that she was the very embodiment of the lavish life of this place. He did not, then or afterward, consider whether she was beautiful or not. But the soft, loose masses of reddish hair, and the large, calm, blue eyes, must, he thought, belong to a woman who was a generous spendthrift of life.

Perhaps Knight was at heart a spendthrift. At all events, he suddenly felt a strange eagerness to become better acquainted with Miss Venn. He sought her out, the next morning, among the groups under the magnolias. There could be no question that she was stupid. She had read nothing but her Bible and the stories in the newspapers, and had no opinions about either. But she confessed to ignorance of nothing, lying with the most placid, innocent smile.

"'Hamlet?' Oh, yes; I read that when it first came out. But those things slip through my mind like water through a sieve."

To Robert, whose brain had long been rasped by Emma's prickly ideas, this dulness was as a downy bed of ease. Emma was perpetually struggling after progress with every power of her brain. It never occurred to Lucretia Venn to plan what she should do to-morrow, or at any future time. In Throop, too, there was much hard prejudice between the neighbors. To be clever was to have a sharp acerbity of wit: Emma's sarcasms cut like a thong. But these

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people were born kind; they were friendly to all the world, while in Lucretia there was a warm affluence of nature which made her the centre of all this warm, pleasant life. The old people called her by some pet name, the dogs followed her, the children climbed into her lap. Knight with her felt like a traveller who has been long lost on a bare, cold marsh and has come into a fire-lighted room.

One afternoon he received the card of M. José Tirar y Soult, who came to call upon him formally. The little fop was dazzling in white linen, diamond solitaires blazing on his breast and wrists.

"You go to ride?" he said, as the horses were brought round. "Lucrezia, my child, you go to ride? It portends rain"—hopping to the edge of the gallery. "You will take cold!"

"There is not a cloud in the sky," said M. de Fourgon. "Come, Lucretia, mount! José always fancies you on the edge of some calamity."

"It goes to storm," persisted Tirar. "You must wear a heavier habit, my little girl."

Miss Venn laughed, ran to her own room, and changed her habit.

"What way shall you ride?" José anxiously inquired of Knight.

"To the marshes."

"It is very dangerous there, sir. There are herds of wild cattle, and slippery ground"—fuming up and down the gallery. "Well, well! Tirar himself will go. I will not see the child's life in risk."

Knight was annoyed. "What relation does Monsieur Tirar hold to Miss Venn?" he asked his host, apart. "He assumes the control of a father over her."

"He is her cousin. He used to nurse the child on his knee, and he does not realize that she has grown to be a woman. Oh, yes, the poor little man loves her as if she were his own child! When their grandfather, Louis Soult, died, two years ago, he left all his estate to Lucretia, and not a dollar to José. It was brutal! But José was delighted. 'A woman must have money, or she is cold in the world,' he said. 'But to shorn lambs, like me, every wind is tempered.'"

Mr. Knight was thoughtful during the first part of the ride. "I did not know," he said, presently, to young McCann, from St. Louis, a stranger like himself, "that Miss Venn was a wealthy woman."

"Oh, yes, the largest land-holder in this parish, and ten thousand a year, clear, besides."

Ten thousand a year! And Emma drudging till midnight for two or three dollars a column! Poor Emma! A gush of unwonted tenderness filled his heart. The homely, faithful soul!

Ten thousand a year! Knight would have been humiliated to think that this money could change his feeling to the young woman who owned it. But it did change it. She was no longer only a dull, fascinating appeal to his imagination. She was a power; something to be regarded with respect, like a Building Association or Pacific Railway stocks. But for some unexplained reason he carefully avoided her during the ride. Miss Venn was annoyed at this desertion, and showed it as a child would do. She beckoned him again and again to look at a heron's nest, or at the water-snakes darting through the ridges of the bayou, or at a family of chameleons who were keeping house on a prickly-pear. Finding that he did not stay at her side, she gave up her innocent wiles, at last, and rode on in silence. M. Tirar then flung himself headlong into the breach. He poured forth information about Louisiana for Knight's benefit, with his own flighty opinions tagged thereto. He told stories and laughed at them louder than anybody else, his brown eyes dancing with fun; but through all he kept a furtive watch upon Lucretia, to see the effect upon her.

They had now reached the marshes which lie along the Gulf. They were covered with a thin grass, which shone bright-emerald in the hot noon. The tide soaked the earth beneath, and drove back the narrow lagoons that were creeping seaward. A herd of raw-boned cattle wandered aimlessly over the spongy surface, doubtful whether the land was water, or the water, land. They staggered as they walked, from sheer weakness; one steer fell exhausted, and as Lucretia's horse passed, it lifted

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its head feebly, looked at her with beseeching eyes, and dropped it again. A flock of buzzards in the distance scented their prey and began to swoop down out of the clear sky, flashes of black across the vivid green of the prairie, with low and lower dips until they alighted, quivering, on the dying beast and began to tear the flesh from its side.

José rode them down, yelling with rage. He came back jabbering in Spanish and looking gloomily over the vast, empty marsh. "I hate death anywhere, but this is wholesale murder! These wretched Cajans of the marsh raise larger herds than they can feed; they starve by the hundreds. That poor beast is dead—thanks be to God!" After a pause. "Well, well!" he cried, with a shrug, "your syndicate will soon convert this delta into solid ground, Mr. Knight; it is a noble work! Vast fortunes"—with a magniloquent sweep of his arm—"lie hidden under this mud."

"Why don't you take a share in the noble work, then?" asked McCann. "That is, if it would not interfere with your other occupations?"

"Me? I have no occupations! What work should I do?" asked José, with a fillip of his pudgy fingers. Presently he galloped up to Miss Venn's side with an anxious face.

"Lucrezia, my child, has it occurred to you that you would like me better if I were doctor, or lawyer, or something?"

She looked at him, bewildered, but said nothing.

"It has not occurred to *me*," he went on, seriously. "I have three, four hundred dollars every year to buy my clothes. I have the Tirar jewellery. What more do I want? Everything I need comes to me."

"Certainly, why not?" she answered, absently, her eyes wandering in search of something across the marsh.

"Then you do not mind?" he persisted, anxiously. "I wish my little girl to be pleased with old José. As for the rest of the world"—he cracked his thumb contemptuously.

Miss Venn smiled faintly. She had not even heard him. She was watching Knight, who had left the party and was riding homeward alone. José fancied there were tears in her eyes.

"Lucrezia!"

No answer.

"Lucrezia, do not worry! *I* am here."

"You! Oh, *Mon Dieu!* You are always here!" she broke forth, pettishly.

José gasped as if he had been struck, then he reined in his horse, falling back, while Mr. McCann gladly took his place.

M. Tirar, after that day, did not return to the plantation. Once he met M. de Fourgon somewhere in the parish, and with a sickly smile asked if Lucretia were in good health. "Remember, Jean," he added, earnestly, riding with him a little way, "*I* am that little girl's guardian. If she ever marry, it is José who must give her away. So ridiculous in her father to make a foolish young fellow like me her guardian!"

"Not at all! No, indeed! Very proper, Tirar," said M. de Fourgon, politely, at which José's face grew still paler and more grave.

One day he appeared about noon on the gallery. His shoes were muddy his clothes the color of a bedraggled moth.

"Ah, *mon enfant!*" cried Madame Dessaix, kindly, from her chair in a shady corner. "What is wrong? No white costume this day, no diamonds, no laugh? What is it, José?"

"Nothing, madame," said the little man, drearily. "I grow old. I dress no more as a young man. I accommodate myself to the age—the wrinkles."

"Wrinkles? Bah! Come and sit by me. For whom is it that you look?"

"But—I thought I heard Lucrezia laugh as I rode up the levee?"

Madame Dessaix nodded significantly and, putting her fingers on her lips, with all the delight that a Frenchwoman takes in lovers, led him, on tip-toe, to the end of the gallery and, drawing aside the vines, showed him Lucretia in a hammock under a gigantic pecan-tree. A mist of hanging green moss closed about her. She lay in it as a soft, white bird in a huge nest. Knight stood leaning against the trunk of the tree, looking down at her, his thin face intent and heated. He had spoken to her, but she did not answer. She smiled lazily, as she did when the children patted her on the cheek.

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"*Voilà la petite!*" whispered Madame Dessaix, triumphantly. Then she glanced at M. Tirar, finding that he looked on in silence. He roused himself, with a queer noise in his throat.

"Yes, yes! Now—what does she answer him?"

"*Mère de Dieu!* What can she answer? He is young. He is a man who has his own way. He will have no answer but the one! We consider the affair finished!"

Tirar made no comment. He turned and walked quickly down to the barnyard, where the children were, and stood among them and the cows for awhile. The stable-boys, used to jokes and picayunes from him, turned handsprings and sky-larked under his feet. Finding that he neither laughed nor swore at them, they began to watch him more narrowly, and noticed his shabby clothes with amazed contempt.

"Don José seek, ta-ta!" they whispered. "Don José, yo' no see mud on yo' clo'es?"

But he stood leaning over the fence, deaf and blind to them.

His tormentors tried another point of attack. "Don José no seek, but his mare seek. Poor Chiquita! She old horse now."

"It's a damned lie!" Tirar turned on the boy with such fury that he jumped back. "She's not old! Bring her out!"

The negroes tumbled over each other in their fright. The little white mare was led out. José patted her with trembling hands. Whatever great trouble had shaken him turned for the moment into this petty outlet.

"There is not such a horse in Attakapas!" he muttered to himself. "I am old, but she is young!" The mare whinnied with pleasure as he stroked her and mounted.

As he rode from the enclosure a clumsy bay horse was led out of the stable. Knight came down the levee to meet it. José scanned it with fierce contempt. "Ah, the low-born beast! And its master is no otherwise! But who can tell what shall please the little girl?"

But Tirar could not shut his eyes to the fact that the figure on the heavy horse was manly and fine. The courage in his heart was at its lowest ebb.

"José is old and fat—fat. That is a young fellow—he is like a man!" His chin quivered like a hysteric woman's. The next minute he threw himself on the mare's neck.

"I have only you now, Chiquita! Nobody but you!"

She threw back her ears and skimmed across the prairie with the hoof of a deer. When he passed Knight, M. Tirar saluted him with profound courtesy.

"Funny little man," said Robert to McCann, who had joined him. "You might call him a note of exaggeration in the world. But that is a fine horse that he rides."

"Yes; a famous racer in her day, they tell me. Tirar talks of her as if she were a blood-relation. I wish we had horses of her build just now. That brute of yours sinks in the mud with every step."

"It is deeper than usual to-day. I don't understand it. We have had no rain."

They separated in a few minutes, Knight taking his way to the sea-marshes.

The marshes were always silent, but there was a singular, deep stillness upon them to-day. The sun was hidden by low-hanging mists, but it turned them into tent-like veils of soft, silvery brilliance. The colors and even the scents of the marshes were oddly intensified beneath them; the air held the strong smells of the grass and roses motionless; the lagoons, usually chocolate-colored, were inky black between their fringes of yellow and purple flags; the countless circular pools of clear water seemed to have increased in number, and leaped and bubbled as if alive.

If poor Emma could but turn her eyes from the barren fields of Throop to this strange, enchanted plain!

He checked himself. What right had he to wish for Emma? Lucretia—

But Lucretia would see nothing in it but mud and weeds!

Lucretia was a dear soul; but after all, he thought, with a laugh, her best qualities were those of an amiable cow. That very day he had brought himself to make love to her with as much force

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as his brain could put into the words, and she had listened with the amused, pleased, ox-like stare of one of these cattle when its sides were tickled by the long grass. She had given him no definite answer.

Knight ploughed his way through the spongy prairie, therefore, in a surly ill-humor, which the unusual depth of mud did not make more amiable. He was forced to ride into the bayoux every few minutes to wash the clammy lumps from the legs of his horse.

Where M. Tirar went that day, he himself, when afternoon came, could not have told distinctly. He had a vague remembrance that he had stopped at one or two Acadian farm-houses for no purpose whatever. He was not a drinking-man, and had tasted nothing but water all day, yet his brain was stunned and bruised, as if he was rousing from a long debauch. When he came to himself he was on the lower marshes. Chiquita had suddenly stopped, planted her legs apart like a mule, and refused to budge an inch farther. What ailed this bayou? It, too, had come to a halt, and had swollen into a stagnant black pond.

José was altogether awake now. He understood what had happened. A heavy spring tide in the Gulf had barred all outlet for the bayous, which cut through the marshes. The great river, for which they were but mouths, was already forcing its way over their banks and oozing through all the spongy soil. There was no immediate danger of his drowning; but unless he made instant escape, there was a certainty that he would be held and sucked into the vast and rapidly spreading quicksands of mud until he did drown.

If Chiquita——?

He wheeled her head to the land and called to her. She began to move with extreme caution, testing each step, now and then leaping to a hummock of solid earth. Twice she stopped and changed her course. José dismounted several times and tried to lead her. But he soon was bogged knee-deep. He saw that the instinct of the horse was safer than his judgment, and at last sat quietly in the saddle. At ordinary times he would have sworn and scolded, and, perhaps, being alone, have shed tears, for José was at heart a coward and dearly loved his life.

But to-day it was low tide in the little man's heart. The bulk of life had gone from him with Lucretia. His love for her had given him dignity in his own eyes; without her he was a poor buffoon, who carried his jokes from house to house in payment for alms.

He did what he could, however, to save his life, rationally enough—threw off his heavy boots, and the Spanish saddle, to lighten the load on the mare, patted her, sang and laughed to cheer her. Once, when the outlook was desperate, he jumped off. "She shall not die!" he said, fiercely. He tried to drive her away, but she stood still, gazing at him wistfully.

"Aha!" shouted José, delighted, nodding to some invisible looker-on. "Do you see that? *She* will not forsake me! So, my darling! You and Tirar will keep together to the last." He mounted again.

Chiquita, after that, made slow but steady progress. She reached a higher plateau. Even there the pools were rapidly widening; the oozing water began to shine between the blades of grass. In less than an hour this level also would be in the sea.

But in less than an hour Chiquita would have brought him to dry ground.

José talked to her incessantly now, in Spanish, arguing as to this course or that.

"Ha! What is that?" he cried, pulling her up. "That black lump by the bayou? A man—no! A horse and man! They are sinking—held fast!"

He was silent a moment, panting with excitement. Then—"It is Knight!" he cried. "Caught like a rat in a trap! He will die—thanks be to God!"

If Knight were dead, Lucretia would be his own little girl again.

The thought was the flash of a moment. Knight's back was toward him. José, unseen, waited irresolute.

After the first murderous triumph he hoped Robert could be saved. Tirar was a coward, but at bottom he was a man—how much of a man remained to be proved. The longer he looked at the engineer, the more he hated him, with a blind, childish fury.

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"But I am not murderer—I!" he said to himself, mechanically, again and again.

Chiquita pawed, impatient to be off. The water was rising about her hoofs. It sparkled now everywhere below the reeds. Death was waiting for both the men—a still, silent, certain death—the more horrible because there was no fury or darkness in it. The silvery mist still shut the world in, like the walls of a tent; the purple and yellow flags shone in the quiet light.

Chiquita could save one, and but one.

The Tirars and Soults had been men of courage and honor for generations. Their blood was quickening in his fat little body.

A thought struck him like a stab from a knife. "If Knight dies, it will break her heart. But me!" Then he cracked his thumb contemptuously. "What does she care for poor old José?"

We will not ask what passed in his heart during the next ten minutes.

He and his God were alone together.

He came up to Knight and tapped him on the shoulder. "Hello! What's wrong?"

"I'm bogged. This brute of a horse is sinking in the infernal mud."

"Don't jerk at him! I'll change the horses with you, if you are in a hurry to reach the plantation. Chiquita can take you more quickly than he."

"But you?—I don't understand you. What will you do?"

"I am in no hurry."

"This horse will not carry you. It seems to me that the mud is growing deeper."

"I understand the horses and mud of our marshes better than you. Come, take Chiquita. Go!"

Knight alighted and mounted the mare, with a perplexed face. He had begun to think himself in actual danger, and was mortified to find that José made so light of the affair.

"Well, good-day, Monsieur Tirar!" he said. "It is very kind in you to take that confounded beast off my hands. I'll sell him to-morrow if I can." He nodded to José, and jerked the bridle sharply. "Come, get up!" he said, touching Chiquita with a whip.

José leaped at him like a cat. "Damnation! Don't dare to touch her!"—wrenching the whip from his hand, and raising it to strike him. "Pardon, sir," stiffening himself, "my horse will not bear a stroke. Do not speak to her and she will carry you safely." His hand rested a moment on the mare's neck. He muttered something to her in Spanish, and then he turned his back that he might not see her go away.

Mr. Knight reached the upper marshes in about two hours. He caught sight of a boat going down the bayou, and recognizing M. de Fourgon and some other men from the plantation in it, rode down to meet them.

"Thank God, you are safe, Knight!" exclaimed M. de Fourgon. "How's that? Surely that is Chiquita you are riding! Where did you find her?"

"That queer little Mexican insisted that I should swap horses with him. My nag was bogged, and——"

The men looked at each other.

"Where did you leave him?"

"In the sea-marsh, near the mouth of this bayou. Why, what do you mean? Is he in danger? Stop!" he shouted, as they pulled away without a word. "For God's sake, let me go with you!" He left Chiquita on the bank and leaped into the boat, taking an oar.

"You do not mean that Tirar has risked his life for mine?" he said.

"It looks like it," McCann replied. "And yet I could have sworn that he disliked you, especially."

"The old Tirar blood has not perished from off the earth," said M. de Fourgon, in a low voice. "Give way! Together now! I fear we are too late."

The whole marsh was under water before they reached it. They found José's body submerged, but wedged in the crotch of a pecan-tree, into which he had climbed. It fell like a stone into the boat.

M. de Fourgon laid his ear to his heart, pressed his chest, and rose, replying by a shake of the head to their looks. He took up his oar and rowed in silence for a few minutes.

"Pull, gentlemen!" he said, hoarsely. "The night is almost upon us. We will take him to my house."

But Knight did not believe that José was dead. He stripped him, and rubbed and chafed the sodden body in the bot-

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tom of the boat. When they reached the house and, after hours of vain effort, even the physician gave up, Knight would not listen to him.

"He shall not die, I tell you! Why should his life be given for mine? I did not even thank him, brute that I am!"

It was but a few minutes after that, that he looked up from his rubbing, his face growing suddenly white. The doctor put his hand on Tirar's breast. "It beats!" he cried, excitedly. "Stand back! Air—brandy!"

At last José opened his eyes, and his lips moved. "What is it, my dear fellow?" they all cried, crowding around him. But only Knight caught the whisper. He stood up, an amazed comprehension in his eyes.

Drawing M. de Fourgon aside, he said: "I understand now! I see why he did it!" and hurried away abruptly, in search of Miss Venn.

The next morning M. Tirar was carried out in a steamer-chair to the gallery.

He was the hero of the day. The whole household, from Madame Dessaix to the black pickaninnies, buzzed about him. Miss Venn came down the gallery, beaming, flushed, her eyes soft with tears. She motioned them all aside and sat down by him, stroking his cold hand in her warm ones.

"It is me that you want, José? Not these others? Only me?"

"If you can spare for me a little time, Lucrezia?" he said, humbly.

She did not reply for so long that he turned and looked into her face.

"A little time? *All* of the time," she whispered.

José started forward. His chilled heart had scarcely seemed to beat since he was taken from the water. Now it sent the blood hot through his body.

"What do you mean, child?" he said, sternly. "Think what you say. It is old José. Do you mean——?"

"Yes; and I always meant it," she said, quietly. "Why, there are only us left—you and me. And Chiquita," she added, laughing.

. . . . . .

A week later Mrs. Knight received a letter from Robert, with the story of his rescue. She cried over it a good deal.

"Though I don't see why he thinks it such an extraordinary thing in that little man to do!" she reflected. "Anybody would wish to save Robert, even a wild Mexican. And, why upon earth, because his life was in danger, he should have written to offer it to Emma Cramer, passes me! She hasn't a dollar."

Through the window she saw the girl crossing the fields, with quick, light steps.

"She's heard from him! She's coming to tell me. Well, I did think Robert would have married well, having his pick and choice——"

But the widow's heart had been deeply moved. "Poor Emma! She's been as faithful as a dog to Robert. If she has no money, she will save his as an heiress would not have done. Providence orders all things right," she thought, relenting. "If that girl has not put on her best white dress on a week-day! How glad she must be! I'll go and meet her, I guess. She has no mother now, to kiss her, or say God bless her, poor child!" and she hurried to the gate.

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IN GRAND KABYLIA.

By Henry M. Field.

"WHAT are those mountains covered with snow?"

I had just come to Northern Africa, and had passed along the coast for two hundred and fifty miles, from Oran to Algiers, under the shadow of the Great Atlas chain. But we were now looking in another quarter of the horizon, to the east, where the snowy heights were glistening in the rays of the morning sun. "Those," said my friend, "are the mountains of Grand Kabylia, the Switzerland of Africa." The name recalled the descriptions I had read of its Alpine scenery and its warlike people. A thousand legends gather about those mountains. It is a wild and savage country, long the habitation of lions, and of a people as brave as lions, who from time immemorial have fought for their independence. When the Romans, after destroying Carthage, pursued their conquests westward along Northern Africa, they came to a mountain region in which nature itself opposed their advance, held by tribes whose courage long kept even the Romans at bay, and though the country was reckoned a part of their African empire, yet they prudently left a good deal of liberty to these fierce warriors as an untamed and untamable race.

The Arab conquest swept over Africa, but left them still in possession of their mountains and, to a great degree, of their freedom. They became Moslems, yet they took even their religion in a somewhat free and independent way. They would be no man's slave. They clung to their mountain homes, instead of following their new masters into the desert; and retained many of their ancient customs, their women never veiling their faces after the manner of the East. Such were the Berbers, so famous in the history of Northern Africa, and such are their descendants, the Kabyles of to-day.

In the many-colored population of Algiers the stranger recognizes a variety of African races, with others that show traces of an Asiatic origin, most of which he can make out, as to what they are and where they came from; but he is a good deal puzzled by one that is neither white nor black, but of a light-brown or olive complexion, a race that stands apart with its own language and its separate communities, governed by its own laws and institutions. These are the Kabyles, the children of yonder mountains, a people of fiery and impetuous nature—ardent lovers and bitter haters, hard workers and terrible fighters, as they have shown in a hundred wars, from the days of the Romans to the last insurrection against the French. American readers may be interested to be introduced to this picturesque country and people.

Although I had seen the Kabyles in the streets of Algiers, I had not observed them closely till one day the American Consul, Mr. Grellet, took me out to Koubba, five miles from the city, to pay a visit to his father, a fine old gentleman, who is a resident of the country. It is a beautiful drive over the hills to the top of the Sahel, from which one looks across the valley of the Metidja to the chain of the Little Atlas. Here Mr. Grellet has a vineyard of several hundred acres, cultivated wholly by Kabyles; a hundred of them were at work at that very moment. They were alert and active fellows, of middle stature, lightly yet strongly built, with frames all nerve and muscle, in which toughness was combined with agility. Their eyes were bright, and as they recognized a stranger, they looked up in my face with a pleased expression that was in itself a kindly greeting. Mr. Grellet said they were excellent laborers. It was evident that they were in the best relations with their employer, whom they never passed without a "Bonjour!" which was perhaps all the French they knew. I was at once struck

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with the difference in their physique from that of the Arabs, who are taller and more striking in appearance, while the Kabyles, though not so picturesque in figure, have more stuff in them for work and are ready to turn their hands to anything. At this season (it was the middle of January) they were busy in grubbing up the old roots, clearing out worthless stocks, or those which had been touched by any insect pest (not the phylloxera, which has not yet made its appearance here); or pruning the vines and preparing shoots for planting elsewhere, as Mr. Grellet had an order for four hundred thousand shoots for Tunis. They take naturally to the labors of the field, in which they are a perfect contrast to the Arabs, who look upon such labor as a degradation, and even hire the Kabyles to do work which they are too lazy to do themselves. The Arab is at home on his steed, scouring the desert, while the Kabyle is never seen on horseback. He is content to go on foot, and is not ashamed of honest labor; he earns his money in the sweat of his brow, and, what is better, *he knows how to keep it.* They are a thrifty folk, living on little, and saving every hard-earned penny.

"How much do you pay them?" I asked.

"Two francs and a quarter" (forty-five cents) "a day."

That may seem small pay to American laborers, but it is good wages in Africa. All depends on what it will bring. A French *ouvrier* would eat and drink it all up, for he must have his meat every day and his bottle of wine, while the Kabyle is content to do without either, and thus saves nearly three-quarters of all he earns. He is a true economist; he has made it a matter of exact calculation, and reduced the art of living to a minimum. One who knows them well, said to me: "A Kabyle will live on twelve sous a day, two of which he will spend in tobacco, his only luxury."

"These men," said Mr. Grellet, "live almost wholly on bread. Meat they do not touch unless it be on some special occasion, such as a Moslem feast. Every morning the Kabyle cuts off his portion of bread for the day; sometimes he will cut out the inside of a loaf and put it to soak in olive-oil, which is here so abundant and so cheap, and this makes a nutritious food; and if, with the two sous for tobacco, he can spare one sou more for a small cup of the black coffee of which he is very fond, he asks heaven for no more. This is his daily portion; but, if to-morrow should be a rainy day, so that he could not work, he would not give himself the same allowance and consume a whole day's provision, for that would be eating his bread before he had earned it, and so encroaching on his little capital. He will cut a day's portion in two and go on half-rations for two days, so that he can 'start even' on the third!"

American laborers, who are the most wasteful in the world, may think this a petty economy, which shows a miserly spirit. "Why do not these poor fellows do as we do, and enjoy their earnings as they go? What is the use of all this saving and hoarding?" So little do we know of what is stirring in these dusky bosoms.

As we stood looking at the different groups, which were not only very busy, but very happy, Mr. Grellet said to me: "Every one of these men, to the youngest (for some of them were little more than stout boys), has the ambition to earn a few hundred francs, with which he will go back to his native village and buy him a wife!" Indeed! and so the fire of love is burning in these African breasts. It is the old story of Jacob serving seven years for Rachel. Love cannot have its reward without toil. No maiden wastes her affections on an impecunious lover. A man must pay "the old gentleman" for the hand of his daughter. It may not be in money, but in sheep or camels, though the thrifty father likes to see the shining pieces of precious metal. On one occasion, at a hotel in the interior, I paid a bill in napoleons, at seeing which the landlord said that there was but little gold in the country; that whenever a Kabyle got hold of a piece, he hoarded it against the day when he might wish to buy him a wife, trusting that, if the old man would not take a camel, his heart might be softened by sight of the glittering coin. This bit of information caused me to look with new interest into the bright faces before me. I saw that the laborer of the Sahel, in the midst of his

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toil, was dreaming dreams of a cottage in the mountains, and of the little group that in time would gather round the door.

"And how much does one of these mountain maidens cost?"

"*Cela dépend.* A man may get a common-looking girl for a hundred francs" (twenty dollars), "but the more handsome (and some of them are very pretty) are much higher. One of my men had saved, in the course of two or three years, six hundred francs, all of which he paid for his bride. He did not begrudge the money, for she was the fairest of her village, and in her he saw the mother of a son who would be the pride of his old age. But just as he was looking for his first-born, to his bitter disappointment the son proved to be a daughter! And when this happened a second time, I believe, if the neighbors had not interfered, he would have killed her! At least this would have been considered sufficient reason for a divorce. Indeed, it is not necessary to have any reason; the Moslem law of divorce is so easy that a man has only to say to his wife three times, in the presence of witnesses, 'I divorce you,' and he is free!"

This facility of divorce comes in as a sad contrast to the romance that we were beginning to weave about the domestic life of the Kabyle. It is one of the curses of every Moslem country that the sexes are so lightly bound and so easily separated. If we could know the whole inner life of those mountain villages, we might hear many sad tales. There is a divorce-court which sits regularly in Algiers, in which unhappy couples are parted with the greatest facility. You enter and find the men sitting on one side and the women on the other, waiting their turns till the Cadi (the Moslem judge) shall hear their cases. First the man tells his story, and then the woman tells hers. But it is not probable that the testimony of either avails much, for it is not often that a divorce, thus asked for, is refused. All rests with the Cadi. To him goes whoever wishes to be married or to be divorced. The same power that makes the relation of husband and wife can unmake it also, and perhaps the Cadi is more ready for the latter than the former because he is paid more for it. Whether it be intended to discourage divorce or not, the charge is double that for a marriage; but as the highest charge is only ten francs (for a marriage it is but five), the tariff can hardly be considered prohibitory.

And how do the women take this abrupt ending of their married life?

An English friend who attended one day at a divorce-court told me that generally the result seemed to be accepted by both parties as a matter of course, with which they were too familiar to be much overcome. It may even have been arranged beforehand by mutual understanding. Some, no doubt, thought it a happy relief to get rid of a cruel husband or an ill-tempered wife. But to others, especially where there were children, the separation had a terrible meaning. While many looked round the court-room, seemingly indifferent, one poor woman buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly. This breaking up of homes must be accompanied in many cases by the breaking of hearts, and a broken heart is as heavy a burden to carry on the mountains of Africa as in any unhappy home of England or America.

"And do you trust these men perfectly?" I asked.

"Yes and no. They are good, faithful fellows, industrious and honest according to their ideas of honesty. But in the time of the vintage, when the grapes are to be gathered, I have to employ two hundred men, and then I must keep a sharp watch. It will not do to leave anything of value about, for they will take it without a moment's hesitation, thinking that Allah has put it in their way, and that it would be a disregard of his gifts to neglect the opportunity. Everything is thrown upon Allah. He is not only the inspirer of all good deeds, but the scape-goat for all bad ones. I had a Kabyle who was a good laborer, but who had an incurable habit of petty thieving. He would steal without any motive, taking what he could have had for the asking; and when I charged him with it and said, 'Why do you steal what you can have without stealing? You know that I would give you all the grapes you

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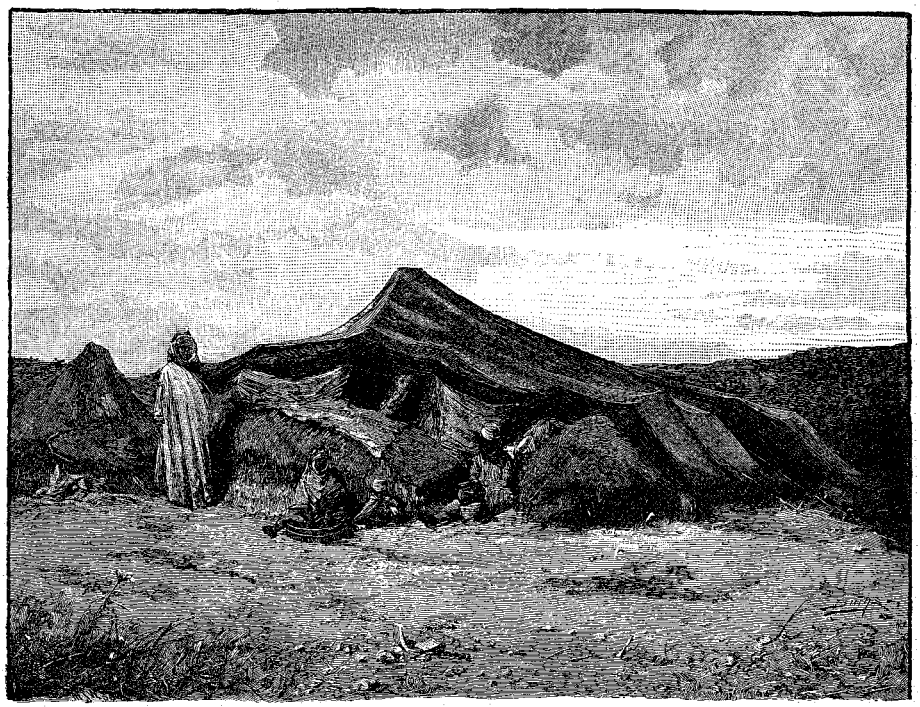
want,' he was not at all abashed, but threw off the responsibility by saying that 'Allah made him steal it!'"

This lying and stealing are such contemptible vices that an Anglo-Saxon cannot understand how they can coexist with anything that is worthy of respect. And yet these very men, as we shall see, have many noble traits,



A Kabyle Tent near Algiers.

and belong to one of the bravest races in the world.

As they are not only brave, but quick to resent an injury, they furnish an inflammable material that may flame out suddenly into insurrection; and what fighters they can be they showed in the insurrection of 1871. Mr. Grellet was at that time in Algeria, and I asked him if he was in danger?

"No," he said, "the insurrection did not come this side the mountains."

"And is there any danger now?"

"I think not. We are too near Algiers, where there is always a large body of French troops; but still you cannot be sure of anything with races that are so excitable. You cannot restrain them from revolt by showing them that the attempt would be hopeless. They recognize the power of France because they see French soldiers in the streets; but if it were not for this, it would be very difficult to give them an idea of a power that is on the other side of the sea. Even as it is, you cannot convince them that they are not really stronger than their masters, whom they could 'wipe out' if they had a mind to! This confidence in themselves is kept up by religious fanaticism. The Kabyles, though not so fanatical as the Arabs, are still greatly under the influence of their priests, and think that a 'marabout' (the descendant of a Moslem saint) has some mysterious and irresistible power. One day I was talking with a Kabyle, who was old enough to have good-sense, and I said to him, 'How is it that you dare to make war against France, that has an army larger than your whole population?' 'No matter for that,' said the fiery old mountaineer; 'what do we care

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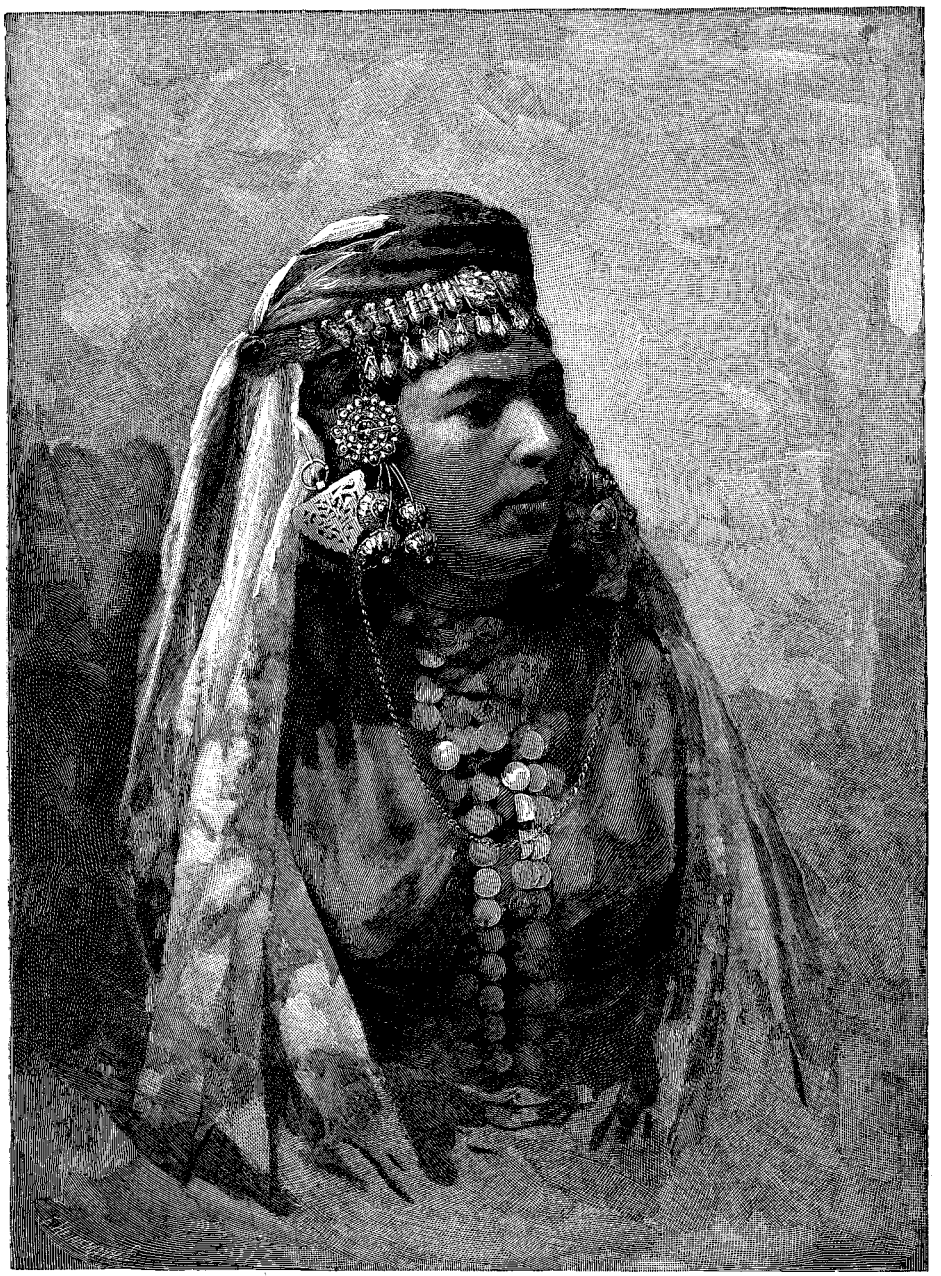

Kabyle Woman.

for your armies? If one of our marabouts were to wave a stick at them and pronounce a curse upon them, he could sweep them all into the sea.'" It did not seem to occur to him as somewhat remarkable that, if *one* holy man had such power, all of them together, raging and cursing, and stirring up the tribes to put forth their utmost strength, did not produce more impression, but had finally to give in and make their submission to the French! However, it

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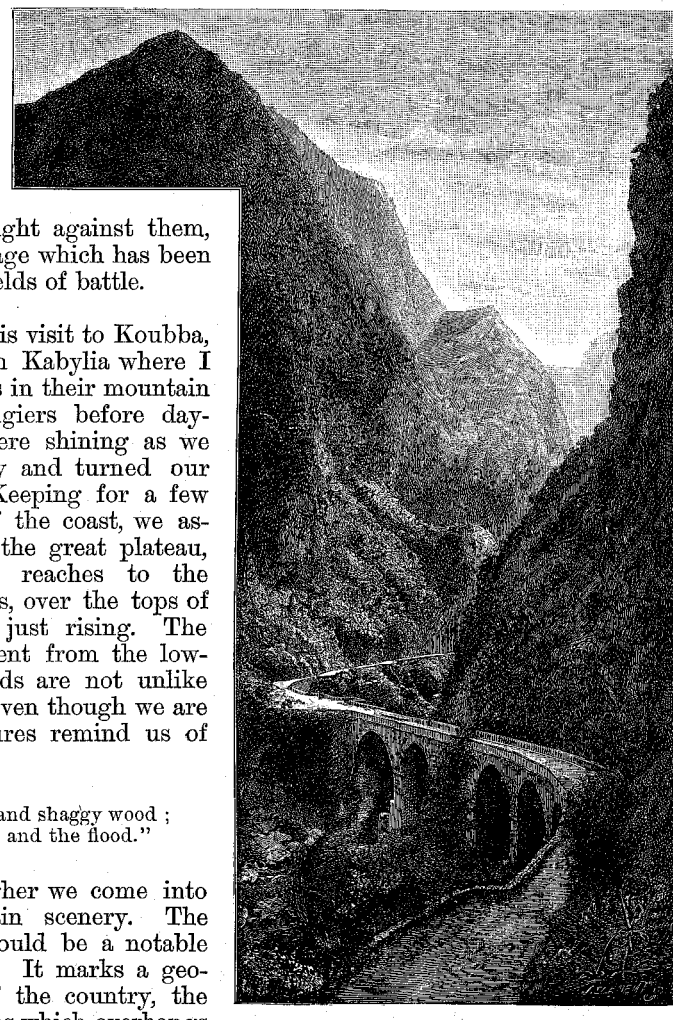
is best not to ask too many questions. There is no reasoning with fanaticism. Putting aside all foolish boasting, no one who has seen the Kabyles, and least of all those who fought against them, will dispute the courage which has been proved on so many fields of battle.

A few days after this visit to Koubba, I was riding through Kabylia where I could see the Kabyles in their mountain homes. We left Algiers before daybreak. The stars were shining as we swept round the bay and turned our faces to the east. Keeping for a few miles to the level of the coast, we ascended gradually to the great plateau, or table-land, which reaches to the foot of the mountains, over the tops of which the sun was just rising. The first steps of the ascent from the lowlands to the highlands are not unlike those in Scotland. Even though we are in Africa, some features remind us of "Old Scotia:"

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood."

As we rise still higher we come into the wildest mountain scenery. The Gorge of Palæstro would be a notable pass in Switzerland. It marks a geographical division of the country, the ridge of the mountains which overhangs it being the dividing line between the Arabs and the Kabyles. On the western side are the Arabs, while on the eastern, which we now enter, are the Kabyles, and one cannot but admire the industry of these *indigènes* as he sees how they carry their patches of cultivation to the very mountain-top.

This Via Mala of the African Switzerland merits that name, not only for the stupendous cliffs that shut it in, but for a tragedy of which it was the scene but a few years ago. The river that rushes down from the mountains here finds a rocky barrier in its path, and sweeps round it, nearly enclosing a little plateau, which is thus almost islanded from the banks on either side;



Gorge of Bardj-Bouira.

and here stood, twenty years ago, a village of a hundred inhabitants, chiefly emigrants from France and Italy. As it was an outpost of the settlements, it was one of the first points which the mountain tribes swooped down upon in the insurrection of 1871. With no fortification to protect it, the people took shelter in their houses, which they defended for several days till they were set on fire, and the inmates surrendered, the greater part of them only to be brutally massacred. This was the first deed which showed what savages the Kabyles can be under the excitement of war. But a few weeks passed before the place was retaken by the French, and now it is cheer-

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ing to see how civilization has penetrated the wilderness; for on the banks of the stream that roars through this gorge a macadamized road, like that over the Simplon, has been built on one side and a railroad on the other. The latter is a marvellous piece of engineering, being carried for miles on embankments along the mountain-sides, with innumerable bridges spanning the torrents, sometimes at a height of a hundred feet, while tunnels in swift succession pierce the barriers which are too lofty to be scaled. Along such a line are sprinkled a number of villages, peopled by emigrants from Alsace and Lorraine, who, driven from their own homes by the German possession of the Rhine, can here sing the Marseillaise amid the mountains of Africa.

Along this line we advance till we are amid the snows. These do not remain through the year, for the mountains of Kabylia are not so high as the Alps; but it is now midwinter, and they are mantled in white far down their sides. I observed here the "massing" of mountains; that, instead of lying in one long chain, like the Apennines in Italy, or the Pyrenees on the north of Spain, they stand in a group, as in Switzerland, where they form the table-land of Europe and the water-shed of a continent, from which flow, not only the Rhine and the Danube, but rivers that empty themselves toward the north and the south, into the Baltic and the Mediterranean.

Those who have penetrated into the interior of Kabylia give the most picturesque descriptions of its mingled wildness and beauty. As they go farther into it, the mountains rise higher and the valleys sink deeper. In some places it seems as if the mountains had been cleft asunder by some convulsion of nature, and tremendous cliffs stand facing each other, parted by gorges of almost unfathomable depth, down which the torrents roar, while the eagles soar and scream over the abyss.

There, in those wild mountains, is the home of the Kabyles; for homes they have, to which they cling with all the fondness habitual to mountain tribes. In this, again, their life is in contrast to that of the Arabs, who live on the desert, dwelling in tents, wandering hither and thither, now to this oasis and now to that, wherever they can find subsistence for their flocks and herds, and as soon as this is exhausted, striking their tents and disappearing below the horizon.

The Kabyles, on the other hand, live in villages, which are generally perched on some high point of the mountains for protection and defence. Look yonder! We can see them distinctly, and very picturesque they are, clinging to the mountain-side. But if we were to interrupt our journey long enough to pay them a visit, we might find them marked by other features than picturesqueness. Mr. Grellet once made an excursion into Kabylia, passing from village to village, and his descriptions were anything but attractive. Climbing to their heights, he found a village, sometimes perched on a cliff, looking sheer down into the vale below, or on the ridge of a mountain, with an outlook on either side. As its space was so confined, the houses were packed together into a solid mass. Streets there were none—at least, which deserved the name—many of the villages being divided only by a single lane, so narrow that two could not walk abreast. The houses are of but one story and *one room*, in which all the family sleep together, lying down at night on the bare ground, which they share with the domestic animals. As there are no windows, the interior is dark, the door being the only opening for light and air to come in and for the smoke to go out, as it rises from a hole in the ground where the inmates cook their food, like Indians in their wigwams. Of course the air is vile, even on the mountain-top, for all the winds of heaven cannot drive out the smells of such a place. How anything in the shape of humanity can live in these hovels is a mystery; but the fact that the Kabyles do live, and not only live, but increase and multiply, is proof of the vitality of the race. Some of these villages have a thousand inhabitants; indeed, I have been told that there were several with *five* thousand, but this seems hardly possible. And yet, who can count the bees in a hive, or the ants in an ant-hill? The bees in *these* hives are certainly not drones;

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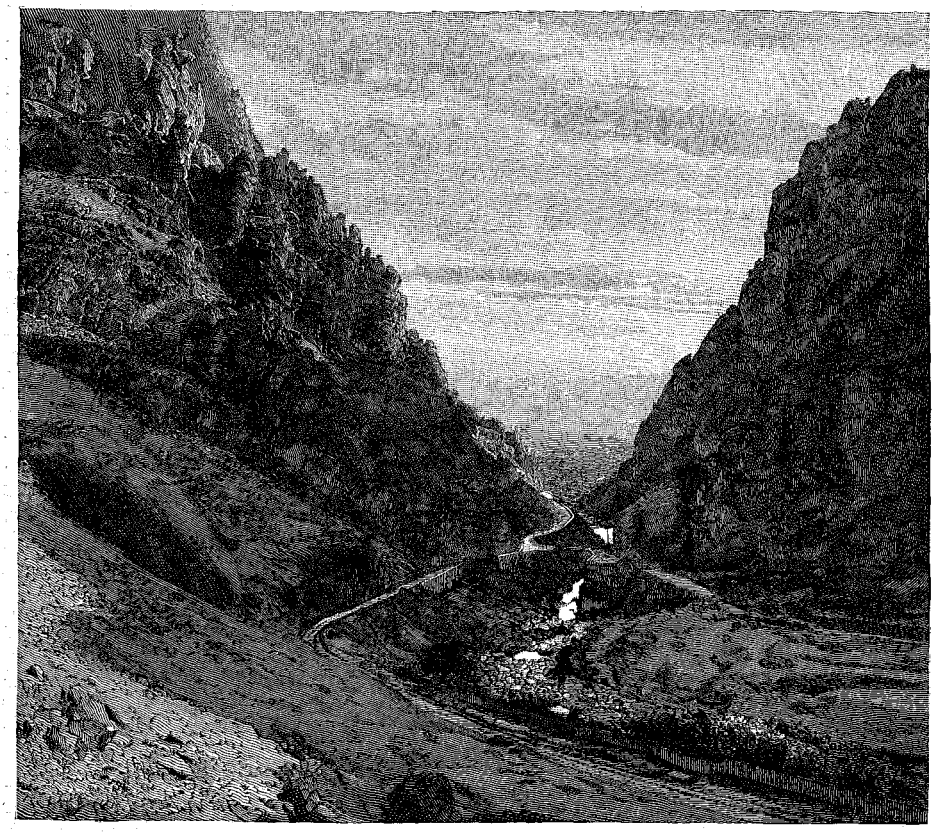
they are busy bees, presenting an example of industry that is a marvel among the idle and indolent populations of Africa.

As soon as a young Kabyle has bought a wife, he must have a little patch of ground on the mountain-side. No matter how rough it may be, he will dig round the rocks, pick out the stones, sow a little wheat and barley, plant a few fig-trees and olive-trees, have his sheep and his goats; and then he will sit before his door and smoke his pipe with a proud consciousness of independence.

The Kabyles have a political life of their own, which is at once patriarchal and democratic. Each village is a little republic, or commune, governed by its own "head-men," and a number of these villages are formed into a rude confederation like the early leagues in the Swiss cantons.

With such simplicity of government, and such industry of the people, a romantic traveller might easily imagine to himself an ideal republic—an Arcadia—throned on these mountain-tops, an abode of happiness which the outer world could not invade. But a community that has no fear of violence from the "outer world" may yet have elements of discord within that make it to come short of Arcadia. Such elements there are even in the heart of Kabylia, whose pastoral people may yet learn from the outer world some lessons, not only of household cleanliness and comfort, but of neighborly kindness and peace.

As we were crossing the mountains, I was sitting alone in the railway-carriage, looking at the villages in the distance, when an old officer entered, booted and spurred, and bowed to me with true



The Pass El Kantra, Entrance to Sahara.

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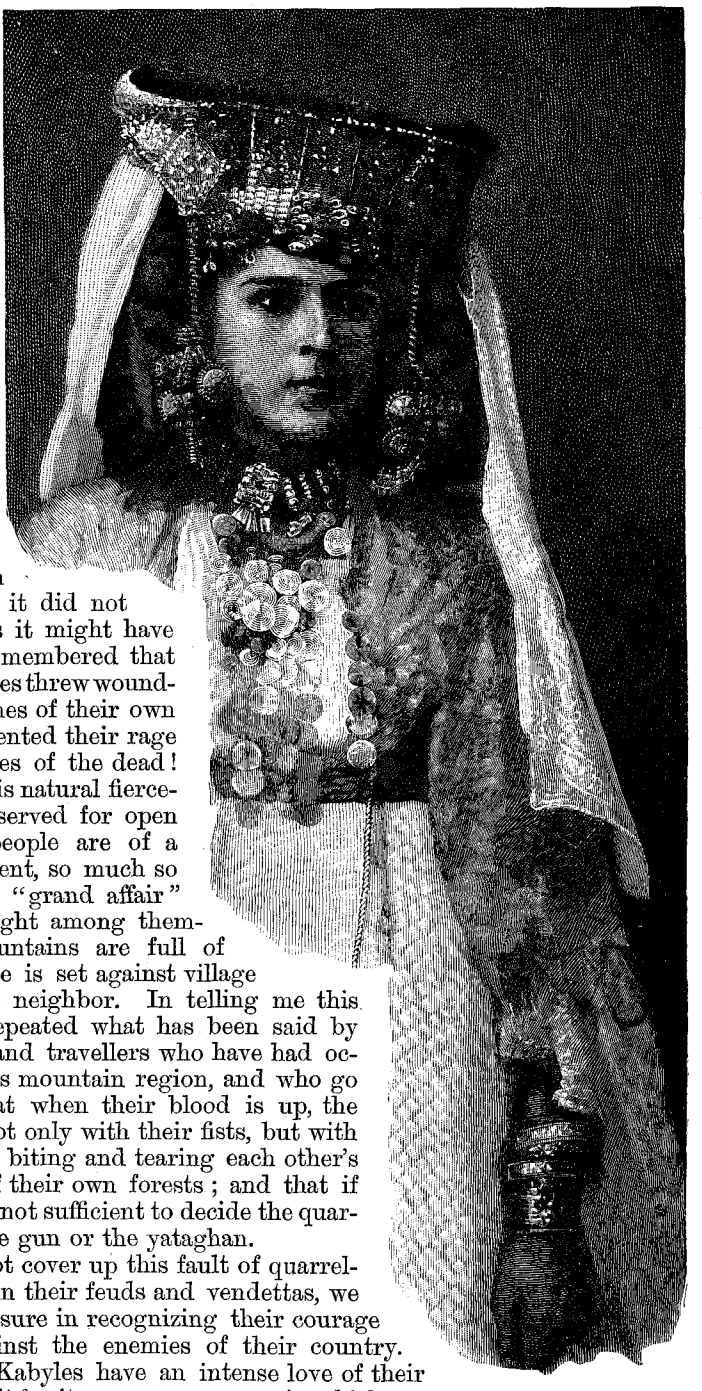
French courtesy, which seemed to invite conversation.

"You have been long in service in Kabylia?"

"Many years."

"And how do you find the country and the people?"

The country was "sauvage," but "magnifique;" and the people were "braves gens," "bons pour le travail," but hot-tempered, quick in anger, and if it came to war, they were "bêtes féroces!" The latter was a harsh imputation; and yet it did not grate on my ears as it might have done, if I had not remembered that at Palæstro the Kabyles threw wounded men into the flames of their own dwellings and even vented their rage and fury on the bodies of the dead! I now learned that this natural fierceness is not always reserved for open war, but that the people are of a combative temperament, so much so that, if they have no "grand affair" on hand, they will fight among themselves; that the mountains are full of feuds, in which village is set against village and neighbor against neighbor. In telling me this the old officer only repeated what has been said by other military men and travellers who have had occasion to explore this mountain region, and who go so far as to say that when their blood is up, the Kabyles will fight, not only with their fists, but with their teeth and nails, biting and tearing each other's faces like panthers of their own forests; and that if nature's weapons are not sufficient to decide the quarrel, they will seize the gun or the yataghan.



A Kabyle Girl.

But while we do not cover up this fault of quarrelsomeness, as shown in their feuds and vendettas, we can at least take pleasure in recognizing their courage when displayed against the enemies of their country. Like the Swiss, the Kabyles have an intense love of their country. They love it for its very savageness, in which every peak and crag seems to frown defiance at an invader. They are as jealous of its independence as the brave warriors of Montenegro. Those who have fought for generations against the Turk in the passes of the Black Mountains, overlooking the Adriatic, have not shown more valor than the natives of Kaby-

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lia. This courage flames out clearest and brightest in the moments of greatest danger. One custom they have which shows that the blood of heroes is in their veins. When tidings of an invasion come to their mountain retreats, the whole land rises up at the sound of war. The young men of the different tribes enter into a solemn "league and covenant," which might be called the league of death, since all who join in it swear to die for their country. So complete is this offering up of their lives, that the prayers for the dead are read over them, so that when they go forth to battle they are already as dead men, and have only to seek the place where they may give up their lives. If, indeed, they annihilate the enemy, they may return *and live*. But if the foe is still in the field, they must seek death until they find it. If one were to flee in the day of battle and return to his tribe, he would be received as the Athenians received the one survivor of Thermopylæ. He would be an outcast in his tribe, doomed to suffer a thousand insults worse than death. But for those who are killed there is glory here and rest hereafter. Their souls ascend to paradise, while their bodies are buried apart, in a place which is thus rendered forever sacred, and to which pious Moslems will come and pray over the dust of their heroic dead.

One thing more only is needed to complete the picture of Kabyle virtues to be set against the dark background of deeds of violence. They are capable, not only of courage, but of fidelity in the face of great temptations, of which they have given an example, which should be told in their honor, and to which the French owe their empire in Africa. Never was that empire in such danger as in the Franco-German War. As soon as it was evident that it was going against the French, their troops

Kabyle Women.

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were recalled from Africa to take part in the great struggle at home—till Algeria was left almost without defence.

Then the hour for which the conquered races had long waited had come, and if they could at once have joined their forces and proclaimed a holy war, it is altogether probable that the French would have been driven from Northern Africa. They might have regained Algeria after the German war was over, but only by a repetition of the years of fighting which it cost to conquer it. That the tribes did not take advantage of this, and rise while the French had their hands full on the other side of the Mediterranean, was owing wholly to their fidelity to a solemn pledge.

When the war broke out, a chief of great influence among the tribes, Mokrani, gave his word to the Governor-General of Algeria that there should be no insurrection *while the war lasted.* That word was faithfully kept. The French arms were followed by disaster after disaster; Napoleon surrendered at Sedan, and Bazaine surrendered at Metz. Then it seemed as if a voice from the Rhine called to the tribes of Kabylia to seize an opportunity which might never come again. But not a man stirred; nor yet when all the defeats and disgraces of the war culminated in the siege and surrender of Paris. The Moslem's faith was plighted; the Moslem's faith was kept! *But*—when all was over, when the last battle had been fought, and the treaty of peace had been signed at Frankfort, then Mokrani was released from his pledge, and then, and not till then, did he declare war. And still he would take no unfair advantage, but gave forty-eight hours' notice. Then the war-cry went through the mountains, and the tribes rushed to the field. They fought desperately, not only destroying towns, but laying siege to fortified places. Even Fort Napoleon, now Fort National, the strongest fortress in Kabylia, had to sustain a siege of over two months before the French troops could come to its relief. But the end was inevitable, for as soon as the French armies were freed from duty at home, they came in large divisions across the Mediterranean. Seeing that all was lost, Mokrani put himself at the head of his troops for the last battle, and dashing to the front, "foremost, fighting, fell."

The war was ended, and the Kabyles were subdued, but with no loss of reputation for courage, and with increase of honor, in that they had kept faith, even with unbelievers; and it was fitting that the French should themselves erect a monument to mark the spot where this noble enemy perished. Such fidelity, coupled with valor in war and industry in peace, with intense love of country and courage in defending it, are enough to redeem a whole people from the reproach of barbarism.

A CONFESSION.

By Henrietta Christian Wright.

Do you suppose if all the world, some day,
Should come and stand beside my grave and say,
"Here lies one who can never be forgot,"
I would care aught for it, if you came not?

But if alone you came, and said, with tears,
"Here lies one that I loved"—ah! then the years
Since we had met would quickly fade away,
And heaven, for me, be reckoned from that day.

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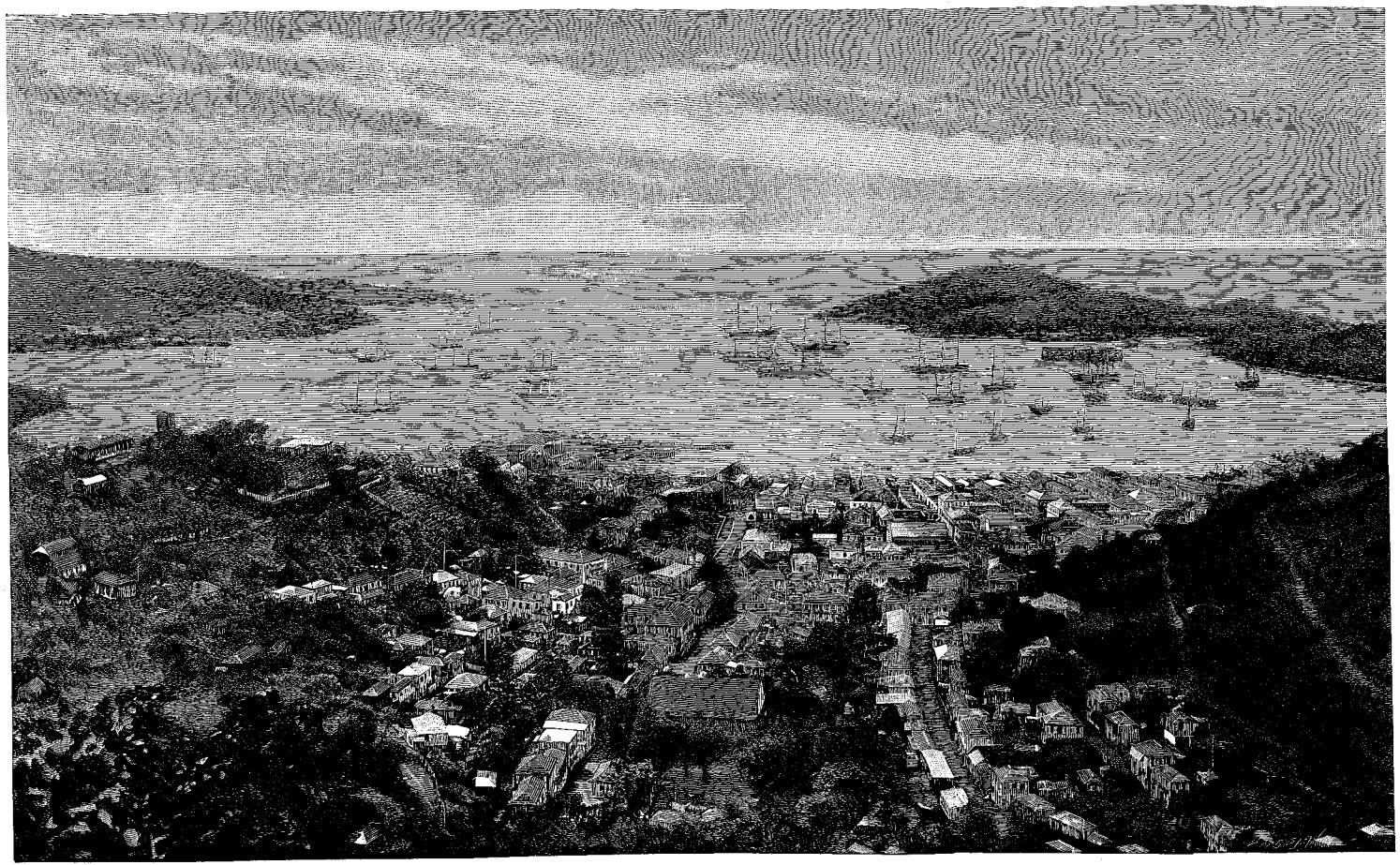

View of the Town and Harbor of Saint Thomas.

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A DIPLOMATIC EPISODE.

By Olive Risley Seward.

THE defects in the domestic organization of the United States Government were not only relentlessly laid bare at the beginning of the Civil War, but the results of the national foreign policy, neutrality toward all nations and alliance with none, were also unmistakably demonstrated.

As an immediate result of that policy, the United States was found untrammelled by alliances and at peace with the world, but without a practical ally, in all its round, when the ominous gun was fired at Fort Sumter, and the gazing nations were free to act under influences of personal sympathy, selfish interest, or dispassionate judgment, in the matter of our national struggle, and the vital question it involved.

England, closely followed by France and other maritime powers, betrayed extreme haste to recognize the belligerency of the South. Later, by allowing cruisers to be built in her waters, Great Britain materially aided the Southern cause against the United States, both in her own jurisdiction and on the high seas, our whaling ships being destroyed by the Shenandoah for lack of sheltering harbors in the northern waters of the Pacific, while at the same time, the British ports of the Antilles were closed to the national navy.

During the progress of the struggle, and when victory seemed possibly turning against the United States, the Emperor of the French undertook openly, and in defiance of American traditional policy, to establish monarchical institutions in Mexico.

This unfriendly activity on the part of the Western powers of Europe led their cautious and far-reaching antagonist in the East to assume a contrary attitude. Russia, whose power is felt through the world to be mysterious and encroaching, and whose unassailable position and exhaustless resources fully justify that dread, declared strongly on the side of the United States. Not content with expressing encouragement and cordiality in the unlimited phrases of diplomacy, she sent a splendid squadron to New York, under instructions to neglect no opportunity to exhibit to the world the strength of her friendship in the darkest days of the struggle.

Actual assistance came also from another illustrious state, from Denmark, which, with her small territory on the Baltic and her islands in the Caribbean Sea, is one of the smallest and weakest of European dynasties, but whose genius is so ready to grasp the spirit of progressive development, and whose record is so valorous of the past, that she holds a place of honor among the greatest. As if purely by the force of harmony in ideals inherent in both countries, Denmark showed from the beginning a marked sympathy with the national cause of the United States. Without infringing the regulations of neutrality which applied to her possessions in the Antilles, she afforded every possible advantage to the United States navy in permitting access to the coaling and supply station at St. Thomas when it had been refused at Madeira and the Azores, and without which assistance we could scarcely have kept our cruisers in the Caribbean; and still further, the fidelity of her friendship prevented the hoisting of the Confederate ensign in any Danish port.

Less brilliant, but not less beneficent than Russia's demonstrations of friendliness, these generous acts on the part of Denmark were set as a seal to the reciprocal relations of cordiality and justice which had marked the intercourse between the United States and that nation for nearly four score years. Moreover, when the war was ended, while a bitter feeling prevailed in America against England and her followers, on

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account of the course they had pursued, the firm attitude of friendship which Russia and Denmark had maintained became the subject of praise and gratitude throughout the land. As time passed, new and far-reaching questions arose in our foreign relations from these circumstances and conditions, which pressed for attention from the Government, at a moment when the public mind was so torn ard divided by questions of restoring the functions of the disaffected States at home, that opinion was not deeply aroused concerning them.

Negotiations with these friendly states —with Denmark for the purchase of the islands of St. John and St. Thomas, and with Russia for the acquisition of her American possessions—were the first irrelative foreign transactions which the United States engaged in after the war.

The foresight and energy which marked the conception of the Russian treaty, and compassed its achievement, combined with the success which vindicates the wisdom of the Alaska purchase, cause that transaction to rank among the great American diplomatic triumphs of the past hundred years, by which the area of the country has been quadrupled, the coast line extended many times, and which have given us command of the Western Pacific coast, and assured our lasting control of Asiatic commerce.

The Danish negotiation holds an interest far different from that which attaches to a brilliant success. We may read in this episode of diplomatic history the political foresight which sought to strengthen our power on the Atlantic coast and give us control of the Antilles, and also the series of combinations which led to the failure of a measure obviously as wise and prudent as the Alaska purchase. And further, we may see how, by the failure of this plan, the accretion of territory south of the southern shores has been postponed for many years, and how a shadow of reproach has been cast upon that integrity and solidarity which should be confidently depended on, as underlying and sustaining the national system of negotiations.

The unprotected condition of the Atlantic coast line of the United States was never fully comprehended until exposed by the experiences of war. It was then demonstrated that the command of the harbor of Nassau, or some other equally good, in the West Indies, was indispensable to successful naval operations, if not to marine enterprise, on that coast. The want of such a port was detrimental to the national cause beyond estimate, while the advantage to the enemy in possessing facilities, not accorded to us, in the British West Indian harbors, enabled them to secure prizes and evade the blockade, prolonging the war at the cost of thousands of lives and uncounted treasure.

The sovereignty of the thousand islands in the Caribbean Sea, comprising the West Indies, is divided among all the naval powers, the United States alone having no foothold there. Convinced of the actual necessity of securing for that government a fortified naval supply station in the Caribbean, President Lincoln and Secretary Seward summoned Vice-Admiral Porter for consultation in regard to the matter. Admiral Porter procured the necessary charts and descriptions of the region from the Hydrographic Bureau, and laid them before the President and Secretary. Forty-five of these islands have a certain importance, and a glance at the map will show that the Danish possessions, viz., the islands of St. Thomas, St. John, and Santa Cruz, of the Virgin group of the Antilles, are peculiarly adapted to the purposes of anchorage and defence. Admiral Porter strongly advised their acquisition, and prepared a memoir on the subject of the Danish islands, more comprehensive, while not practically differing from many other descriptions written at different times and from different standpoints by the various naval officers, merchants, missionaries, and historians who have visited the islands.

Admiral Porter says: "St. Thomas lies right in the track of all vessels from Europe, Brazil, the East Indies, and the Pacific Ocean, bound to the West Indian Islands or to the United States. It is the point where all vessels touch for supplies when needed, coming from any of the above stations. It is a central point from which any or all of the West Indian Islands can be assailed, while it is im-

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pervious to attack from landing parties, and can be fortified to any extent. The bay on which lies the town of St. Thomas is almost circular, the entrance being by a neck guarded by two heavy forts, which can be so strengthened and protected that no foreign power can ever hope to take it. St. Thomas is a small Gibraltar of itself, and could not be attacked by a naval force. There would be no possibility of landing troops there, as the island is surrounded by reefs and breakers, and every point near which a vessel or boat could approach is a natural fortification, and only requires guns with little labor expended on fortified works. There is no harbor in the West Indies better fitted than St. Thomas for a naval station. Its harbor and that of St. John, and the harbor formed by the Water Island, would contain all the vessels of the largest navy in the world, where they would be protected at all times from bad weather, and be secure against an enemy. In fine, St. Thomas is the keystone to the arch of the West Indies. It commands them all. It is of more importance to us than to any other nation."

These facts, accepted in connection with the injuries and embarrassments suffered by our navy and commerce, left no doubt in the minds of President Lincoln's administration of the importance to the United States of the acquisition of these islands; the question was frequently discussed with the Danish Minister, and in January, 1865, both President Lincoln and Secretary Seward caused the desire of this Government to purchase the provinces in the West Indies to be made known to Denmark.

The Danish representative at Washington, General de Raasloff, to whom this information was given, was peculiarly adapted, by practical experience and rare social qualities, to understand the bearings and conduct the negotiation of the proposed delicate transaction. An army officer, with all the accomplishments of a courtier, he had a soldier's habit of practical observation, combined with statesmanlike comprehension. He had early practised the art of war in Africa, on the French staff of General de Lamoricière, where he had been received as a Danish officer charged with a mission.

At the close of the Holstein uprising, in which he served with distinction on the side of the Danish Government, he came to the United States and engaged in various important engineering enterprises. Shortly afterward he was chosen to represent Denmark, first as consul-general at New York, and afterward as envoy extraordinary, and minister plenipotentiary at Washington. A true Dane, absolutely devoted to the traditions and principles of his own country, he was also an enthusiastic admirer of the United States, where he had formed many ties of friendship.

Although the communication to the Danish Government made through General de Raasloff was an informal proposition on the part of the United States, the subject was widely discussed. In Washington anti-annexation prejudice asserted itself to some extent—the prejudice which always rises to oppose the principle of extension in America, notwithstanding that principle has proved itself so many times over to be the true policy of the United States. Antagonism to the West Indian purchase was, however, so small in comparison with that which, in the past, resisted and endangered the acquisition of the Louisiana tract, and even Arizona and New Mexico, including California, that, as the subject was opened by discussion and the reasons for the purchase became apparent, no strenuous opposition seemed probable. Indeed, the unprecedented promptness with which the idea of the St. Thomas purchase was at first accepted in the United States, attracted observation in Europe and made a deep impression on the Danish people.

In Copenhagen a feeling prevailed, in the Liberal party, strongly favorable to the proposition; but it cannot be denied that close attention to the clause in the Constitution of the United States, which makes the final enactment of treaties, which in the first and most important stages are conducted by the executive branch of the Government alone, to depend for conclusion on the sovereign expression of the treaty-making power vested in the Senate, lends an air of insecurity to such negotiations, which the more prudent Danish politicians did not fail to perceive. The ministry was still

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controlled by a circle of Conservative families who had influenced the national policies for years to resistance of advanced theories or changes of any kind. This circle was now in the act of defeating a project of the Liberal or "Peasants' Party" for a new and revised constitution, and was also totally opposed to the partition of the West Indian provinces.

Denmark was freer to act than for many years, but being at peace after heavy conflicts, and desiring to remain so, was peculiarly exposed and well-nigh defenceless. The disastrous Schleswig-Holstein imbroglio was not yet wholly settled with Germany. The state was still suffering from the dismemberment of two important provinces, comprising a third of her territory and two-fifths of her population, and was in no position to hazard further issues with her great natural foe, nor to make other enemies. When it was found, therefore, that the American proposition was offensive to Germany, and in different degrees to England, France, and Spain, it became less and less popular in Denmark. Thus many-sided considerations prompted Mr. Bluhme, the Conservative Minister of Foreign Affairs at Copenhagen, to refuse point-blank to treat on the question proposed by the United States.

The project was completely lost sight of and well-nigh forgotten in the quick succession of overwhelming events which mark the year 1865, the most momentous in American history. When it was ended, notwithstanding the idolized President had been assassinated and a stranger had succeeded to his place, the United States Government, now an integral union, with the question of States rights settled forever, and slavery abolished, was enabled to assert its position in the world—a free republic, established on principles which, laid down by Washington and the forefathers, and sustained by patriots, were formulated by Lincoln in the immortal phrase, "With malice toward none, with charity for all."

When the excitement of these great events had subsided, American statesmen saw that the necessity for a southern naval station not only remained unchanged, but seemed to be even more imperative. The tri-color of France was still flying in Mexico, protecting an imposed imperial rule sustained by thirty thousand French bayonets, and the Alabama claims controversy with England remained so far from a harmonious settlement, that grave apprehensions for the future peace of the country assailed many thoughtful minds. Admiral Porter and his fellow-officers did not fail now to place the gravity of the situation before the administration of President Johnson, with the same statements and arguments which had induced President Lincoln to try to purchase the best harbor that could be secured in southern waters for the United States.

An event transpired, in the midwinter weeks of 1865–66, which excited endless comment in diplomatic circles in Washington, whispering among French and Spanish attachés, and frowns from German secretaries. In London it aroused Earl Russell, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to exact from the Danish envoy an unofficial assurance that Denmark would not proceed with negotiation for the sale of her islands to the United States without consultation with England. This stir was occasioned by a voyage of Secretary Seward to the West Indies, which was undertaken for restoration of health, shattered by the same murderous purpose which had struck President Lincoln. On this voyage, the secretary, at the request of President Johnson and his colleagues, took occasion to make personal observations in the West Indian islands, with a view to a purchase there for the Government. Secretary Seward, whose conviction in favor of expansion of territory was as well known as his opposition to the extension of slavery, had all his preconceived opinions confirmed, in regard to the Danish Antilles, by these observations. His report determined the President to open negotiations a second time, and at once, with Denmark. The cabinet acquiesced, and was sustained by the counsel of such congressional advisers as it was deemed wise to consult. Consequently, in July, 1866, a formal proposition was made to Denmark, through General de Raasloff, for the purchase of the islands of St. Thomas, St. John, and Santa Cruz, for the sum of five million dollars.

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General de Raasloff was about proceeding to Copenhagen, and reserved all speech and action until he should have placed the matter personally before his government. Important changes had recently transpired in Denmark. The prolonged difficulties growing out of the action of the powerful German allies, in wresting the duchies from Denmark, had been concluded, and the disputed question partially provided for by the convention of Gastein. The "Peasants' Party," had grown strong enough to obtain a new and revised constitution, and had also achieved many reforms and changes in the governmental system—among them the reorganization of the Rigsdag, equalization of power between the legislature and crown, and the abolishment of old regulations giving special political privileges to birth, rank, and title.

General de Raasloff arrived at Copenhagen at the moment of the defeat of the Conservative party, which had declined the original overtures of the United States. A new ministry was formed in November, 1866, including Count Frijs-Frijsenburg, a leading constitutional statesman, as Prime Minister, and for Minister of War and Navy General de Raasloff, whose well-known patriotism, as well as his long experience of a liberal government in the United States, gave him a prominent influence. But the energy of the new ministry, chosen from outside the Conservative circle, in reorganizing the army and navy, and in promoting schemes for improvement in many directions, caused it to be looked upon as adventurous by the old party and the moment was not propitious for presenting the American proposition.

The active measures of the popular ministry included a determination to renew their national defences. The famous Dannewerk fortification, constructed under the reign of Queen Margaret, and whose rampart and batteries, sluices and moat, caused it for hundreds of years to be regarded as impregnable, became untenable for Danish troops in the late struggle, when Prussian soldiers, aided by the Austrians, effected a crossing over the Schlei. A plan for renewing these important defences, on advanced scientific models, made an increased treasure without taxation desirable. It was readily seen that the proposed transaction with the United States, if accomplished, would provide that income, but domestic interests continued to absorb the attention of the ministry, and no response was made to the second and formal advances toward the island purchase; no successor was appointed to fill the vacancy left in Washington by the withdrawal of General de Raasloff.

In the meantime, the Government at Washington, not hearing from Denmark, was perplexed. It became known that the Republic of San Domingo might possibly be annexed, or that the peninsula and bay of Samana could be leased by the United States. The consummation of one or the other of these projects was pressed upon the Government from interested quarters, and it was possible, in the event of not securing the Danish islands, that one of them might be accepted, though neither held comparison in point of value with the bay and island of St. Thomas for the uses of a naval station. The Government telegraphed to Mr. Yeaman, the United States minister at Copenhagen, in January, to know how matters stood, and communications followed urging some action on the part of Denmark.

It was a critical question for Denmark, beset as she was with anxieties from without, and conflicts within; and Mr. Yeaman failed to obtain any expression whatever from the government. It was for the interests of the German Confederacy of 1866, as it is for the German Empire of to-day, that the Dannewerk should remain as it had been found in the war for the duchies, and any scheme which might give Denmark the means to fortify her defences was not likely to escape the German prime minister's vigilance. The French minister at Copenhagen did not disguise the fact that a failure of the project would be acceptable to his government.

The paternal relations of king to people are very deeply felt in Denmark, and the brotherhood is strong and close between the subjects of the fatherland and the tropical islanders. Prudent Danish politicians, moreover, foresaw in the probabilities of an approaching rupture between President Johnson and Con-

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gress, a reason for fearing that an annexation policy on the part of the Administration would be seized on as a reason for further discord by the already disaffected legislature.

These various interests, sentiments, and conditions had to be regarded and conciliated, and the natural timidity of a nation so exposed as Denmark to enter upon negotiations whose ultimate success, at best, depended on contingencies, may not be wondered at; nor can it be doubted that, hereafter, grave reasons for even more reluctance and greater sense of insecurity than the Danish government manifested must underlie the action of any feeble nation in a question of negotiating with the United States.

But the Liberal ministry in Denmark became reassured, by the absence of opposition among the people and press in the United States to the project which the Administration was committed to and the navy endorsed, and in May, ten months after the proposition was received, Count Frijs communicated to Minister Yeaman that the Danish government declined the American offer of five million dollars, but would cede all the provinces to the United States for fifteen million dollars, the transfer of Santa Cruz to depend on the consent of France—the last in accordance with a treaty stipulation of two hundred years' standing—or two of the islands for ten million dollars, providing the inhabitants would freely and formally consent, by ballot, to the change of allegiance. This proposition was met with an offer from the United States of seven million five hundred thousand dollars for the three islands, which offer was declined by Denmark, and again amended by the United States to an offer of the same sum for the islands of St. Thomas and St. John—leaving Santa Cruz, which is an agricultural island, and not specially desirable as a port of the naval station, out of the question. The two governments differed as to the expediency of postponing the transaction until such time as the concurrence of the inhabitants had been secured, and Secretary Seward, while declining to have the stipulation which Denmark claimed inserted in the treaty, instructed Mr. Yeaman to say that permission would be granted the inhabitants to leave the island within two years after the annexation, if they preferred their original allegiance; and he also inclosed a draft of such a convention as would be acceptable to the United States.

But Count Frijs made the consent by vote of the islanders the *sine qua non* of transaction. The principle of allowing or compelling a people to express a preference in questions of this sort originated with Bonaparte, and the exceptional practice of it was introduced into modern transactions by Napoleon III., when France acquired Nice and Savoy. Prussia, by way of conciliating France, consented, in the treaty of Gastein, that a like provision might be resorted to in allowing the North Schleswigers to vote for or against a return to Danish allegiance, and Denmark retained hopes that a retroversion of a portion of Schleswig might be obtained by an expression there of the popular will. It became consequently a question of national dignity and political import that the king should allow an equally frank expression of his West Indian subjects before consenting to an irrevocable disposition of their fealty. In the light of these circumstances the United States could not withhold assent to the measure, and finally agreed to the stipulation, adhering to the offer of seven million five hundred thousand dollars for the two islands.

At this moment another negotiation, that for the acquisition of Russian America, was entered upon by the United States. It intermingled with the Danish negotiation to such a degree, and exercised so misleading an effect upon the Danish mind, that a few pages must be devoted to it.

Russia, in the autumn of 1866, signified to the United States a desire to sell her American possessions. The question of this purchase, which was first suggested between the governments during the presidency of James K. Polk, was highly unpopular then, and had been forgotten when the subject was now revived. Notwithstanding the unmistakable disfavor with which the project was received, Russia unhesitatingly signed a treaty, in March, 1867, ceding her vast American domain to the United States.

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This treaty, executed in Washington, was ratified as promptly at St. Petersburg in May, and, so sealed and executed, was entrusted to Mr. Waldemar de Bodisco, who carried it straightway to Washington. Thus the Russian treaty came before the Senate for final action while the Danish negotiation was still pending. Strong opposition to it was looked for in the Senate, and, if not rejected there, again in the House of Representatives, when the responsibility should devolve upon that body of appropriating the purchase money; but should it pass the Senate and the House, it was fair to infer that the Danish purchase would be ratified also. Directly the Alaska treaty came before the Committee on Foreign Relations, Senator Sumner, whose voice at that time was almost implicitly followed, reported favorably as chairman of the Committee, being well aware that national policy and diplomatic courtesy demanded a prompt acknowledgment of Russia's energetic action. His report, vigorous and effective, silenced opposition among his associates, and, in a modified form, was incorporated in a comprehensive and exhaustive speech on the cession of Russian America, which he delivered in the Senate before the final vote was taken on the ratification or rejection of the treaty.

In this grand oration, Mr. Sumner uttered, in all the sonorous gravity of his peculiar eloquence, and with the authority of leadership, his opinions and convictions on the questions arising under this treaty, of "considerations," "advantages," "extension of dominion," ditto of "republican institutions," and "anticipations of Great Britain." "Such," said Mr. Sumner, "are some of the obvious considerations of a general character bearing on the treaty. . . . Most of these are calculated to impress the public mind; but I can readily understand a difference of opinion with regard to the urgency of negotiation at this hour. . . . And yet some of the reasons for the treaty do not seem to allow of delay.

"At all events, now that the treaty has been signed by plenipotentiaries on each side duly empowered, it is difficult to see how we can refuse to complete the purchase without putting to hazard the friendly relations which happily subsist between the United States and Russia. The overtures originally proceeded from us. After a delay of years and other intervening propositions, the bargain was at length concluded. It is with nations as with individuals, a bargain once made must be kept. Even if still open to consideration, it must not be lightly abandoned. I am satisfied that the dishonor of this treaty, after what has passed, would be a serious responsibility for our country. As an international question, it would be tried by the public opinion of the world, and there are many who, not appreciating the requirement of our Constitution by which a treaty must have the advice and consent of the Senate, would regard its rejection as bad faith. There would be jeers at us, and jeers at Russia also—at us for levity in making overtures, and at Russia for levity in yielding to them."

In short, Mr. Sumner left no doubt in the minds of those who heard or read his speech that he profoundly regarded the consummation of the Russian treaty to be the real wish of the American people and the unmistakable duty of the Government, sustained by statements and arguments which remained uncontroverted, as they were unanswerable. All the general reasons and arguments set forth in this speech applied with equal force to the Russian treaty for the cession of the bleak northern tract, and to the Danish transaction for transfer of the verdant islands in the south, and their utterance would seem to have bound him to support the Danish treaty, which he was aware was in process of negotiation, and for the consummation of which he seemed pleading in advance.

Ratification of the Russian treaty instantly followed the overmastering advocacy of Senator Sumner, and it relieved the Administration of any apprehension of a rejection of their extension policy, as it did the Danish government of any further reluctance to treat with the United States.

About this time also, the Danish ministry at Copenhagen had reason to feel doubly assured, by the presence in Copenhagen of a senator of the United States, who came charged with the mis-

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sion to conclude the transaction. The indirect cause of his coming may be recalled with some interest. Twenty years ago the success of telegraphic communication by sea was not demonstrated beyond question of doubt. The cable of 1858 across the Atlantic proved a failure, and a Russo-American Company was formed to carry the line around the world by America, Siberia, and Behring Strait, when the successful laying of a second Atlantic cable defeated the plan for this international land line.

The power of the two governments had been invoked to promote the enterprise, and it had thus passed from a question of commercial importance to one of international concern, and the "Western Union Russian Extension" company, which had adopted the scheme and assumed control of it, needing a representative at St. Petersburg, secured the services of Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, for that object. The Administration applied to him at once to look after the St. Thomas matter, pending at Copenhagen, on his way. It was thought that his judgment would be useful to the Government, in case his observations at the Danish capital should bring to light any unforeseen responsibility likely to arise in the event of successful negotiation, and important to his colleagues in the Senate if the question of ratification should come before them. He was instructed, therefore, to communicate fully with Count Frijs and General de Raasloff, and if all was found satisfactory, to close the matter definitely for the United States, on the terms already stated.

It was further proposed that Mr. Doolittle, while at St. Petersburg, should confer confidentially with Prince Gortschakoff, and learn from him how the Russian government would regard the transaction.

After serious consultation at Copenhagen, and discussion with the ministry, the Danish government accepted the offer which Senator Doolittle had been empowered to repeat, and the decision was telegraphed to Washington.

At St. Petersburg, Senator Doolittle, in conversation with Chancellor Gortschakoff, was assured by him that Denmark would have the moral support of Russia in the proposed transaction. This gratifying assurance was confidentially made known in Washington and in Copenhagen, and contributed largely to increase the confidence of both the parties interested in the negotiation.

Meantime Russia, who, entering the arena of negotiation long behind Denmark, had been destined to lead, now left that small power far behind in the conclusion of her project. Although the House of Representatives had not yet passed the bill appropriating the money for the purchase of Alaska, possession was granted to the United States military authority early in the autumn, and all Russian troops were withdrawn. A formal transfer was effected at Sitka on October 18th, and the stars and stripes were hoisted over the territory, giving last proof of Russia's trust in American legislative discretion.

When this had transpired, the King of Denmark, "armed at all points cap-a-pie," as it seemed, consented on the 24th of October to a solemn treaty for the sale of his West Indian islands to the United States. Ratification was made by stipulation to be contingent on the favorable vote of the West Indian subjects. When Congress convened in December, 1867, this treaty was sent to the Senate for discussion, investigation, and consideration, specially recommended, described, and explained in the annual presidential message, and was duly referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Denmark, meanwhile, was seriously embarrassed by the promise given to Earl Russell by the Danish plenipotentiary in London, at the beginning of the negotiation, and was now obliged to decline the responsibility of an unauthorized agreement. This silenced the ministry, but the British press, which has never rested willingly under the American policy of extension, sounded the alarm at our good fortune, and reproached the ministry for not having interfered in a measure which would give such power and advantage to America. A prominent journal and one friendly to the United States says in December, 1865: "The object of the United States has been to acquire war ports against European enemies, and in St. Thomas and St. John they have certainly succeeded

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in gaining what they desire. This move on the part of the Americans has unquestionably altered all the relations between the countries, in the event of a war, and is of fifty times more importance to England than all the manœuvres which have taken place about Turkey for the last hundred years. . . . What Port Royal was once, St. Thomas will soon become in the hands of our competitors across the Atlantic."

There was no outspoken dissatisfaction in the United States from any strong quarter, no substantial objection to ratification in October, 1867, when the treaty was signed and its provisions were read throughout the country, and the transaction was regarded as an accomplished fact in Europe.

Seventy-six days were consumed before the deciding vote was taken in the

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islands. But in that brief time the Danish treaty encountered opposition in many forms. The transaction had seemed doomed at first to fall in times of distracting events, and it now encountered a series of disastrous accidents.

The Danish government appointed Edward Carstensen as commissioner to St. Thomas, in November, 1867, to superintend the taking of the vote. This gentleman had earned the confidence of the king by long and successful administration of the government of the Danish possessions on the coast of Guinea. When that colony was sold to Great Britain, Governor Carstensen was retired with a pension and the title of "Kammerherre," and also decorated with the silver cross of the order of the knighthood of Dannebrog. As these honors imply, he was a man of rank and character, and it was regarded as a mark of still further distinction when he was chosen to conduct the delicate and, for Denmark, solemn proceedings at St. Thomas. The United States, not desiring to exercise any political influence there, was represented at the same time by the Rev. Dr. Hawley, a gentleman eminently fitted to answer questions of a general character, or to give any desired information in regard to the United States to the people who were about voting upon a measure which was to affect them so deeply, that of a possible change of allegiance from the king, whom they honored and loved, to a republic, whose ways were practically unknown to them.

The Danish inhabitants of the beautiful island of St. Thomas inherit the characteristics of their race. Their moral standards are high, they are industrious, proud, peaceable, and high-spirited. Their attention has been directed to the pursuits of commerce and agriculture in their tropical home. They are planters, merchants, or seamen of all ranks, and have been educated in the free school and academic system which is maintained among them.

Denmark abolished slavery from her dominions in 1848, having begun that humane work fifty years before, when the slaves were instructed and taught trades, to prepare them gradually for the step from bondage to freedom. Her constant tendency since 1779, to maintain neutrality in European wars, has opened Danish ports to all nations, and St. Thomas, by reason of its peculiar position, had come to be in 1867 a distributing centre and market of consequence. When, therefore, the question of annexation to the United States was presented to the inhabitants, their first thought was of their extensive interests, to which the whole commercial world more or less contributed.

Dr. Hawley was a neighbor of Secretary Seward, at Auburn, and the letter which the secretary wrote him on the subject of his mission was more in the character of friendly suggestion than of official instruction. He found the people earnestly and amiably inclined, but the question of revenue tariff proved to be a serious stumbling-block. The merchants desired the assurance that, in the event of a transfer to the United States, the port of St. Thomas should remain free for at least a stipulated length of time. Dr. Hawley was unauthorized to meet this difficulty, and Commissioner Carstensen could not proceed with the vote until it was finally settled. Rear-Admiral Palmer, who was at that time in command of the North Atlantic squadron, had been at St. Thomas, co-operating with Dr. Hawley, and was under orders to hoist the United States flag and take possession of the islands in the event of a transfer, now despatched a vessel of the fleet to convey the Danish commissioner and Dr. Hawley to Washington, to lay this important question of the tariff before the Government. Previously to sailing, and on the last day appointed for final discussion of the matter, November 18th, an earthquake was felt at St. Thomas, expending its force in a tidal wave, and exciting the consternation which always accompanies such awful events. Rumblings were heard for several days after the shock, and the terror caused by these convulsions was fully increased by the experiences of a hurricane. St. Thomas being rocky and high, her harbor landlocked, had been protected against the hurricane, and exempt until now, so far as records show, from the earthquakes which are of such common occurrence in the West Indies. The architecture of the island shows none of those precautionary features which the inhabitants of

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San Francisco adopted in their buildings at an early day. After these disasters, and before his departure for Washington, Commissioner Carstensen read aloud and caused to be published in the island press, the royal proclamation which the King of Denmark, Christian IX., addressed to the inhabitants. Notice of this proclamation was also published in the United States.

Having recited his resolution to cede the islands to the United States of America, and stating the wise and paternal provisions of the convention, King Christian says :

"With sincere sorrow do we look forward to the severance of those ties which for many years have united you to us and the mother-country, and never forgetting those many demonstrations of loyalty and affection which we have received from you, we trust that nothing has been neglected from our side to secure the future welfare of our beloved and faithful subjects, and that a mighty impulse, both moral and material, will be given to the happy development of the islands under the new sovereignty."

It must not be forgotten that the Danish treaty had been sent to the Senate on December 3d. When the De Soto, bearing the Danish commissioner and Dr. Hawley, arrived at Washington, sixteen months remained of President Johnson's administration. An open and bitter conflict between the President and Congress was beginning to find expression, and Commissioner Carstensen, having in the Danish islands just undergone the terrific experience of an earthquake, hurricane, and tidal wave, found himself facing, in Washington, a great human convulsion, a very maelstrom of passionate political combat, in which the legislative and executive branches of the Government were arrayed against each other in deadly strife. No progress had been made toward the completion of the Danish negotiation. Denmark had failed to appoint a successor to General de Raasloff, and her interests had remained unrepresented at Washington for eighteen months. The arrival of a new minister, Mr. Franz de Bille, was welcomed at this moment as most opportune by Commissioner Carstensen. The political situation filled them both with consternation. From an European standpoint the United States was in imminent peril, from causes which betrayed a possibly fatal weakness in the constitution of the Government itself. For their own treaty these officers felt the gravest apprehension. It was eminently an executive measure, and was a scheme originated by the martyred President and the Secretary of State for the protection of that very coast and section of country which seemed now in a fair way to be deprived of a political recognition. Mr. Lincoln's home policy was so completely ignored, and, as carried out by his successor, even denounced by Congress, that the Danish ministers feared any foreign measure sanctioned by an administration which held the tradition of his policy, would meet a cold reception. Commissioner Carstensen used his best efforts to ascertain the probable action of the Senate in regard to the treaty so soon to come before it for ratification. He scrutinized the press, he talked with representatives and with different members of the Senatorial Committee on Foreign Relations, and found none of the hostility or opposition for which he was jealously looking. An intimation from any authorized source that the Senatorial Committee might recommend rejection of the treaty, would have been the signal to the Danes for withdrawing the vote, and postponing ratification. There was still time to save Denmark the humiliation of the rejection by the United States of an allegiance so secured. But no sign was shown, no word of warning given. The Administration, while powerless to press any action on Congress, felt secure, knowing the merits of the treaty to be unimpeachable ; and, on the other hand, Mr. Sumner, who had, by personal efforts, enforced the ratification of the Alaska treaty, did not now say one word against the St. Thomas treaty, and his silence was significant as a leader in the disaffected legislature.

It is true that a sort of cavil prevailed against the acquisition, originating apparently in the republican press, and among thoughtless talkers, who made opportunely the disastrous occurrences at St. Thomas in November grounds for

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that malicious detraction which is the inevitable accompaniment of intrigue, and in this case an excuse for ridiculing the proposed purchase, the earthquake and storm being made to appear as no mere natural phenomena, but rather a kind of legitimate consequence of the administrational policy. Mr. Carstensen could not be deeply impressed by such superficial criticism, in view of the extreme gravity of the transaction, involving as it did the very principles of international intercourse, as well as American interest. He judged that the favorable opinion of many papers in the country, as, for instance, that of the Washington *Evening Star* of December 21, 1867, expressed the real sentiments of Government and people alike. The *Star* said: "To those who remember the intense national yearning exhibited a few years ago for a foothold in the West Indies, the irritation and heart-burning displayed because foreign powers held there the key to the Gulf, to the mouth of the Mississippi, and to the Isthmus transit, while the United States, with her surpassing interests at stake, had not an inch of land even for a coaling station; to those who remember further, that our feverish solicitude to gain some such foothold carried us nearly to the point of hostilities with Spain, when that power absolutely refused to sell us what we wanted; to those, we say, who remember all this, it certainly seems odd that now, when by peaceful diplomacy the acquisition of what was so much desired can be gained without a drop of bloodshed, and for a bagatelle in the way of price, an opposition should display itself in every form of depreciation and ridicule. The squibs about Mr. Seward's purchase of icebergs, tornadoes, and earthquakes are innumerable. . . . Mr. Seward, however, can afford a philosophic smile at such ebullitions, on the doctrine that they are privileged to laugh who win, and he probably has no fear that he will not be backed up in his territorial acquisitions by the American people." . . .

Commissioner Carstensen returned alone to St. Thomas, determined to enforce the vote, although bearing word to the merchants there that their request to retain free trade could not be granted by the United States. The 9th of January was appointed for casting the vote. The inhabitants recall it now as the brightest holiday the quaint town has ever witnessed. Rejoicings with guns and ringing bells, accompanied the ceremony, which was furthermore cheered and enlivened by processions and serenades. Star-spangled banners floated from every roof and tower, while in the decorations American blue was substituted for Danish scarlet. The stars and stripes waved over the cross of Denmark, and "Hail Columbia" became by repetition, echoed from the surrounding hills, as familiar as "King Christian," the Danish national hymn.

The ballot cast was declared unanimous in favor of annexation to the United States, there being but twenty-two votes cast against it in St. Thomas, and not one dissenting voice at St. John.

Other independent states have adopted the American republican system, and by so doing have justly claimed special right to our sympathy and protection. The first case on record, however, in which a prosperous, peaceful, loyal, and contented community has freely, and without the prospect of special commercial gain, voted away its natural allegiance and adopted a totally different rule, is that of the Danish West Indians voting themselves American citizens by joyous acclamation. The record of another national conquest, so proud and peaceful, does not exist in all history, and it is incomprehensible that no response should ever have been made to it by the nation to whom this matchless tribute of confidence and admiration was so gratuitously paid.

Denmark was now irrevocably committed to the transaction, and could show no reason for withholding the last acts of consummation.

When the news of the vote reached Copenhagen the Rigsdag ratified the treaty without debate, and the king, on January 31, 1868, as promptly signed it.

The news of this action was telegraphed to the Secretary of State by Minister Yeaman, with the intimation that several European powers hoped the treaty would fail in Congress.

Meantime the fierce political storm

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was raging at Washington, and no notice was taken of the treaty, recommended to the consideration of the Senate by a presidential message weeks before. The instrument itself lay buried in a drawer of Mr. Sumner's table, in the Foreign Relations Committee-room.

Official notice was sent from the Department of State to the Senate when the result of the vote in the islands was known, and the final action of the Danish Rigsdag and king were also reported. Attention was called to the fact that four months from the date of conclusion was the limit of time named in the treaty for the exchange of ratification, and that on February 24, 1868, that time would expire. No response was received at the Department of State to this important notice. In due time, Minister Franz de Bille communicated to Secretary Seward his readiness to exchange ratifications, all requirements under the treaty having been complied with on the part of Denmark. In answer he was informed that the convention was in the Senate.

The preliminary proceedings in the impeachment of President Johnson began on February 21st, and the approaching trial absorbed all the public interest. Congress adjourned on March 4th and reassembled at once. The eyes of the nation were for a few weeks centred on the capital, and the great American political typhoon may be said to have reached its height when the President, having been brought to trial in constitutional form, was duly acquitted. The trial ended in June, 1868. The Republican convention which nominated General Grant for the presidency, had already met at Chicago, and on the other side, Governor Seymour was named the candidate of the Democratic party at Cincinnati. Through all the weeks of agitation which the vehemence of that presidential campaign aroused, the Danish trust was neglected, if not yet betrayed, for it provoked in the country neither interest nor discussion.

But to turn back. During the spring, notwithstanding the concentration of all interest in the impeachment trial going on in the Senate, the House of Representatives had passed the most pressing appropriation bills. The purchase money for Alaska, it will be remembered, was not yet provided. When the question came up in the Fortieth Congress, all the correspondence and information relating to the transactions on file in the departments was sent to the House of Representatives, in response to a resolution of that body; with a special message from the President. The whole subject was thereupon referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations in the House. Conspicuous among these papers was Senator Sumner's famous speech on the "Cession of Russian America."

Studious attention and careful consideration of these documents resulted in a comprehensive and masterly report, made by General N. P. Banks, the chairman of the Committee, which ought to have put an end to the question of division of action between the branches of the treaty-making power in the United States. General Banks, in the House, sustained Mr. Sumner's position on the same question in the Senate, and although the House had no right, according to the best established constitutional precedents, to refuse to appropriate the money necessary to carry out the Alaska purchase, nevertheless its solemn expression of opinion on the policy of extension, and on the necessity of combined action in the different branches of the treaty-making power in granting that appropriation, was not without much weight, and encouraged a belief in the Administration, and also in the Danish plenipotentiary, that the public sense of responsibility only wanted an occasion to assert itself in the same spirit. Accordingly, in August, 1868, the Government proposed to Denmark to extend the time for the exchange of ratifications, and an additional article to the convention of October, 1867, was agreed upon to that effect.

The preamble stated that circumstances had prevented the fulfilment of the original engagement to exchange ratifications before February 24, 1868, and the article provided that the period should now be extended one year from October 14, 1868. In this way the treaty was revived at the request of the United States, and placed in the same position as in February, 1867.

General Grant was triumphantly elect-

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ed in November, and the action of the Republican party which had added Alaska to the vast domain of the United States was vindicated.

The Danish government, meantime, with a keen sense of the indignity of the delay in acknowledgment from America, and too honest to understand the perfidious intrigues which were undermining the whole fabric of European politics, appealed to France and Russia for the exercise of their good offices with the United States in behalf of Danish interests. With what success may be told in a few words.

The French Government sent a cool and reserved despatch of instructions to the minister at Washington. France was then represented at that capital by a thoroughly trained diplomatist, M. Berthemy, who did not fail to grasp the true import of the letter he had received, and confined himself to addressing a few general remarks on the subject of the Danish treaty to the Secretary of State, who told him that the question of ratification rested with the Senate; and M. Berthemy, having thus exhausted his instructions, explained to his government that nothing could be done in the matter so long as the present attitude of hostility existed between the political leaders there, which information was duly conveyed to Denmark, with many expressions of friendship, sympathy, and regret, and the diplomatic comedietta was over. The government of Napoleon, having done as little as it could for a friendly neighbor in distress, continued preparations for the desperate struggle with Germany, then fast approaching.

As for Russia, Denmark might seem to have just reasons for strong reliance on the friendly action of that power. A Danish princess had become the wife of the future czar; the questions of political balance of power in Northern Europe created apparently indissoluble ties between the little kingdom and the great empire. The declaration of Prince Gortschakoff to Senator Doolittle seemed, to casual observers, the simple expression of truth and the practice of a firmly established tradition. It cannot be imagined that, in answering the American senator, the chancellor hesitated, or betrayed insincerity in his penetrating glances, but it is well known now that Prince Gortschakoff's early friendship for Count Bismarck had led him to become also his steadfast political ally, and that the King of Prussia and the czar had already clasped hands. It was never known that any attempt was made at St. Petersburg to favor the Danish purchase, but it is highly probable that if such a step was contemplated it was also made known at Berlin, that the effect might be summarily warded off at Washington.

Meantime, General de Raasloff, immersed in Danish home politics and military measures, had been so engrossed with cares that he seldom conversed on the subject of the American treaty with Count Frijs, who had the negotiation in hand. General de Raasloff, however, had it strongly at heart, and never failed to express himself in favor of closer relations between the two countries, when acting as interpreter between Count Frijs and Mr. Yeaman, nor to counsel the former to push the St. Thomas matter more vigorously. But his suggestions were counteracted by Conservative influences, and General de Raasloff was fully aware that the failure of the transaction would constitute a Liberal defeat which the cabinet could not survive. His deep sense of responsibility for the honor of the Liberal ministry before the state now prompted him to offer himself for a non-official mission to the United States, in the winter of 1868–69; and he soon found himself in Washington among his old friends of all parties and professions, where he quickly discerned that the subject which was of such vital importance to his government was very little known or understood. He spoke openly of his mission and its object, and met no antagonism, although he was not unaware of what was whispered in diplomatic circles, that an undercurrent of foreign influence was opposing the Danish project in the Senate, notwithstanding which many statesmen, politicians, and officers expressed the deepest interest in seeing the transfer accomplished.

During those anxious days, the part which Napoleon III. had played toward Denmark became known to General de

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Raasloff, and also the contents of a letter written by one of the most prominent diplomatists then living in Europe, describing how the secret alliance between the King of Prussia and the Russian emperor had just been concluded, which would prove a disastrous combination for Denmark if in any degree directed against her. The general, reluctant to draw conclusions fatal to the serious object of his mission, was forced to admit that he must rely solely on the justice of his cause for its success. He saw that the Executive was powerless, and he bravely decided to appeal directly to the Senate committee for an opportunity to be heard by them on behalf of his government. They could not honorably deny him this privilege, and waived all technicalities in permitting him to appear before them. The Foreign Relations Committee was then composed of seven senators, viz., Fessenden, Cameron, Harlan, Morton, Patterson, Casserly, and Sumner, chairman. General de Raasloff, having carefully prepared his argument, delivered it before these senators, and eloquently presented the claims of Denmark to their consideration. He set forth the reasons why the St. Thomas treaty should be ratified by the United States Senate, or just cause shown for the failure to do so. He addressed Mr. Sumner with the report on the cession of Russian America in his hand, and said, "How, having uttered such sentiments and proclaimed such principles as are herein contained, can you refuse to act in the like matter of the Danish treaty?" Mr. Sumner bowed his head and did not answer. Personal appeals to Senator Morton and others elicited nothing but silence, and no senator on the committee made response except Senator Fessenden, who pointedly referred to the provisional clause in the Constitution in regard to the treaty power, reminding General de Raasloff that "the provisions of the Constitution of the United States were notice to the world." This was the only answer vouchsafed; but the Danish minister's statements before the senatorial committee were so straightforward and clear, his cause so just, and his arguments so unanswerable, that he made it morally impossible for that body to report openly against the ratification of the treaty. If they had conceived such a purpose, it was abandoned when his speech was ended.

President Johnson's term of office expired on the 4th of March, and President Grant succeeded him, with Hamilton Fish as Secretary of State. There had been for years a pleasant relation of military comradeship between General de Raasloff and General Grant, and they now met with the utmost cordiality. The President, in their repeated interviews, did not conceal the fact that he had given no attention to the St. Thomas treaty, and said, with soldierly candor, if without diplomatic reserve, that it was a "scheme of Seward's, and he would have nothing to do with it." Mr. Sumner still preserved his silence, but General de Raasloff, feeling unusually sure that he could not on any known grounds refuse to report favorably on the treaty, was confirmed in this opinion by an incident which seemed to him significant, and which occurred the day before he left Washington. In Mr. Sumner's art collection there was one picture which he valued very highly, a striking and beautiful portrait of the Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, painted from life, at Rome, by the American artist, Rembrandt Peale. It hung in Mr. Sumner's dining-room, and was often the subject of conversation at those dinners so famous in Washington political social history. General de Raasloff rather envied his friend the possession of this rare picture, which he thought should belong to the Thorwaldsen collection in Copenhagen. Mr. Sumner had playfully said to him, in the summer of 1866, "When the St. Thomas treaty is concluded and we have annexed the Danish Antilles, you shall have the Peale portrait." General de Raasloff being often at Mr. Sumner's table during his sojourn in Washington in 1868 and 1869, reminded his host of this joking promise, and Mr. Sumner always replied that he adhered to it. Early one morning, General de Raasloff saw Mr. Sumner trudging up the street with a large package under his arm, and hastened to open his door. "There is your picture, Raasloff, and God bless you," said Mr. Sumner; then wrung the general's hand and turned

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away. It was the Thorwaldsen portrait. Interpreting this and other incidents in their favorable sense, General de Raasloff went away, satisfied on the whole with the results of his mission. At home again in June, he made a speech in the Rigsdag on the cession of the West Indian islands. Extracts of this speech were published with commendatory notices in the New York papers. In referring to his late mission to the United States, the Minister of War said: "In no part of the United States have I found a want of friendship for Denmark, and many calm and impartial persons have expressed to me sincere regret at the delay in ratifying the treaty. . . . The principal obstacle to the ratification has been ignorance of the facts, and that may be to-day regarded as decidedly removed. . . . Strong in the intimate knowledge which I have of the Government and people of the United States, I do not hesitate to convey certainty of the conclusion of the treaty, and if I find myself disappointed in my hopes, and will have led my colleagues and the Rigsdag to an erroneous belief, I shall feel as if the earth had ceased to be under my feet, and as if nothing more could be believed or confided in."

This resolute zeal and unbroken faith would seem not to have been in vain; the press became more favorable in many directions, and efforts were made by members of both political parties in America to have the matter clearly understood. Pamphlets and papers were written, and memorials addressed to the Senate on the subject, among them a strong letter from ex-Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Fox, to Mr. Sumner. Captain Fox in conclusion says:

"The persistent unfriendliness of the British government made a painful impression upon Mr. Lincoln, and led him to reflect on the best means of lifting the country from humiliating dependence upon foreign governments for naval repairs and supplies of coal during war. Hence his authority for commencing negotiations looking to the purchase of St. Thomas. . . .

"The value was measured approximately by remembering the cost of our efforts in obtaining coaling-stations on the southern coast, and reflecting upon the immense value of the menacing points belonging to Great Britain, near us.

"The experience of centuries has demonstrated that defensible depot-stations in waters where a fleet is intended to act, are invaluable for the protection they afford to commerce, the efficiency they give to naval power, and the economy they produce in repairing and supplying such force. History is full of the struggles of nations for the control of such positions; Rhodes, Malta, Minorca, Gibraltar, Louisburg, Havana, and Carthagena readily occur to the memory. Their loss was followed by diminished naval power, their gain by large influence. . . .

"The reasons which made it wise and patriotic for Mr. Lincoln to open negotiations to this end, have lost none of their force now. New grounds for favoring the object come constantly into notice, and our country can hardly fulfil the great destinies expected of her, unless she secures, when the opportunity is presented, a position which by strategic art will serve as an out-work to the coast of our Union, and give additional efficiency to the means of defending our commerce, and our Atlantic and Pacific communications."

But throughout the busy session of Congress in 1869, the St. Thomas treaty remained suspended, or at least no evidence was shown to the contrary. Secretary Fish being therefore unable to give any answer to Denmark, agreed with Minister Franz de Bille to a second article postponing the date of exchange of ratifications to April 14, 1870. The article was sent to the Senate, with a formal message from President Grant, to be filed with the treaty. There had been an exchange of letters, in September, between Secretary Fish and M. de Bille, from which it appears that the extension was granted expressly for the purpose of giving the Senate an opportunity to come to a decision either for or against the transaction.

The United States, however, did not profit by even this third opportunity to prove good-faith. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations could no more now than heretofore assign a reason for an adverse report, nor could Mr. Sum-

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ner or other senators speak against it, nor could German or other foreign influence be openly used to defeat it.

Public opinion, the arbiter of international as of national and personal wrongs, was not fully awake to the question, nor conscious of the injustice involved, and the stubborn silence was preserved unbroken.

It is now known that in March, 1870, the Committee on Foreign Relations, Senator Sumner at its head, indorsed the one word "Adversely" on the St. Thomas treaty, and recommended "Suspension of action" in regard to it. The matter was never brought before the Senate, and may be said to have been "smothered" in committee. How secretly and silently this was done may be gathered from Secretary Fish's note to Minister Franz de Bille in the following April, when the time expired for the exchange of ratifications under the stipulation of the second additional article. Secretary Fish wrote that "the Senate, having given neither consent to the treaty nor opinion concerning it," he was not authorized to pursue the negotiation any farther. The matter was exhausted, and it may be inferred that the Secretary of State was unaware of the final course of the Senate committee.

As General de Raasloff predicted, the failure of the negotiation with the United States caused the downfall of Denmark's first Liberal ministry. As soon as the collapse of the treaty was known, General de Raasloff, in a manly speech before the Rigsdag, resigned the office of Minister of War and Navy. The resignation of Count Frijs-Frijsenburg, the Prime Minister, quickly followed.

It has been asserted that the friendly relations between the United States and Denmark were impaired from this moment. How far this is true cannot be known without rare penetration into the silent dignity with which the sturdy Danish people have borne the bitterness of unavenged wrong, and the calm reserve which has characterized all intercourse between that small but indomitable state with America since the course of the United States in this transaction was fully known and comprehended.

Notwithstanding the statement in a recent well-known book on "American Diplomacy," that the St. Thomas treaty was brought before the Senate in a subsequent session, and rejected, research in the archives of the Government reveals the fact that the Danish convention, despite its dignity of solemn contract and sacred seal, still lies neglected and forgotten in an obscure pigeonhole in the Senate wing of the United States Capitol, where it was ignominiously relegated, seventeen years ago, under the "Suspension of action recommended."

At that time many senators and some members of the Committee on Foreign Relations had permitted their judgments to become so warped and blurred by personal animosity and political passion, that, unwilling to adopt, by a direct vote, a wise measure which had originated in the opposing party, and having no just reason for rejecting it, they adopted a dilatory policy, as fatal to the measure as an open rejection would have been, and further resorted to the expedient of sequestering the treaty, intrenching themselves behind a disdainful and, for Denmark, an unassailable silence. That such manifest discourtesy and injustice could not have been practised with impunity toward a powerful or aggressive nation, as fully admitted in one of Mr. Sumner's strongest arguments for ratifying the Russian treaty, only adds offence to the objectional action of the Senate, which, in this transaction, has no parallel in the annals of modern diplomacy, no precedent nor copy in American methods, and may be happily regarded as an isolated and exceptional episode in the national records.

The statesmanship which sought to secure to the United States, by fair and peaceful means, strong naval and military stations (shown by the experience of war to be of the utmost importance to possess), outside the continent, can hardly be denied by any but the prejudiced partisans of non-extension. Impartial history will pass its judgment on those statesmen and politicians who defeated a measure, in the very moment of achievement, which would have secured the priceless possession of the

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Danish Antilles to the nation, and who permitted a brave people's preference, shown in the vote of the islanders, to remain unrecognized, and a pledge of confidence on the part of a friendly power, expressed by Denmark in the St. Thomas treaty, to die, unacknowledged, on their hands.

IN HER GARDEN.

By Susan Coolidge.

Still swings the scarlet penstamen
Like threaded rubies on its stem,
In the hid spot she loved so well;
Still bloom wild roses brave and fair,
And like a bubble borne in air
Floats the shy Mariposa's bell.

Like torches lit for carnival
The fiery lilies straight and tall
Burn where the deepest shadow is;
Still dance the columbines cliff-hung,
And like a broidered veil outflung
The mazy blossomed clematis.

Her Garden! All is silent now,
Save bell-note from some wandering cow,
Or rippling lark-song far away,
Or whisper from the wind-stirred leaves,
Or mourning dove which grieves and grieves,
And "Lost! Lost! Lost!" still seems to say.

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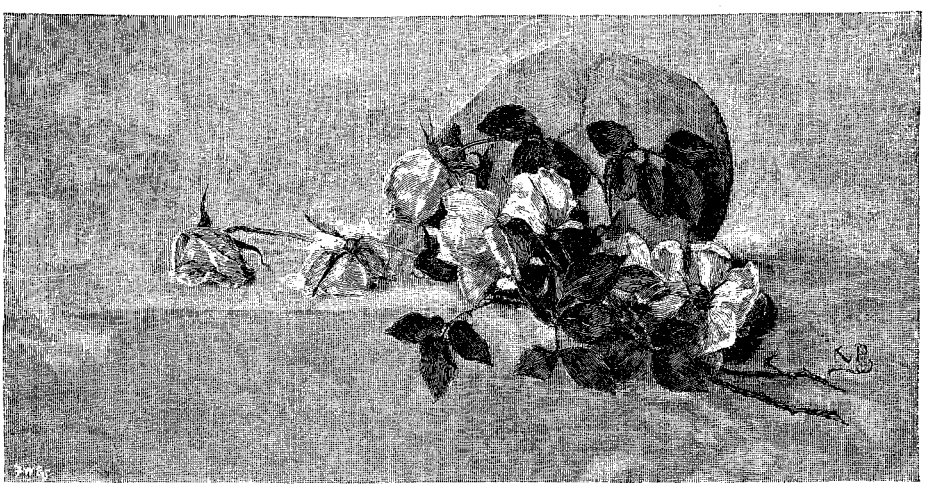
Where is the genius of the place—
The happy voice, the happy face,
  The feet whose light, unerring tread
Needed no guide in wild-wood ways,
But trod the rough and tangled maze
  By natural instinct taught and led?

Upon the wind-blown mountain-spur
Chosen and loved as best by her,
  Watched over by near sun and star,
Encompassed by wide skies, she sleeps,
And not one jarring murmur creeps
  Up from the plain her rest to mar.

Sleep on, dear heart; we would not break
Thy slumber for our sorrow's sake:
  The cup of life, with all its zest,
Thy ardent nature quaffed at full,
Now, in the twilight long and cool,
  Take thou God's final gift of rest.

And still below the grape-vine swings,
The Mariposa's fragile wings
  Flutter, red lilies light their flame,
Larks float, the dove still plains and grieves;
But while one heart that loved thee lives,
  Still shall thy Garden bear thy name.



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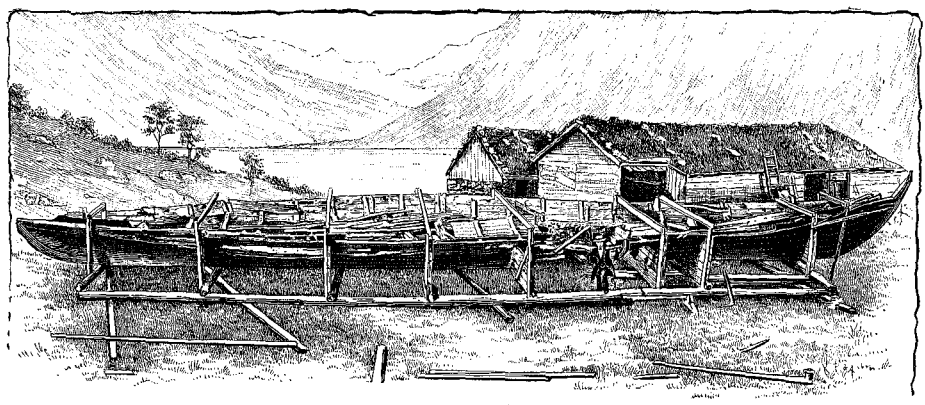

The Viking Ship of Gokstad after its Removal from the Mound.

THE VIKING SHIP.

By John S. White.

THE striking improvements in the building of pleasure-yachts and of ocean-steamers, which have come in swift succession during the last four or five years, have awakened a wonderful interest on both sides of the Atlantic in the practical search for that model which shall combine the greatest speed with sea-going qualities. The much-mooted questions of construction appear to be approaching a settlement, but a comparison of the lines of vessels built a thousand years ago with the swiftest models of to-day lends powerful support to the wise preacher's asseveration that the sun looks upon novelties no more.

No object so thoroughly fascinated me in a visit to Norway and Sweden during the summer of 1882 as the splendid example of ancient shipping discovered shortly before at Gokstad, on one of the peninsulas of Southern Norway.

The Norsemen were a nation of mariners. They loved the sea as they loved their lives, and roamed abroad for conquest and settlement to every island and country from Iceland to the gates of the Mediterranean. Their ancient literature is crowded with tales of ocean and fiord, of mighty ships, of daring voyages, and of heroic deeds in far-away lands. When Frithiof the Bold sailed to the Orkneys in his stout ship Ellide, to collect tribute for the brother-kings Halfdan and Helge, they wilfully broke their promise to guard Frithiof's possessions until his return. They set fire to his dwelling in Framness, and carried away all his cattle and goods. Not content with this, for they dreaded his return, they summoned the two witch-wives, Heidi and Hamglom, and bribed them with gold to bring storm and shipwreck upon Frithiof and his brave crew of eighteen picked men. And the women "sang their songs of witchcraft and climbed the witch-scaffold, with sorcery and incantations." So runs the Icelandic saga. And when the viking chief and his men had sailed forth out of the Sogne-fiord, a dreadful tempest burst upon them, the sea rolled mountain-high, but Ellide bounded merrily on over the waters, for she had "an excellent form for breasting the waves."

Then Frithiof, nothing daunted, sang these verses :

"In former days,
At Framness,
I rowed to meet
My Ingeborg ;

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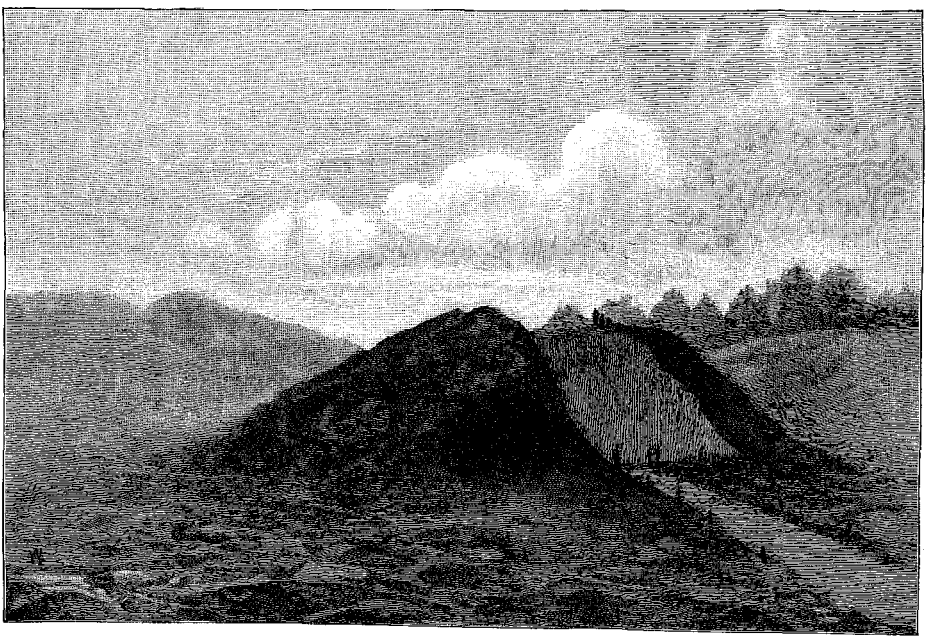
But now I sail
In the tempest cold,
Making the horse of the wave
Speed smoothly on."

The gale waxed yet more wild and a snow-storm began to fall, so dense that they could not see half the boat's length. Again and again the waves swept over the ship, so that she had to be baled out constantly. Once more sang the chieftain :

" The waves are hid from sight,
For witch-wrought is the weather ;
Heroes we of a well-famed band,
Far out on the sea have come—
Eighteen men a-baling,
And Ellide sustaining."

But all the cunning of the witches availed nothing against the hero. The stanch ship outrode the storm, and safely gained her port ; but the men were so exhausted from want of sleep and many days and nights of baling that Frithiof was forced to carry eight of them ashore upon his back.

Two elements of situation and climate contributed to this national penchant for the sea—the peculiar conformation of the coast, and the extreme length of the days in the summer season. A glance at the map of Norway, that " big bag slung across the shoulders of Sweden," as Boyesen has called it, reveals an extraordinary indentation of the sea-coast by deep bays forming many peninsulas, between which communication is impossible, except by water, without long and tedious detours. So that the row-boat and the skiff are, on a greater scale, to the Norwegians what the gondola is to Venice. Indeed, the word " viking," almost the synonym of pirate, is derived from " vicks " or " wychs," the inlets in which the ships were harbored. Again, the far northern summer of almost continuous daylight must have afforded, before the discovery of the mariner's compass, a keen stimulus to navigation, especially to the restless, war-loving Norsemen, planted on their rocky islands and promontories, within a day's sail of half a score of rich and fertile lands tempting to conquest.



The King's Mound.

The inhabitant of a southern country can with difficulty comprehend how fully the shortness of the winter day in the

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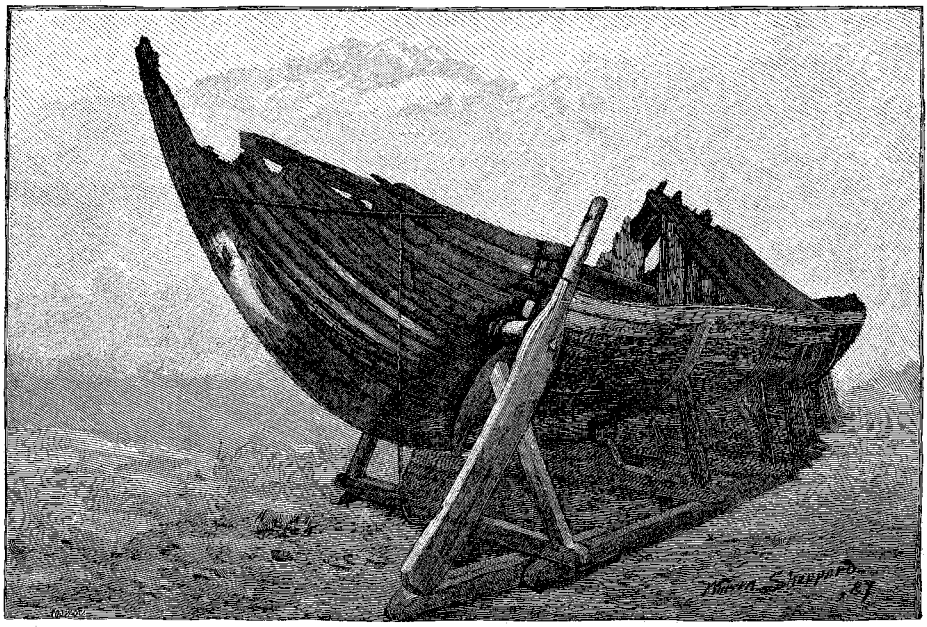
far North is compensated by the extreme duration of the daylight in summer. As we steamed up the harbor of Christiania at noon on a bright June day, it seemed like the entrance into dreamland. The sensation of seeing the sun *low* on the horizon at mid-day, and finding it scarcely lower at seven in the evening, is far more easily remembered than described. The towers of Christiania always cast long shadows, and the dreamy feeling is only intensified when the sun persists for hours in staying above the horizon until, at ten o'clock, you can still see the men and boys playing games in the fields. Bedtime is a movable feast to the native in the summer season, and comes not at all to the visitor, unless he darkens his windows and persuades himself that it ought to be night if it is not.

It appears marvellous that, notwithstanding the repeated allusions to the viking ships in the sagas and other sources of Norwegian history which we possess after the middle of the seventh century, no description of the war-ships or merchant-vessels exists, sufficiently minute to convey to the reader more than the vaguest idea of their construction. But the extreme familiarity of the people with the building and management of boats would no doubt preclude any detailed account. The discovery of the Gokstad ship, therefore, brought the most important contribution ever made to our knowledge of early Norse ship-building, and enabled antiquarian scholars to replace with facts many long-standing theories and speculations.



The Ship viewed from the Stern.

That most courteous and hospitable representative whom our country possesses in Northern Europe, Mr. Consul Gade, kindly placed me in the way of obtaining the information I sought regarding the new-found treasure, which then stood, protected by a temporary shed, upon the grounds of the University in Christiania. Early in January, 1880, Mr. F. Host, of Sandefiord, some sixty miles south of Christiania, notified the directors of the Antiquarian Society that the sons of one of the farmers in Lower Gokstad had begun digging into the "King's Mound," a curious hillock which many persons had supposed to be the tomb of an ancient king interred with all his treasures. The society, with the aid of their informant, succeeded in stopping the excavations for a time,

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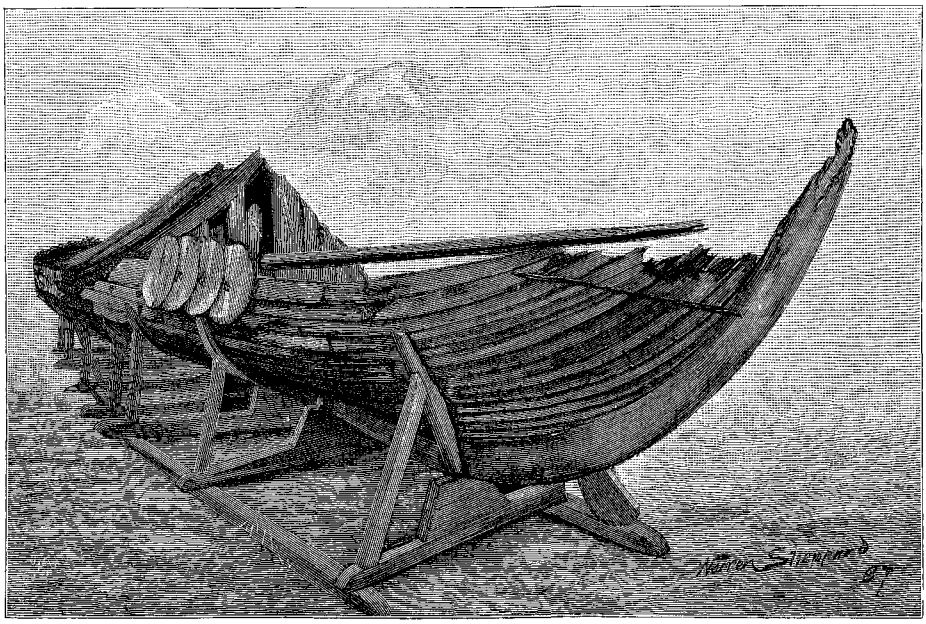
but only with the result of stimulating the curiosity of the farmers to begin work again. On February 6th, Mr. N. judge of its original form or size. It now measured about one hundred and seventy by one hundred and fifty feet,



View of stern, Port Side.

Nicolaysen, the president of the society, left Christiania for Gokstad, and induced the owners of the land to transfer the control of the excavations to himself and the Board of Directors, promising to complete them as soon as the spring opened, without expense to the proprietors. It had happened that Mr. Nicolaysen, stimulated by the discovery, in 1867, of a smaller boat in a similar mound, near Sarpsborg, in the parish of Tune, had been making careful researches for several years, with the view of presenting to the public as correct a notion as possible of the construction of ancient ships. The results of his investigations he published in a valuable monograph upon the subject, two years after the discovery at Gokstad, with a full description of the latter.

"I returned to the place," he says, "on April 27th (1880), and, after a close examination, began digging in accordance with a plan I had already matured. The mound had been so much changed by repeated ploughings around it and up against it that it was impossible to and was seventeen feet in height. We began cutting from the south toward the north, at the base of the mound, making the passage eight feet wide. Before the second day was over we were greatly surprised to see the prow of a ship rise out of the soil exactly in the middle of the passage cut. This lucky hit saved a great deal of work, it being necessary only to widen the passage considerably on both sides. Then the soil covering the vessel and what afterward appeared as the sepulchral chamber had to be carried away, the contents taken out of both, and the ship left standing free. For this purpose no supporting pillars were needed, as such were found in round, thick logs that were laid at intervals horizontally against the upper part of the vessel. When the digging was completed, and the ship properly strengthened, the whole was lifted up to the height of the ground outside of the opening. What now was to be done? There were two plans which offered themselves—either to buy the mound and let it remain where it was,

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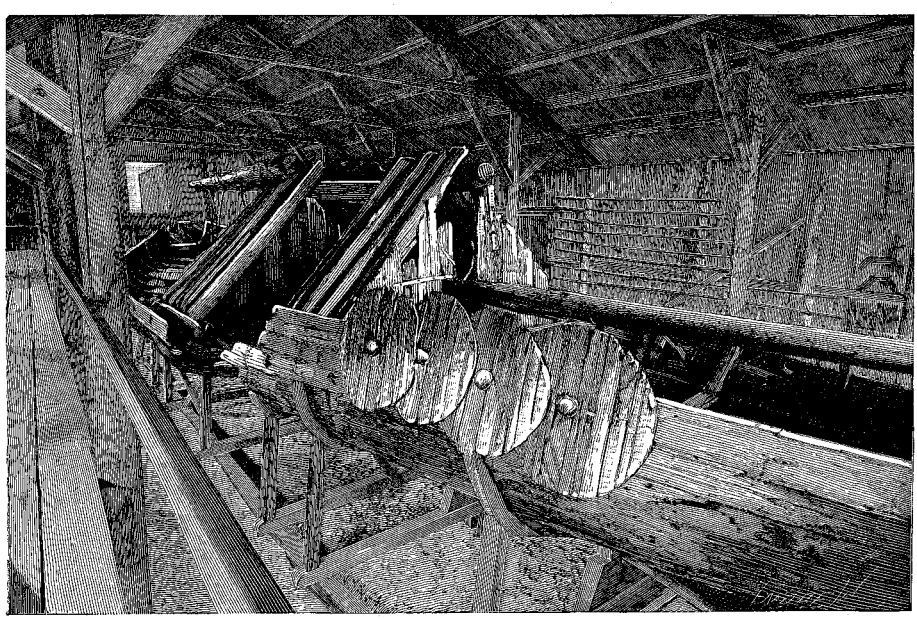
or to remove it to the grounds of the University of Christiania and build a shed over it, as had been done with the vessel from Tune. The latter course was chosen, as the vessel would then be accessible to the people at large ; and a break in the keel made it feasible to divide it into two nearly equal parts, which could easily be transported by water. On July 15th, I had the great joy of seeing the tug steaming along with the discovered treasure, which had cost us the labor of two and a half months, and which had all the time been the object of the greatest attention to many thousands of visitors."

In comparison with all other vessels and fragments which have been found, the Gokstad ship is remarkable for its size, its almost perfect preservation, and its richness in relics. The length from stem to stern over all is 78 feet (23.80 metres), the keel alone measuring 66 feet (20.10 metres). The breadth of beam is 16½ feet (5.10 metres) and the depth about 4 feet (1.20 metres). Oak alone was used in the construction, the body being unpainted, while the stem- and stern-posts were decorated. The planks were laid on over the frame-timbers in our lapstreak style, each overlapping the one below it, and were fastened together with iron bolts riveted and clinched upon the inside—" clinker-built," as we now call it. The planking was lashed to the frames by means of projections, with wicker-like cords, or withes, made from the roots of trees ; and the seams were calked with hair of cattle spun into a cord of three strands, and this was not driven into the crevices, but laid in when the planking was put together.

From this method of construction, as well as from the character of the relics found and the use of the vessel as a means of sepulture, Mr. Nicolaysen infers that it was built during the later iron age, or between A.D. 700 and 1000. (The early iron age comprises the first seven centuries after the Christian era.) The decoration of the trimmings on the prow, gunwale, and stern-post, the numerous carvings, both upon the ship and the relics, together with the handy use of colors, exhibit a very strong influence from Irish decorative art. For in her palmy days, before the beginning of the eighth century, Ireland outstripped every other country of Europe in minia-



The Ship in its Shed at Christiania.

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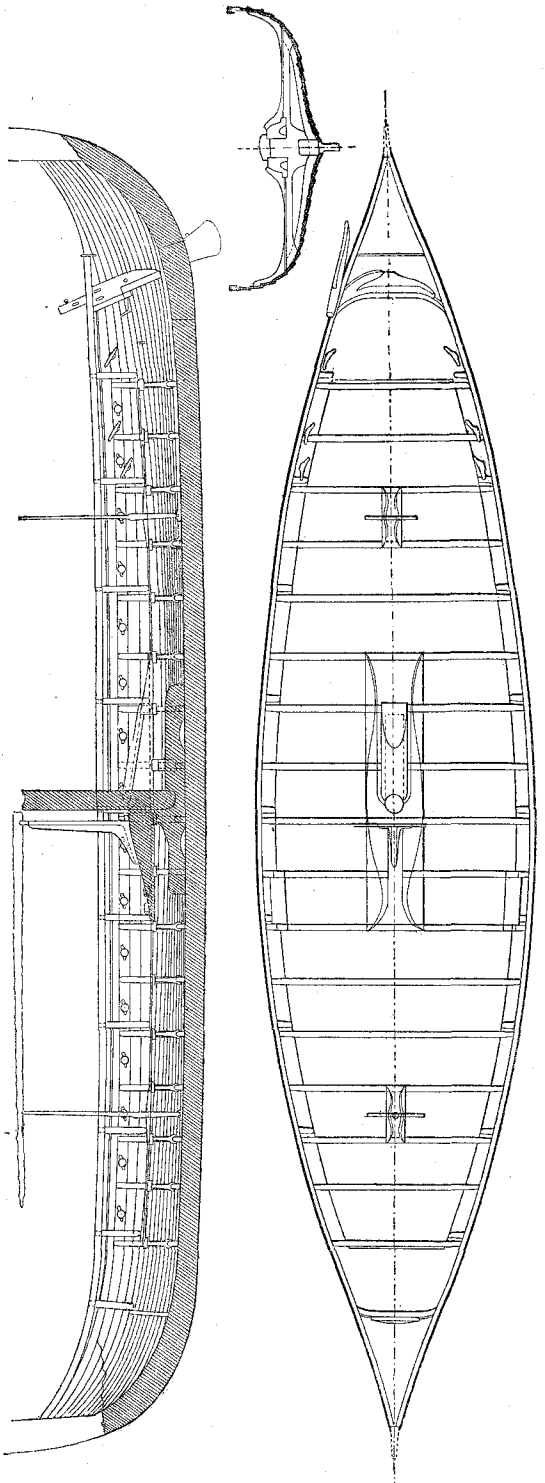

Central Longitudinal, and Transverse Sections, and Bird's-eye View of the Viking Ship. (From N. Nicolaysen's description.)

ture-painting and the ornamentation of metal and wood. This consideration fixes the date of construction subsequent to A.D. 700, while the sacrifice of a large number of domestic animals for interment by the side of the ship, as well as the ship-burial itself, makes it extremely improbable that the mound was erected later than the year 900.

There were sixteen planks on the sides of the ship, and the third from the top on each side, which was nearly twice as thick as the rest, was pierced with port-holes, sixteen in number, for the reception of the oars. These ports were slit on the upper edge, to permit the insertion of the oar-blade, and were of various sizes, being largest amidships and diminishing in aperture toward the ends, indicating that oars of different weights and sizes had been employed. When not in use the ports were ingeniously closed with wooden shutters, to keep out the water, and some of these shutters were carved, suggesting a probable difference in the rank of the oarsmen.

That the ship was not new at the time of its interment is shown by the wear and tear traceable on the oars and the rudder. Being pointed at both ends, it could be rapidly driven astern with the oars, if suddenly caught upon a dangerous reef or shoal. Its great sharpness of build and fine sheer gave to it a model which does not suffer in comparison with that of the Galatea, or the best of the yachts used on the English coast for sailing in deep waters. It had the advantage, however, of a flattened bottom amidships, which must have secured to it much greater

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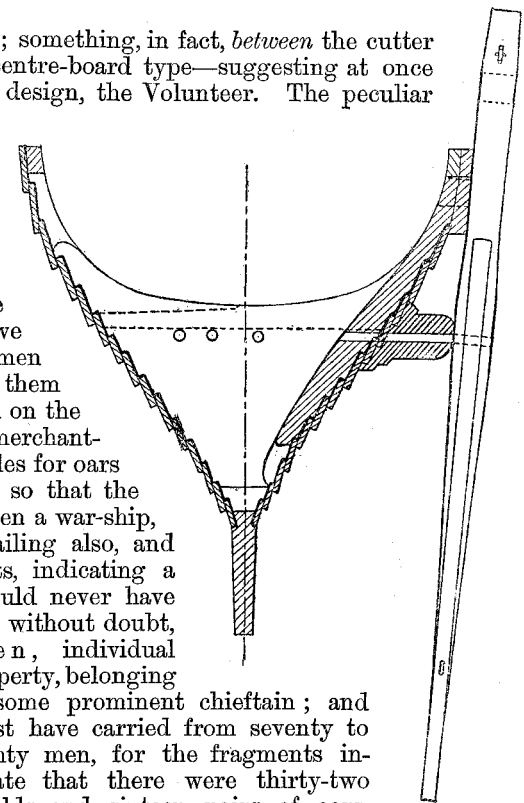
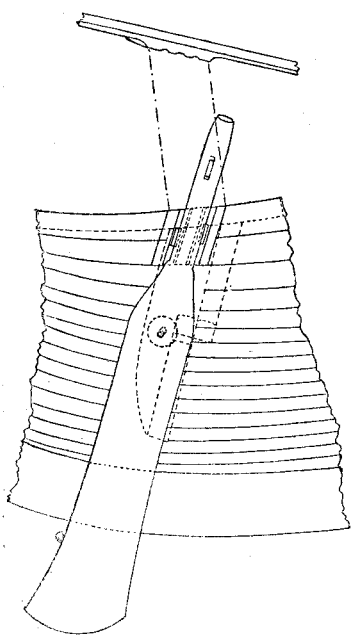
The Tiller.

steadiness than the English cutters; something, in fact, *between* the cutter and the flat, keelless boat of the centre-board type—suggesting at once the model of Mr. Burgess's latest design, the Volunteer. The peculiar method of attaching the rudder to the side of the stern, which is best understood from the illustrations, afforded manifest advantages for shipping and unshipping, but did not admit of as prompt an effect as does the adjustment of the modern rudder. From the height of the port-holes cut in the sides to receive the oars, it is certain that the oarsmen rowed in a sitting posture, as we see them on the Bayeux tapestry (p. 616), and on the Häggeby stone in Sweden. The merchant-vessels were not fitted with port-holes for oars and had no flooring on the beams, so that the Gokstad vessel could only have been a war-ship, especially as she was fitted for sailing also, and carried at least three small boats, indicating a large crew. Besides, a trader would never have been thought of for burial. It was without doubt, then, individual property, belonging to some prominent chieftain; and must have carried from seventy to eighty men, for the fragments indicate that there were thirty-two shields and sixteen pairs of oars, and as two men were necessary to handle one oar of this size, the rowers alone must have been sixty-four in number.





The Rudder and its Method of Attachment. (This and the next following cuts from Nicolaysen).

Mr. Nicolaysen enthusiastically prophesies that "no vessel of ancient construction will ever be discovered which, in respect to model and workmanship, will outrival that of Gokstad. Indeed, in the opinion of experts, this is a masterpiece of its kind, hardly to be surpassed by any which the ship-building art of the present age can produce. In the symmetry of its proportions and the wonderful beauty of its lines is exhibited a perfection never again approached until, after a long and dreary period of clumsy unshapeliness in naval architecture, it was once more revived in the present century in the clipper-built craft of the North European nations."

Such mention as we find in Scandinavian history of the great ships of the vikings is scanty enough in its details, serving commonly as a foil to enhance the splendor of the leader's personal

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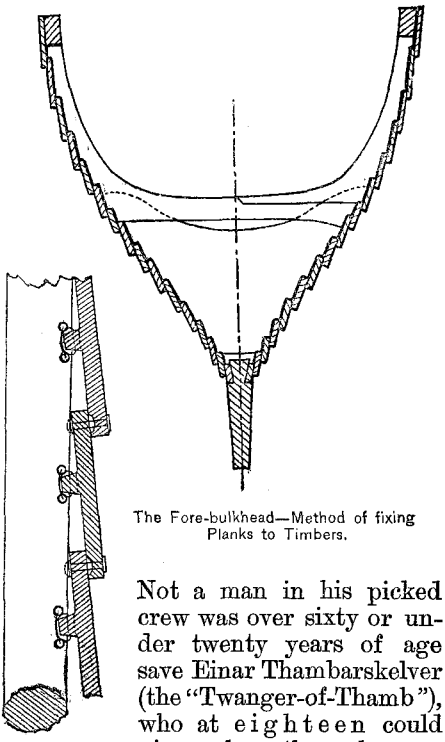
description. The first actual account ever given simply chronicles the fact that Thorolf, son of Kveld-Ulf (Night Wolf), in 872 built a "long-ship" with a dragon's head upon the prow.

The conceit of reproducing the form of the fabled dragon, or serpent of the sea, in the construction of their ships of war came to be universal with the Norse pirates, and the semblance was still further carried out by surmounting the stern with the curling tail of the serpent carved in wood and fluked at the end. The sails stood for the dragon's wings. Both head and tail were often richly gilded, and it was a custom on leaving or entering port to hang the shields, tinted in various colors, at the prow and stern or all along the gunwale, overlapping each other like huge, sheeny scales upon the monster's sides. We see them thus in the Bayeux tapestry. The old Gula laws prescribed that the shield should be "made of wood, with three iron bands placed crosswise on its outer surface, and the handle fastened to the inner, with iron nails." St. Olaf's men bore "white shields decorated with red, blue, or golden crosses." In later times the shield was made of double thickness, and the color was red. The shields of the Gokstad ship were painted alternately black and yellow, of the same tints as those used on the tiller and the carved heads of the tilt-boards —the framework over which the awning was stretched at night. As she sped through the water, with oars moving in unison, the long lines of yellow and black half-moons glowering from her sides, the sight must have filled the spectator with feelings of awe and quickened the pulse of the oldest chieftain.

At Drontheim, in 997, Olaf Tryggvesson, the King of Norway, built a high-stemmed ship, for a hundred and twenty rowers; but having soon afterward captured a much more beautiful vessel from the viking, Raud the Strong, he determined to build the "biggest dragon ever seen." This he named the Long Serpent, to distinguish it from the former vessel. The Long Serpent was 117 feet in length, very broad and high, profusely gilded, and carried six hundred men. In this mighty man-of-war did Olaf sail to meet King Sweyn of Wermland, accompanied by sixty more great war-vessels and sixty transports.



The Fore-bulkhead—Method of fixing Planks to Timbers.

Not a man in his picked crew was over sixty or under twenty years of age save Einar Thambarskelver (the "Twanger-of-Thamb"), who at eighteen could pierce clean through a raw cow's-hide, hanging loose from a pole, with a blunt arrow from "Thamb," his bow. Earl Sigvalde, of the Jomsvikings, betrayed the friendship of the Norse king, and led him to sail through a narrow strait where only a few of his vessels could engage with the enemy at once. Here, with seventy war-ships, in ambuscade lay Sweyn, and Erik, the son of Haakon, and Olaf of Sweden.

"By twos and threes," says Professor Boyesen, "the great ships of the Norse chieftains passed by, and every time the Swedish and the Danish king were sure that one of them must be the Long Serpent. Soon came the Short Serpent, casting golden gleams across the water from its shining dragon-head. And King Sweyn cried exultingly, 'Loftily shall the Serpent bear me to-night, and I shall steer her.' Earl Erik replied, 'Even if Olaf Tryggvesson had no larger ship than this, Sweyn with all his army of Danes could not win it from him.'

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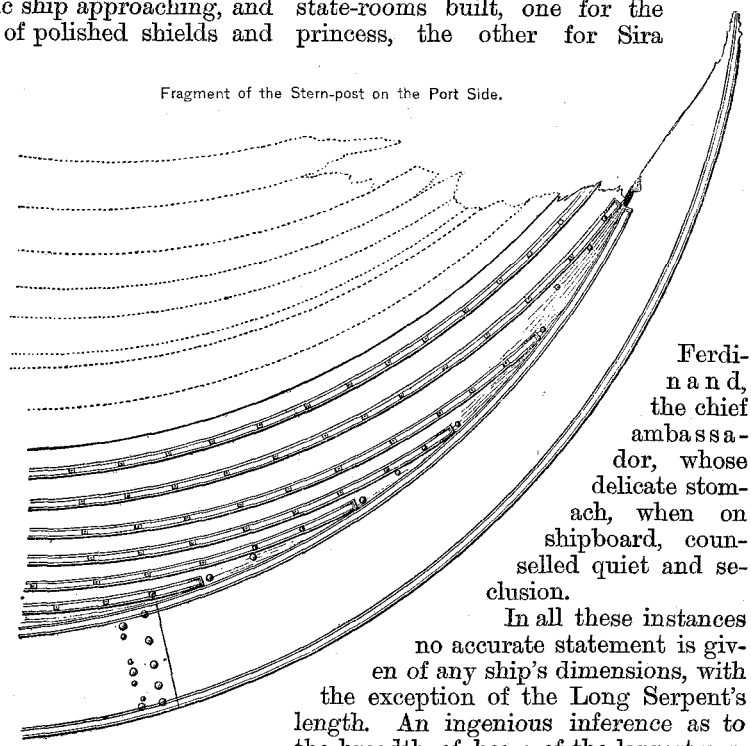
When at last the Long Serpent reared its flaming prow against the horizon, shooting long beams in the sun, the princes marvelled at its beauty. Many a one trembled, too, with fear, when he saw the majestic ship approaching, and the dense rows of polished shields and swords flashing from afar. 'This glorious ship,' said Earl Erik, 'is fitting for such a king as Olaf Tryggvesson; for it may, in sooth, be said of him, that he is distinguished above all other kings, as the Long Serpent above all other ships.'"

Fragment of the Stern-post on the Port Side.



One of the war-vessels of King Olaf the Saint, built about 1024, was called Karlshöfdi, because its prow carried the king's head which he himself had sculptured. Another he embellished with the head of a bison upon the prow and its tail upon the stern.*

Thore Hund's great war-ship, upon which eighty warriors rode at its launching, in 1027, was so high that many barrels could stand under the flooring; and "*such* barrels!" exclaims the admiring historian; "they had double bottoms, and there was ale at both ends!"

A glorious fleet had King Haakon in 1257, and chief of all the ships in Norway, for size and beauty, was the Mariesuden. She had gilded figure-heads and shields, and pennons of golden ribbon; her sails were embroidered with pictorial designs, and a hundred and fifty men were needed for her crew alone. In the sunshine the assembled fleet "shone as if it were actually on fire." On the war-ship in which he sent his daughter Christina to Spain, to be married, the king had two state-rooms built, one for the princess, the other for Sira Ferdinand, the chief ambassador, whose delicate stomach, when on shipboard, counselled quiet and seclusion.

In all these instances no accurate statement is given of any ship's dimensions, with the exception of the Long Serpent's length. An ingenious inference as to the breadth of beam of the largest vessels is drawn by Mr. Nicolaysen in this way: When King Sverre, in the winter of 1250, wished to clear his fleet out from Aaslo Harbor, he ordered a channel to be cut through the ice four fathoms wide. "The ice being very thick, as a matter of course the channel was not cut broader than absolutely necessary, certainly not so broad that one ship could pass another, but roomy enough to afford space for the largest vessels; from which we infer that the utmost width could not have exceeded twenty feet."

The interior of the viking ships had five compartments. In the prow was the "lokit," or forecastle, in which the king's standard-bearers were quartered. The second and third were called respectively the "sax" and the "krap-room;" the former appears to have been used as a general store-room, while the latter held the sails and tackle when not

* It was called the Visund. Great herds of these animals roamed over the plains of Germany in the early ages, and were often found farther north and east. Not a vestige of them remains to-day except about six hundred, which are preserved in a great park in Lithuania, by the Czar of Russia. All efforts to domesticate them have failed on both sides of the Atlantic.

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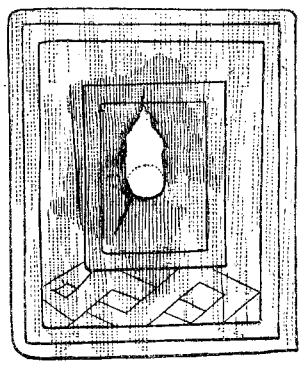
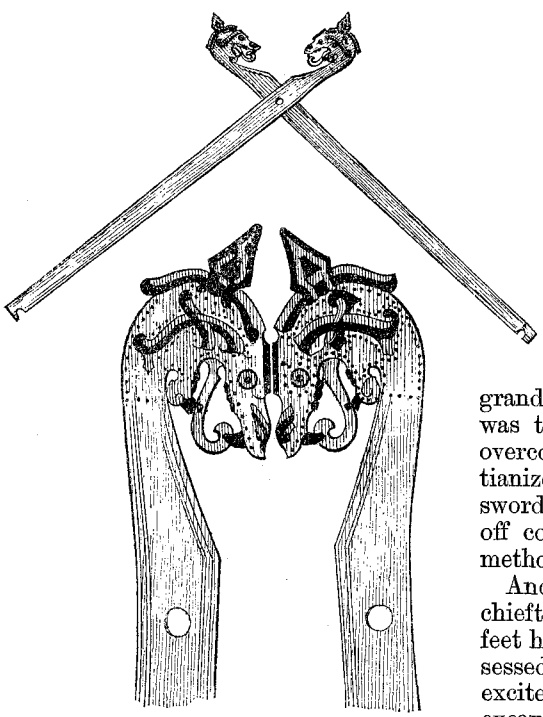


Bottom of a Flat Candle-stick.

in use. Next came the room which contained the great armor-chest; and here were the quarters of the warriors who ranked next to the chieftain. It was named the fore-room, because it was in front of the "lofting," or cabin, which occupied the stern of the boat, and was elevated above the other floors. Here slept the commander of the vessel. "When the ship lay in harbor at night," says Mr. Nicolaysen, "it was covered with a 'tilt,' a sort of ridge-pole with pillars and rafters. Over this the cloth was stretched from side to side of the ship. In Egil's saga it is recorded that Kveld-Ulf bade the people go along the ship's side and cut the tilt from its fastenings, and in another passage the tent is spoken of as being ripped from the sides, which would indicate that the lowest edges were tied with rope to the gunwale. The merchant-ships, which must have been exceedingly numerous, differed from a long-ship, or war-ship, in no point of construction except that their timbers were probably stouter, their masts of greater height, and their length was less. They were rarely ornamented by painting, and carried no figure-head at prow or stern. The crew was very much smaller; in fact, mention is made, in one instance, of a large merchant-man in which, all told, there were only eight men. One of the sagas mentions the circumstance that at Nidaros (Drontheim), in 1199, King Sverre Sigurdsson seized some trading-ships, hewed them in two transversely, and lengthened out their keels and sides that they might be used as war-vessels."

There is something majestic in the thought of the old pagan viking of Gokstad buried in his sturdy ship, with its stem to the sea, ready, at the life-restoring call of Odin's voice, to sail away over the vast waters to Valhalla, whence evermore the heavenly warriors "issue forth by day to fight great battles, killing and maiming each other. But every night they wake up whole and unscathed and return to Odin's hall, where they spend the night in merry carousing." It was far different from the Christian idea of the happy future life, for the Norseman's heaven was his ideal earth—the place where he could enjoy the grandest fighting and ale. To be happy was to fight—to meet opposition and overcome. St. Olaf would even Christianize his country at the point of the sword. "Believe and be baptized, or off comes thy head!" was virtually his method of evangelization.



Carved Heads on the End of the Verge-boards for the Vessel's Tent—Their Supposed Position.

And what a mighty man this ancient chieftain was! He stood six and a third feet high upon his naked soles, and possessed a giant's strength. Imagine the excitement and curiosity with which the excavators at Gokstad explored their new-found treasure, to discover if per-

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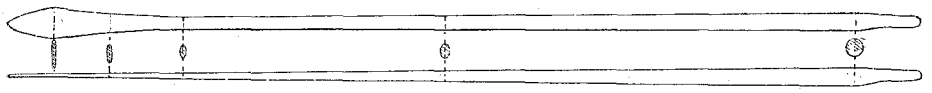
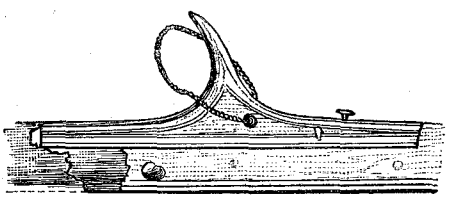
haps some famous weapon was there, like "Excalibur," or "Balmung," of marvellous temper and edge!



Oars of the Viking Ship and Boats.

But the mound had been opened hundreds of years before by robbers, who had rifled it of every weapon and garment which it contained. Fortunately, however, these marauders, in their desire to save themselves trouble, penetrated the side of the mound, and wrought but slight injury to the vessel. Indeed, we owe indirectly to them the preservation of an extraordinary number of relics; for through the aperture which they made there fell quantities of a sort of blue clay, which acted as a preservative of all wood-work with which it came in contact. The vessel had been buried in a deep layer of this clay, whether by accident or design, otherwise no vestige of it would have been preserved.

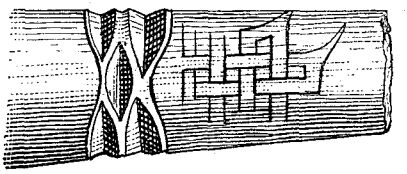
Modern medical science is capable of furnishing much curious information in regard to the buried chieftain. The bones of the skeleton were carefully studied by Professor Heiberg, of the



An Oar-lock.

University of Christiania, who states that the man was powerfully built, was more than three inches over six feet in height, and had passed the age of fifty years. He had been a great sufferer from chronic muscular rheumatism, as was shown by the abnormal enlargement of the bone at the joints. So severe had been the disease at the left knee that he must have walked with great difficulty. The sepulchral chamber was built just in front of the mast, and was like a modern woodsman's log-hut, with "bird's-mouthed" corners and a gabled roof—"the earliest authentic instance of this mode of construction." Every chip and shaving made in its erection would seem to have been religiously preserved, such quantities lay in heaps all around.

A thousand years have gone, yet a strangely vivid story is told by the ob-



Carved Oar-handle.

jects found in and about the ship—a story of ancient manners and customs, of a mechanical skill and artistic feeling which suffer little in comparison with much later times. Just without the chamber was a skin covered with shining feathers. Professor Esmark, of the University, tells us that it belonged to a peacock, and was no doubt a pet of the chieftain and a memento of some foreign expedition. Its presence here proves that communication must have existed with far-distant lands. The island of Ceylon is said to have been the "Tarshish" from which, every three years, the ships of Hiram came, bringing to King Solomon "elephants' teeth and apes and peacocks."

The four thin, oblong disks of oak, neatly carved and ornamented, with round holes at the centre, are candlesticks without a doubt, for the sides of the openings are charred with fire. And there are the fragments of several oak bedsteads, one nearly perfect, and so like the common rough bedsteads used nowadays, which everybody has seen, that a little incredulity concerning their tremendous age may well be pardoned in the reader when the illustration meets his eye (p. 616). A sled, too, was found, also of oak, the best preserved

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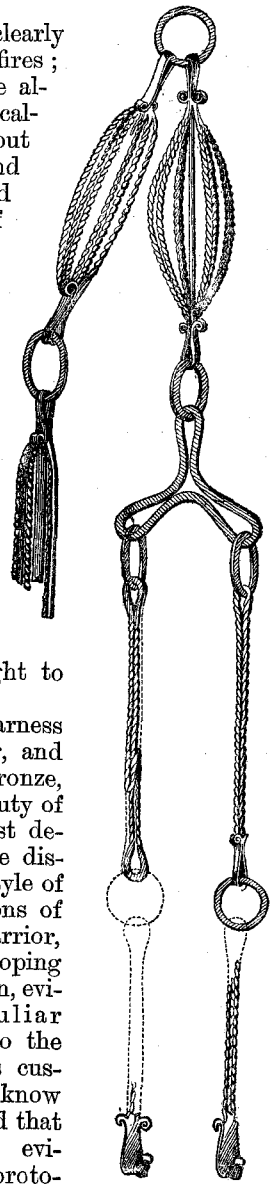
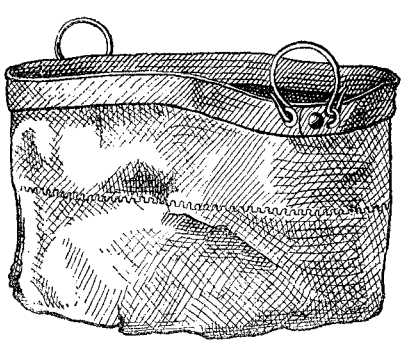
parts of which are the shapely, carved runners. Almost the whole outfit of the ship is here—mast and block, anchor and stock, fir-wood spars for extra masts in the event of breakage, oars, and reels, and shutters for the portholes, pins for binding nets, oaken treenails, and tilt-fastenings of hempen rope, together with the long hawser for the anchor.



The object of the quantity of charcoal found is not clearly understood—possibly it may have been used for making fires; but the cooking for the crew appears to have been done almost always on land; however, there was a great copper caldron lying by the ship's mast, bottom upward, beaten out of two massive plates of sheet-metal and fitted with a band on the rim to add greater strength, to which were attached two huge rings of solid copper. Near by this a series of links of twisted iron terminated by hooks were lying, by means of which the caldron could be suspended from a crane or other support. The ship's drinking-vessel is as perfect as when the crew dipped their last draught from it—a huge tub of pine-staves, four feet in diameter and one-half as high. The cover, still held together by cross-pieces underneath, is decorated with circular figures upon the upper side. It seems to have been the intention to bury with the chieftain's body every object which had been familiar to him in life, even the plates of carved oak from which he ate, his purse of leather lined with bright-colored cloth, the axe with which the timbers of the sepulchral chamber were hewn, and a thousand and one other objects of great interest to the antiquarian—the most curious of all being a pair of odd-looking little contrivances, thin bits of wood riveted to a handle, which are thought to have been a child's playthings.

There were, also, many of the metal parts of a horse's harness and mountings of lead and bronze, in oblong, circular, and cruciform devices. Some of these mountings of gilt bronze, both in the character of their workmanship and the beauty of their devices, are unique, and would do credit to the best designer of to-day. "Such ornaments as had been before discovered," says Mr. Nicolaysen, "were in the customary style of the younger iron age, and were, at most, the representations of fantastic animals; but in one of these is to be seen a warrior, with helmet on and with outstretched lance, on a galloping steed, designed with much skill and with the reproduction, evidently, of a peculiar dress, so strange to the country and to its customs which we know then to have existed that the designer had evidently brought its prototype from abroad. No saddle-tree is seen, and it cannot be perceived whether there are any stirrups or not, but the spear is barbed, bringing us into conflict with the fact that the spears of this form hitherto discovered belong only to the earlier iron age."



Copper Caldron, and Links of Iron Chain for hanging it.

On the outside of the vessel were found

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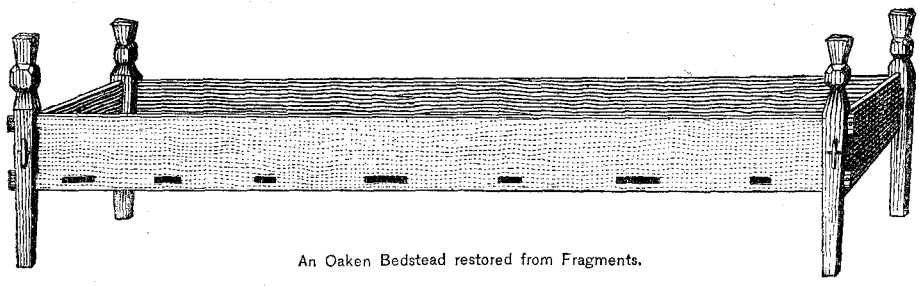
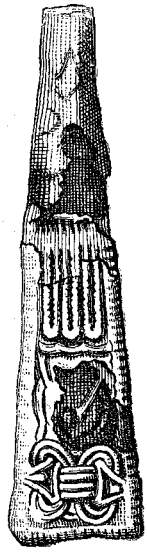
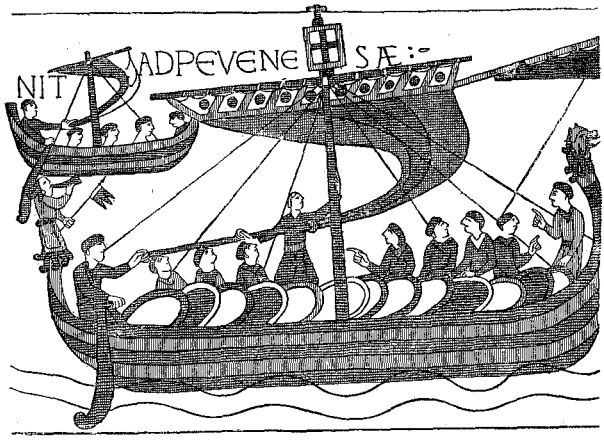


An Oaken Bedstead restored from Fragments.

embedded in the clay the skeletons of several horses and dogs, parts of the hide and hoofs of the horses being also well preserved; and a careful examination by an expert anatomist, Mr. C. A. Guldberg, shows that there were "not fewer than twelve horses, some very young and some 'aged,' or over eight years old; rather smaller, apparently, than the ordinary Norwegian horses at present, but of the same race as the fiord horses." The small size of the horses is an interesting feature, for it may throw light upon some historical statements hitherto considered fabulous. The great Norse leader who, a century and a half before the Conquest, led into France the colony that founded the Norman race was called Hrolf "Ganger," Rollo "the Walker," because he was "too tall and stout for any horse to carry."



There were at least six dogs, one of which was very long-legged, but the rest were small, one of them closely resembling the smallest of our lapdogs—evidently pets belonging to the chieftain. The size of the others, and the grayish-brown color of the hairs that were found, show them to have been similar to the common Finnish or Lapland house-dogs. There were horseshoes of iron and a dog-collar of bronze lying near the skeleton. "But," says Mr. Nicolaysen, "horseshoes proper were brought into use among the Norwegians at a much later period, nor were they known to the Romans, yet, curiously, they are everywhere to be seen on the Bayeux * tapestry" —one of the many evidences which exist of the inventive genius of the Norman. It was a custom during the later iron age in the northern countries, as the sagas and previous discoveries show, to bury with a dead viking his horses and dogs, but never were so many animals found as at Gokstad.



Ship from the Bayeux Tapestry. (Repeated from Mr. Lowell's paper.)

It is the greatest of pities that we can never lift the curtain which veils the personal history of the Gokstad sea-king. A mighty man he was, of famous deeds, as the stately ship-burial

* An admirable paper upon the Bayeux tapestry, by Mr. Edward J. Lowell, was printed in the March number of this MAGAZINE.

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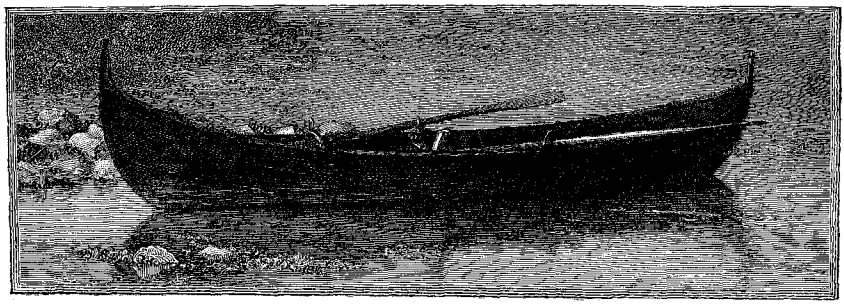
proves. Had Tegnér lived to behold these treasures, he would have carried away the inspiration and the material for a new "Frithiof." The closing scene of such an epic would have been a fitting companion-piece to that grand and touching requiem of Siegfried, the mightiest figure of the Nibelungen songs, which Mr. Baldwin's version so beautifully reproduces: "Siegfried was dead! Faded, now, was the glory of Nibelungen Land, and gone was the mid-world's hope. It is told in ancient story how men built a funeral-pile far out on the grassy meadows, where the quiet river flows; and how, in busy silence, they laid the sun-dried beams of ash and elm together, and made ready the hero's couch; and how the pile was dight with many a sun-bright shield, with war-coats and glittering helms, and silks and rich-dyed cloths from the Southland, and furs, and fine-wrought ivory, and gem-stones priceless and rare; and how, over all, they scattered sweet spices from Araby, and the pleasantest of all perfumes. Then they brought the golden Siegfried, and laid him on his couch; and beside him were his battered shield, and Balmung, with its fire-edge bare. And as the sun rose high in heaven, the noblest earl-folk who had loved Siegfried best touched fire to the funeral-pile. And a pleasant breeze from the Southland fanned the fire to a flame, and the white blaze leaped on high, and all the folk cried out in mighty agony to the gods."



A Modern Norwegian Boat.

THE HAUNTS OF THE HALCYON.

By Charles Henry Lüders.

To stand within a gently gliding boat,
  Urged by a noiseless paddle at the stern,
  Whipping the crystal mirror of the fern
In fairy bays where water-lilies float;
To hear your reel's whir echoed by the throat
  Of a wild mocking-bird, or round some turn
  To chance upon a wood-duck's brood that churn
Swift passage toward their mother's warning note:
This is to rule a realm that nevermore
  May aught but restful weariness invade;
This is to live again the old days o'er,
  When nymph and dryad haunted stream and glade;
  To dream sweet, idle dreams of having strayed
To Arcady, with all its golden lore.

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SONG.

By Ellen Burroughs.

Laughter that ringeth all day long
  In a world of dancing feet;
A heart attuned to a bird's wild song,
  As eager, as wayward and sweet.
Love, passing by, drew near and smiled:
"Ah, dear Love, wait, she is a child!"
Reluctantly he went his way:
"I shall come back another day."

A heavier-drooping lid, a line
  Gentler in curving cheek and chin;
Lips where joys tremble, where hopes shine;
  And something more—a storm within—
A heart that wakes to sudden fears,
And eyes that know the use of tears:
"Ah, cruel Love! to come and teach
A pain that knows nor name nor speech!"

Love stands aggrieved: "Farewell, I go!
  Take back thy child-heart's unconcern."
"Nay, nay! Thou shalt not leave me so!"
  She holds him fast with tears that burn.
"Sweet Love, I pray thee to abide.
If thou walk constant at my side,
Through doubt, through sorrow, through despair,
No pain can be too hard to bear."

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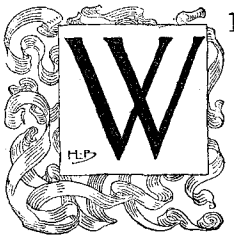
WHAT SHALL WE TELL THE WORKING-CLASSES?

By Francis A. Walker.



HEN, recently, in conversation with a distinguished American economist, I mentioned the title of this article, he said, "Ah, yes! what shall we teach the working-classes? Good!" "Not at all," I replied; "in my opinion, we have undertaken to teach them quite enough already, and a pretty mess we have made of it. No; the subject of my paper is, What shall we tell the working-classes? What shall we say to them, not as the priests of a mystery addressing their believers, not even as the professors of a science delivering to laymen conclusions which they are to accept upon authority; but as man to man, discussing a subject of common interest, regarding which we occupy a different point of view from themselves, and on which, therefore, we may fairly assume to be able to throw some light?"

I confess I have little respect for the objection which is often interposed to the use of the term "working-classes." Every now and then some lawyer or professor or editor informs the public that he works twelve or fifteen hours a day himself; that he is just as much a working-man as any carpenter or cotton-spinner; that we are all working-men together; and that the use of this term, in application to a section of the community, is both etymologically wrong and economically misleading. Indeed, I know one highly intelligent gentleman who sincerely believes that the correction of our popular speech in this regard will nearly, if not quite, remove all our labor troubles and restore industrial peace.

Now, I cannot take this view of the expression in question. A "working-man" does not necessarily mean simply a man who works, "only this and nothing more." There are few familiar phrases whose purport is not larger, or smaller, or in some way different from the logical significance of the words composing them, if brought together for the first time. The term working-classes is sufficiently descriptive for the use to which it is put in discussions regarding the organization of industry and the distribution of wealth. There are large and important bodies of producers who are clearly enough pointed out thereby, and who well enough understand themselves to be meant. It is not an offensive appellation, for it is self-imposed. It is not an inexact expression, for no one not intended by it would deem himself, or be deemed by others, to be included.

As to the notion that the use of this term deceives anybody, or creates the impression that professional men and employers of labor, shopkeepers and clerks, artists and teachers, do not, in their own way, work, and generally work long and hard—it seems to me too trifling to deserve attention. If the labor problem is to be solved by calling the working-classes by another name, it must be a very simple problem, and the working-classes must be very simple, too.

Whatever we may have to say to the working-classes, the spirit is likely to be as important as the matter. It is a thing of course that politicians, having respect to the recompense of reward, will flatter and fawn upon those who hold so large a mass of political power; but more sense and more self-respect might fairly have been expected of many of the persons, themselves altogether disinterested and sincere, who have of late contributed to the literature of the labor question. Some of these writers cannot refer to the general issue between laborers and employers, or even to a specific demand for higher wages or fewer hours, without gushing over the virtues of the working-classes; without talking as if there were something peculiarly noble and self-sacrificing in occupying that

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position ; without assuming, in advance of investigation, that any body of laborers must be right in any claim they may choose to make, and casting reproachful glances at every employer who entertains notions of his own regarding his interests or rights, as if he were a persecutor of the saints. Some of these social philosophers always speak of the position of a day-laborer or a factory-operative in a tone which intimates regret that the deficiencies of their own early education prevent their sharing in the moral and spiritual advantages of such a lot. Others write as though they felt it a duty to make up to the laboring-class in "taffy" all that, owing to the hardness of the employers' hearts, they may not be able to secure in bread and meat.

Now, this sort of thing is foolish, and, so far as it has any effect at all, is mischievous. If the working-classes are not spoiled by the unceasing adulation of which they are the subjects, it is because they have too much rugged sense of their own and too much native insight into character. But there is little reason to doubt that this kind of talk has its effect, in a degree—that many a laborer has been made restive by it, and that it has prepared the way for the seductions of the demagogue.

I believe I was the first person occupying a chair of political economy to declare that sympathy with the working-classes, on the part of the general community, may, when industrial conditions are favorable, become a truly economic force in determining a higher rate of wages ; but by sympathy I certainly did not mean slobber. An intelligent interest in the advancement of the laborer's condition, leading one to speak an encouraging word and to lend a helping hand—as, for example, in the case of the agricultural laborer, whom I supposed to be hesitating whether to take the great step of leaving his native parish to seek his fortune amid strange surroundings—can be clearly shown to be an appropriate means to that end ; but to chant hymns on the dignity of labor and to pay oratorical tributes to the virtues of the masses is neither here nor there. The moral deserts of the working-people, except so far as these are transmuted into economic forces, rendering the laborers more efficient, more temperate, more trustworthy as workers, have no relevancy to the issue between them and their employers. Nor are those classes, in fact, a whit more honest, self-denying, kindly, or public-spirited, than the classes esteemed more fortunate. Those who are laborers are so because they have not found the way to be anything else. Why should they be praised for working with their hands, when this is the only means they have for earning their bread? If any one of them saw the opportunity for bettering his condition and passing into what is deemed a higher industrial grade, he would at once seize that opportunity, and it would be a credit to him to do so.

Whatever we may tell the working-classes, we shall *not* tell them, as twenty or fewer years ago we should surely have done, that the possible amount of their compensation is limited by the "wage-fund ;" that the remuneration of their labor is irrespective of their own industrial character, irrespective of their own exertions, irrespective of the present product of industry.

When one thinks that this was, so short a time ago, the last word which the universities and reviews had to say on this subject, and when he recalls the contempt with which every suggestion of other forces entering to affect wages was received by those who claimed to engross all authority in such matters, he cannot wonder at the hatred or the indifference with which, according to temperament, political economy is regarded by the working-classes.

Nor shall we now tell them that they have no occasion to make any exertions on their own behalf to secure their just distributive share of the product of industry, or even to take any thought about the matter, since the competition of employers among themselves for the profits of employment will amply suffice to carry the rate of wages as high as it can possibly be maintained. We shall not tell the working-classes that they have no need to seek their interests, inasmuch as their interests will seek them ; that no matter how passive they may be, even a grasping spirit and unfair meth-

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ods, on the part of the employers, will be powerless to impair, on the whole, the remuneration of labor.

Yet this was the accepted doctrine of the orthodox political economy, not long ago. "Unless," said Professor John E. Cairnes, in 1874, having in view a hypothetical reduction of wages by a combination of employers, "unless we are to suppose the character of a large section of the community to be suddenly changed in a leading attribute, the wealth so withdrawn from wages would, in the end, and before long, be restored to wages. The same motives which led to its investment would lead to its reinvestment; and, once reinvested, the interests of those concerned would cause it to be distributed amongst the several elements of capital in the same proportions as before. In this way covetousness is held in check by covetousness, and the desire for aggrandizement sets limits to its own gratification." And in a similar vein Professor Perry wrote: "If capital gets a relatively too large reward, nothing can interrupt the tendency that labor shall get, in consequence of that, a larger reward next time. If capital takes an undue advantage at any point, as, unfortunately, it sometimes does, somebody, at some other point, has, in consequence of that, a stronger desire to employ laborers; and so the wrong tends to right itself."

Such was the economic opinion of half a generation ago. To-day the doctrine of a natural guardianship of the employing over the laboring class is entirely exploded. Nearly all writers of repute in this department of inquiry now concede that the working-classes have a real, a large, and a vital part to perform in securing that distribution of the product of industry which shall promote the highest development of the industrial organism and, at the same time, minister to the health and strength of each part and member. It is seen that the economic harmonies prevail only where competition is perfect, that the result of one-sided competition may be injurious, or even highly pernicious. It is seen that if the workman does not pursue his interest, he must, in greater or less degree, according to the severity and constancy of the pressure to which he is subject, lose his interest; and that, in doing so—in failing, that is, to realize the utmost economic good that might, with proper efforts, have been brought to him—harm may be done in the immediate instance. It is further seen that the principle, "To him that hath shall be given," operates in economics as in all other departments of social life, and that, consequently, all individual and immediate injuries suffered through unequal competition tend to go from bad to worse, tend to become permanent, tend to become general—the laborer's penury, however first induced, his fear of losing employment, his distrust of his fellows, generated by previous defeats, affording continually new ground and better leverage for the exertion of the master's force, until the normal result of an extended course of economic pressure to which a laboring population is unable adequately to respond is found in the reduction of that population to the meanest grade of subsistence, corresponding to the lowest grade of industrial efficiency to which a population, thus subsisted, must inevitably come, through the impairment of physical force, the loss of hopefulness, self-respect, and social ambition; perhaps, also, the formation of bad habits and the incurring of disease.

Out of this slough, it is seen, no economic force whatsoever operates to lift a laboring population, the services they are able in such a condition to render being worth their scanty remuneration even less fully than good work would be worth high wages. There are, therefore, no excessive profits, such as Professors Cairnes and Perry assume, to constitute, subsequently, a larger demand for labor; but only a depressed state of industry and a degraded citizenship.

On the above accounts, it is admitted that it is even for the interest, the particular, selfish interest, of the employing class that they should have to do, not with men who have no opinion for themselves as to their rights and interests, thankfully receiving whatever may in the time and place be offered them, but with men who are acute and active in searching out opportunities for their advancement, and bold and persistent

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in following up every clearly discerned industrial advantage. The economists and the general public now fully see, what the workmen for themselves long ago saw, not because they were wiser, but because their deeper concern and intenser interest brought them more directly face to face with the subject—namely, that each man is the proper trustee of his own wages, and that these are most safe when paid into his own hands.

Looking at the larger interests of industrial society, as a whole, it is seen that the self-assertion of the working-class, within due limits and through appropriate agencies, is an important factor in the equitable and beneficent distribution of wealth. It is in the highest degree desirable that competition should be severe, searching, unremitting. This is essential in order that business shall be well done, even but moderately well done. Just so far as competition fails, there will result waste of materials, dissipation of energy, misdirection of effort, ending in a lower and still lower satisfaction of human wants. The socialistic talk of the day, in disparagement of competition, is either mere miserable cant, or else, if sincere, it is the expression of profound ignorance of the conditions which attend man's subjection of nature to his needs.

But if competition is to be the law of trade, if self-interest is to be its predominant force, the members of the employing class must not only press hard upon each other—the harder the better—but they must bear heavily on the laboring class; and the more heavily the better, so long as the latter can withstand and return the pressure. It is here as it is in an engineering work: What is wanted is the largest capability of resistance and reaction. If the engineer finds that his foundation is weak, he cannot get a thoroughly good result. Of course, if his foundation *is* weak, he must accept the situation and reduce the scope of his work accordingly. Likewise, if the laboring-classes prove to be incapable of offering, on their part, a sufficiently firm and rigid resistance to that pressure which the true interests of industry require to be exerted, the fact must be accepted and the best done that can be under the circumstances. The working-classes may be strengthened by protective legislation, of the nature of Factory Acts. They may greatly increase their own power of resistance through combination and associated action. Moreover, the pressure upon them may be mitigated, in some degree, by the conscious self-restraint of the employing class, either out of their own good feeling or from respect to public sentiment.

After all this has been done, industry must, so far as economic agencies are concerned, suffer whatever injuries may be wrought by unequal competition, only relieved or redressed, here or there, sooner or later, in a higher or a lower degree, by moral, social, or political forces entering the field from the outside, or by the favoring accidents of new discoveries in nature or the arts, tending to restore to labor the foothold it has lost.

But while, thus, the working-classes may be braced and supported, by association among themselves, by protective legislation, and by public sentiment, to increase the resistance they would be able individually and alone to offer, and while the pressure that threatens to become destructive to them may, in some degree, be reduced through the causes indicated, all this is not of good, but of evil, in itself considered. It corresponds to the shifts to which the engineer resorts when he discovers that the ground he has to build upon is quicksand—shifts which both increase the cost of the work and reduce its scope and value. The thing most to be desired is that the working-classes shall be so alert, active, and aggressive in pursuing their economic interests, that the full pressure of that competition which is essential to the best conduct of trade and production may be applied to them steadily and unremittingly, without any danger of their sustaining injury therefrom.

This certainly was the case in the early days of the republic; this was the case, without qualification, until a recent date, so great was the mobility of the laboring population, so high their intelligence, so frugal were their habits, so enterprising, alert, and industrially ambi-

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tious was the rising generation, so wide the margin of living afforded by the favorable conditions of a new country—so relatively weak, then, was capital. If this has now ceased to be the case, it is not due mainly either to the fuller settlement of the country or to the large accumulation of capital during the past twenty-five years, but to the introduction of vast numbers of persons not born on our soil or bred under our laws, having lower standards of work and lower social ambitions, with less, at once, of general intelligence and of technical skill, often improvident and not infrequently intemperate in their habits, generally untrained in the responsibilities of civil life, and unaccustomed to the communication of thought upon subjects of general concern. Certainly, if the children and grandchildren of our population of thirty years ago were alone concerned, it would still be true that the working-classes of this country had no occasion to ask favors in production and trade, or to seek to escape the utmost pressure of industrial competition. The workmen of those days were abundantly able to take care of themselves; and the workmen of to-day would be not less so, if they all came out of that patient, watchful, resolute, sagacious, self-mastered strain.

This, I repeat, is the ideal industrial condition, that the body of laborers shall be able to offer an adequate economic resistance to continuous pressure from the employing class, so that no favors need be asked, on the one side, so that there need be no flinching, on the other, in the exaction of all which the most vigorous prosecution of self-interest may require.

I have spoken of the great change which has taken place in economic opinion. Whatever the economist of to-day may have to offer to the working-classes must be said under the disadvantage arising from the fact that a great deal of instruction and advice has been given, in the name of political economy, which we now know to be erroneous. A certain degree of humility and deference will not misbecome us, for a little while, at least. Yet the mistake which the economists of the past generation made casts no reflection upon the learning and ability of their class; does not bring into dispute the importance of the theoretical investigation of the conditions of trade and industry; gives no cause for comparing the student unfavorably with the man of affairs. In this very matter the body of employers were just as far wrong as the economists, and have shown far less readiness to accept a juster view of the situation as it became revealed in a fuller economic light. Nay, in this very matter, while the working-classes of England were right, as against both economists and employers, in their belief that they had much to do with effecting an equitable and beneficial distribution of the product of industry; in holding that their interest would not come to them, but they must go to it; in acting as if their economic fate were, in a large measure, put into their own hands—they have, on their part, often exhibited a disregard of the conditions within which their activity in this regard should be exercised, alike as to occasions taken, means employed, and specific objects sought, which has practically put them quite as far in the wrong as were either economists or employers in denying any economic virtue to the laborer's self-assertion. On the other hand, where a deeper study and a wider experience have shown the body of economists to have been in error once, the whole mass of laymen, employer and employed alike—not less the most eminent men of affairs than the least favored and least influential—have, in a score of cases, been found in the wrong in matters economic. The discomfiture of the economists, in this instance, merely affords an illustration of the need there is that social opinions should be examined on all sides, frequently revised, and held always subject to correction through wider observation and longer experience.

I have intimated the points upon which the economists may have advice to offer to the working-classes: namely, the limits within which their activity in the pursuit of their industrial interests should be confined, the occasions on which they may advantageously take issue with their employers, the agencies they may employ without injury to the general welfare and ultimately to them-

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selves. This is eminently a matter where advice from a purely disinterested source might be useful to either or both parties to a controversy, even though no higher degree of intelligence, no larger range of information, were arrogated. It is, also, eminently a matter in respect to which the study of past experience and a knowledge of current events over the widest possible field afford an important qualification for forming correct opinions and sound judgments.

Yet I confess that I have such confidence in the political sagacity of Americans—using the term political in its largest significance—I appreciate so fully their good sense and good feeling in dealing with matters which involve conflicting rights and interests, their quick intelligence regarding all phases of industrial organization, their disposition to concession and compromise of claims, their satisfaction in the movements of industry, that, were it a question of our native population alone, I, for one, should see little occasion for preaching moderation in labor disputes. I have never known any considerable body of laborers, essentially all Americans,* of their own motion, without instigation and impulse from some organization of which the moving force was an alien one, make and insist upon an altogether unreasonable demand, or proceed to wrongful measures in enforcing even reasonable demands. Will someone point out such an instance if he can? On the contrary, so far as I am advised, except only in the case of a few demagogues who have carried their miserable talents to the best market in undertaking the leadership of bands of foreign laborers, the influence of the American is always thrown, in industrial disputes, upon the side of order, fair-play, and conciliation.

It need not be said that it is not from lack of enterprise in seeking to improve their condition, or from lack of courage to make a long, hard, and bitter fight, when necessity requires, that our own people, industrially as well as politically, are profoundly devoted to peace and thoroughly amenable to reason. The ordinary American is capable of understanding and appreciating almost any consideration relating to the market which his employer may have occasion to adduce. His spirit is that of civility, reciprocity, and fair-play. He intelligently and cordially accepts, in its full economic bearings, the maxim, "Live, and let live." It is not like an American to persist in unreasonable demands, or to use violence and rudeness in overbearing lawful opposition. An American has not pleasure, but pain, in the cessation of production, in loss of time, in motionless machinery.

But the case regarding our national industry has not been allowed to remain as simple as it would have been with a population all born on our soil, trained in our schools, bred under our laws. More, even, than our political situation, has our industrial situation been complicated by the effects of a high protective tariff in the accession of millions of laborers, reared under other institutions and breathing a widely different spirit. To this class of our working population is primarily due, if not due first, last, and altogether, that insolence and savagery† which have of late been imported into the relations between employer and employed, so much to the discredit of the nation, so greatly to the loss of trade and production.

It would be too much to say that here and there individuals or small groups, among our own people, have not become in a degree infected hereby; but it remains an unquestioned fact that at least all the acts of violence which have occurred in these unhappy controversies have been marked by the almost complete, in most instances the altogether complete, absence of men of native stock.

There is no use in mincing matters or picking phrases, on this subject. No feeling of sympathy toward the unfortunate of other lands, no sentiment of hospitality toward those newly come among

* It is a little difficult to define this term. Roundly speaking, I should call any man an American, for the purposes of such a discussion as the present, who was born upon the soil and who is, say, thirty-five or forty years of age. If much younger than that, I should not call him an American, as meaning that he might confidently be expected to exhibit the qualities mentioned in the text, unless, also, he came of native parents.

† I do not mean to say that all of the foreign population, or even a majority of them, are to be charged with this; but I do mean to assert that substantially every manifestation of this kind has come from that source.

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us, requires Americans to permit their own interests to be seriously impaired, much less the peace and order of the community to be endangered by alien elements. Those who enter our ports, from whatever clime, of whatever tongue, with the purpose to obey our laws, respect our traditions, and join harmoniously in building up the fabric of our national industry, become true Americans even before a United States judge has pronounced them citizens. But those who come into the land to trouble it; who create turmoil for no good reason; who agitate and distract society with needless alarms; and who pervert the bountiful privileges of our citizenship by a spirit and by methods which can only find excuse when employed against hereditary privilege and arbitrary power, should be sharply rebuked and sternly repressed.* This issue cannot be too soon made, with all new-comers and all old-comers alike, to the end that the peaceable and well-disposed shall no longer give way to the noisy and turbulent, or submit to be themselves misrepresented, and to have their communities disgraced by acts of violence done in the name of labor.

Greatly as have the forces tending to disturbance increased, under rapidly accelerated immigration, an especial cause for uneasiness and irritation has appeared during the past three years, in the invention of two new and most formidable weapons of industrial warfare—the Boycott, and the confederation of pre-existing trades-unions, and of vast bodies of labor, heretofore unorganized, under the name Knights of Labor. While the first of these agencies is too manifestly unfair and cowardly to be widely adopted here, and has, indeed, already fallen largely into disrepute and disuse, it cannot be gainsaid that the apparent possibilities attending a universal confederation of labor have, for the time, produced among certain portions of our native population an uneasiness, a restlessness, an overstrained expectation of vast advantages to be suddenly realized, which have in a degree alienated their usually sound sense and their highly practical temper; and have rendered them too ready to give credence to false prophets who cry, "Lo, here!" or, "Lo, there!" pointing them to a speedy regeneration of the industrial world.

That disposition toward unreasonable expectations has itself been promoted by the great advances which have recently taken place in the condition of the working-classes—advances which make the present generation stand conspicuously out from the plane on which past generations have rested. This very prosperity, there is cause to believe, has served to excite anticipations far beyond what is reasonable, far beyond what is compatible with industrial peace. While the growing ambition of the masses is a proper subject for congratulation, the interpretation which those who claim especially to speak for the laboring-classes, and, in turn, to instruct them, place upon the economic advantages secured in the past is so far strained as to make it probable that very large bodies of working-men, in different parts of the country, will have to sustain some severe rebuffs, defeats, and losses before they will realize the very close and stringent restrictions which nature has placed upon the remuneration of human efforts. Many of the leaders and "organs" of the Knights of Labor have recently been speaking as if the sole reason for advances which have been made was the fact that demands had been enforced by united action, and as if it would only be necessary for them to persist without faltering in any claim they may choose to make hereafter, in order to win their case. Such ideas will be found as pernicious as they are false. There never has been any improvement in the condition of labor, any real and permanent increase of wages, for which a sound and sufficient reason, of a purely economic character, did not, at the time and in the place, exist. Where the conditions of industry and trade allow concessions to be

*How? Let Chicago answer. But recently that city was both a scandal to the nation and an object of terror to other cities, on account of the domination, there, of brutal, dastardly hordes of law-defying, bomb-throwing anarchists and socialists, the refuse and offscouring of Europe. One year, one election, has intervened. Not only has the whole social face of Chicago changed, but her attitude among the sisterhood of American cities has ceased to be one of humiliation and become one of pride. A judge or two, a sheriff, a prosecuting attorney, and a new mayor, have sufficed to work all this change. If the bloodthirsty ruffians who could find it in their hearts to murder a score of policemen in the discharge of their sworn duty don't know much, they infallibly know when to go into their holes, and they will stay there as long as the city has a mayor chosen by the votes of both parties.

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made, without destroying the employers' interest in production, and without impairing the disposition to accumulate capital, there the active, earnest efforts of the laboring class will unquestionably aid in securing, if, indeed, they are not essential to securing, advantages which, without these, might be lost. But when the conditions of industry and trade do not favor, demands for increase of wages or reduction in the hours of labor, if made under circumstances which compel immediate compliance, will be granted, then and there, only at the cost of the general community, and especially of the working-classes.

The part which laborers are to perform in influencing the distribution of the joint product of land, labor, and capital is not a part in which they are to do whatever is agreeable to themselves, without regard, the most scrupulous, to the rights and interests of others, and without responsibility, the most instant and direct, for all the effects of injudicious or wrongful action. It is just as fully true that there are no industrial rights without corresponding duties, as that there are no political rights without corresponding duties. In the industrial republic, as in the political republic, power comes to the masses accompanied by the gravest responsibilities for its exercise. In the one, as in the other, the abuse or wanton use of power inflicts its heaviest penalties upon the humblest members of the community.

Such and so grave are the responsibilities which attend the efforts of the working-classes to improve their condition. They constitute no reason why such efforts should not be made; but they render imperative the requirement of prudence and moderation. It is here we reach the real labor problem of the time, which is to secure the proper tempering of the rightful and most desirable spirit of self-assertion on the part of the body of laborers, by the wisdom, the self-control, the spirit of fairness, the intelligent appreciation of the conditions of the market, which will restrain them from pursuing their objects by means which are incompatible with industrial peace and with the steady progress of production.

The problem is one, it will appear, which is to be solved wholly by education. It is idle to repine at the trouble and turmoil caused by the growing ambition and self-assertion of the body of laborers, and to wish them back again in the state of dull acquiescence characteristic of a past age. The laboring class will never exert less, but, the rather, more and more influence upon the distribution of wealth. The one hope of society is in the probability that they will increasingly learn, with larger observation and longer experience, to exert that influence with more and still more careful consideration for the interests and rights of others.

Machinery of any kind can do little toward the solution of the problem. Doubtless boards of arbitration and conciliation, the establishment of certain rules of procedure, agreements covering definite periods of time, may aid somewhat in averting causes of dispute or in adjusting disputes when they arise; but if we have these alone to look to, strife will be the rule rather than the exception. The evil must be dealt with further back: back beyond the outbreak of industrial warfare; back, even, beyond the appearance of the issues out of which such warfare springs. It will not be until the working-classes not only learn not to press unreasonable demands by arbitrary means, but come for themselves earnestly to desire not to make such demands, that the labor problem of the age will be solved. The task is then almost, if not altogether, one of education—of education in the duties of citizenship, in ethics, in economics. I believe it would be just as practicable to bring the masses of the American people up to the point where they would, for themselves, among themselves, make it shame to treat employers unfairly and insolently, as we know it is to create such a sentiment throughout the community that even the idlers on the streets shall interfere to save a child from being bullied, or to punish the ruffian who insults a woman. Whether, with the very large admixture of persons not born on our soil, bred under our laws, or trained in our schools; many of them reared under institutions of pure force; few of them with the political sense developed

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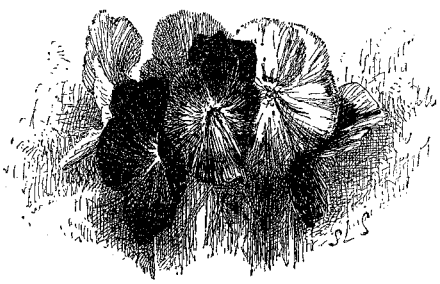
by early and long participation in public affairs; most of them with far less of the instincts of civility, reciprocity, and fair-play than pertain to our native population—whether, under these conditions, the same high results can be attained and maintained will depend much upon the fulness and the freedom with which the body of laborers shall assert themselves against those who enter our land to trouble it. This is not a case where the better elements of society have no means of redress or self-defence. It will not be necessary to change the prescriptions or the presumptions of the law. It will only be needful that public sentiment shall be aroused on the subject; that the body of fair-minded and well-disposed laborers shall realize that the wanton and reckless attacks upon production and transportation which have characterized the past two years, in especial, are done to their loss and hurt. Given only this, we shall have no more instances of tens of thousands of workmen dragged by force or threats into contests in which they have no concern, and which their own judgment and temper render distasteful; no more instances of violent hands laid on the throat of the social organism, in attempts to stop the course of production and to wreck the machinery of transportation; no more instances of large districts forcibly deprived of the necessaries of life, of the commerce of a nation laid under a lawless embargo, of great cities threatened with darkness, riot, and pillage.



AN OLD LESSON FROM THE FIELDS.

By A. Lampman.

Even as I watched the daylight how it sped
From noon till eve, and saw the light wind pass
In long pale waves across the flashing grass,
And heard through all my dreams, wherever led,
The thin cicada singing overhead,
I felt what joyance all this nature has,
And saw myself made clear as in a glass—
How that my life was for the most part dead.

O light, I cried, and heaven with all your blue,
O earth, with all your sunny fruitfulness,
And ye tall lilies of the wind-vexed field,
What power and beauty life indeed might yield,
Could we but cast away its conscious stress,
Simple of heart, becoming even as you.

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A COMPLETE MISUNDERSTANDING.

By Margaret Crosby.

I.

It was a rainy day in September.

On a narrow road, flanked by tall pine-trees, in a remote part of New England, four horses dragged a lumbering stage-coach up a steep hill. On the seat beside the driver sat an old man, dressed in a baggy overcoat and a battered felt hat. He had no umbrella, and his indifference to the weather was to be inferred from the fact that he chose an outside seat in preference to the many empty ones inside the stage. He was talking to the driver with the sustained monotony of one who is secure from interruption.

"Well, as I was sayin'," he said, "Deacon Bliss, he says to me, you got to cut *Memento mori* on them gate-posts, and that's all there is about it. You can cut your own name somewhere, with *Builder* under it, too, if you want to; but it stands to reason that *Memento mori* oughter go on the gate of a buryin'-ground." He paused a moment, and then continued, with a latent twinkle in his faded, kindly eyes: "I *did* cut *Memento mori* on one of them gate-posts, and I cut Hezekiah Sanford in letters the same size on the other, so there's my monument fur all time, fur that wall ain't ever comin' down, and Deacon Bliss couldn't say a word. The next day as I was goin' down——"

At this juncture the driver's lips parted and emitted a short, sharp laugh. This tribute to his shrewdness was so unexpected that the old man paused and turned to him with a furtive look of questioning.

"You've got to the stone wall too soon, Squire Sanford; we ain't past Three-mile Corner, and you won't have enough to last till you get home," said the driver. The old man relapsed into an offended silence. After a moment's pause the driver said, with a jerk of his thumb toward the inside of the stage:

"Who are the folks yer goin' ter have to yer house, Squire?"

The old man turned over in his mind the feasibility of showing the annoyance that he felt at the interruption of his story; but on the consideration that Sam Hunter was too good a listener to be lost, he answered—

"One of 'em's Colonel Brennan, and the other's his brother. The young one's pretty sick—consumption, or somethin' like it, I reckon, and the colonel's bringin' him here fur change of air. As I says to the colonel, this air will cure him if anythin' will. Why, my brother James's wife—I'll tell you about her, Sam?"

Hunter smiled grimly. "That story'll last till you get home," he declared.

The two inside passengers were not even occupying themselves by talking to each other, but were equally silent.

One was a man about forty years old, tall, and strongly built. He sat somewhat stiffly forward on the edge of the seat, his attitude and expression statuesquely quiet. There was much that inspired confidence in the direct simplicity of his glance, shaded by a slouched felt hat, and something martial in the unconscious erectness of his bearing.

Beside him sat, or half-lay, a young man, enveloped to the throat in a heavy, loose ulster of yellowish cloth. The blonde effect of his fair hair and slight mustache was heightened by his excessive pallor. His eyes were closed, and his dark lashes alone saved his face from being absolutely colorless. The clearly cut features were handsome, and the whole face was characterized by extreme sensitiveness. His long, white hands—the hands of an invalid—rested listlessly on the leaves of a sketch-book that lay on his knees. Over the shoulder nearest the open window was thrown a heavy travelling-rug, which, constantly displaced by the jolting of the stage, slipped to the floor. Each time that it did so the older man leaned across, and lifting the rug, rearranged it with awkward tenderness. A muttered "Thank you!" was the only audible notice that

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his action received, but the youth's level brows met each time in a quick frown of irritation. At length when this had occurred several times he opened his eyes.

"That will do, Dick. I'm very much obliged, but I'm quite warm enough without it. How much longer are we to be in this hideous machine?"

"Just beyond the top of the hill, I think," was the answer, spoken in a strong, unmodulated voice. Then, as if glad to avail himself of the opportunity to speak, he asked, anxiously: "How do you feel now, Julian? Any better than when we started? It's a poor day, but the air's far more bracing than that close city." He inhaled a long breath of the fragrant piney air. "I couldn't have breathed in that place another day. No wonder you're sick. I tell you, Julian, a week on the plains would make a different fellow of you! Even this place we're going to will do you good."

"I suppose so."

"I'm sure of it, my boy. You've spent too much time in that studio; you haven't lived an active life. A few weeks here will set you up, and then we'll try camping out. It'll be just the thing for that cough of yours. Nothing like sleeping in the open air for curing a cold."

The young man shivered uneasily.

"Can't I do anything to make you more comfortable?" continued the older man. There was only a shake of the head in reply. "Then I think I'll go on top for awhile, and perhaps you'll get some sleep."

He leaned out of the window; the summit of the hill had been reached and the thinning of the pine-trees showed the rolling country, with wooded hills, glorious with the autumn tints of gold and dun and flaming crimson. The rain had stopped falling, and the dull gray of the sky was broken by patches of deep blue. Before there was time to hail the driver the stage stopped at the gate of a farm-house which stood some ten yards back from the road. It was one of those long, low houses which do not seem to be built on the ground, but to grow out of it, clinging lovingly as close as possible to the earth. Two large elms overshadowed it, and to the right there was an apple-orchard, with a distant view beyond of meadow and woodland, and the silver gleam of a large sheet of water. Close to the house, on the other side, were straggling barns and outhouses.

The two men clambered down from their high seats. Hunter went to the back of the stage and began silently lifting down the luggage; Sanford walked up the irregular flag-stones, which lay on the grass in front of the house, forming a path to the door, while Colonel Brennan opened the door of the stage.

"Julian," he said, "here we are, my boy!" The young man lay with his eyes closed, but when his brother spoke he opened them with a dazed expression. He got out, but staggered slightly as he tried to walk up the path. His brother supported him, and as they reached the door Sanford came out, followed by an old woman, dressed in a dark calico gown and short white jacket. She led the way to a room on the right of a little hall, talking rapidly all the time.

"Oh—now—jest to think of my not bein' ready for you! Why, I didn't s'pose the stage 'ud be along for a half-hour yet! But I know you'll excuse my jacket. Now the young man *does* look sick, don't he? But you see if this ain't the best place——"

Her flow of words was interrupted by an exclamation from Colonel Brennan.

"Julian! what's the matter!"

The dazed look in the youth's eyes deepened, his pallor became deathly, and swaying slightly for an instant he toppled over on the floor in a dead faint.

Mrs. Sanford contemplated him for a moment, in silent amazement.

"Oh, the awful! the dreadful! what under the canopy!" she gasped; then throwing her apron over her face she rushed from the room, calling:

"Winifred Amanda Sanford—do you come down-stairs this minute! The young gentleman's layin' dead on the floor, and I'm sure I dunno what to do!"

Colonel Brennan knelt down by Julian and supported his head, his eyes fixed on the white face in an agony of apprehension.

"Go and get some water," he said to Sanford; "be quick about it!"

There was a sound of hasty footsteps on the stairs, the rustle of a dress, and a

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tall young woman entered the door. She carried a glass of water in her hand, and crossing the room knelt down by the young man and began to bathe his forehead with a handkerchief which she dipped into the water.

"Fan him, please!" she said to Colonel Brennan; "there's a fan on the mantle-shelf."

During fifteen years of a rough Western life Colonel Brennan had been almost unconscious of the personality of the few women he had come in contact with; yet at this moment there pierced through his anxiety a sense of the extreme composure of her manner. He obeyed blindly.

It seemed a long time before Julian's eyes opened. When they did, he scarcely knew where he was. Bending over him he saw a beautiful face—calm—serene—pitying. No; "goddesses do not pity," he vaguely thought. "Where am I?" The face hovered a moment before his wavering eyes, and then melted away.

"Julian!" said his brother's voice, pleadingly. "Look here, my dear fellow, how do you feel? Are you better?"

The familiar tone broke through the net-work of dreams in which he seemed to float. With the full tide of returning consciousness came a feeling of impatience at his weakness; he raised himself to a sitting position..

"Why, yes," he said, "I'm all right. That's very odd, that sensation. I never had it before."

He attempted to rise, and with Colonel Brennan's assistance stood on his feet.

"I think I'll sit down," he said; "I'm rather dizzy yet." He dropped into a chair that stood near him, and looked around, as if more fully to take in his surroundings.

It was a small room with a low ceiling; two sides were of wood painted dark red, as was the high mantle and open fireplace. Above the mantle were little cupboards with brass knobs on the doors, that reminded one curiously of the lockers in the cabin of a ship. A brilliantly flowered paper covered the two remaining sides of the room. The furniture was of the most antique pattern, and extremely shabby. Fiddle-backed chairs, and long, uncomfortable wooden settees were arranged against the walls. The only modern things in the room were a new, shining melodeon and a large rocking-chair, covered with black haircloth. Near the door stood Sanford and his wife. The old woman came forward with an air of mingled fright and importance.

"Well," she said, "that's too bad. For the land's sake! I was real scared when you went off like that. Don't you think he'd best go to his room and rest a bit, and I'll send his supper up to him? There, now, if I didn't forget about them cakes!" she exclaimed. "Where's Winifred, Mr. Sanford? She'll take you up to your rooms, and I know you'll jest excuse me!" She left the room hurriedly, as she spoke, followed by her husband.

Julian turned to Colonel Brennan with a slightly puzzled air.

"Wasn't there—*was* there someone else here a minute ago?" he asked.

Before his brother could reply Sanford returned with his daughter. She stood in the doorway speaking to her father a moment, apparently unconscious of the intent scrutiny that Julian was giving her. She was unusually tall, and there was a generous sweep in the lines of her figure. The setting of her head and throat on her shoulders was fairly majestic, and her soft dark hair wound around the arched head, and growing low on her forehead, contrasted with her gray eyes and the fair bloom of her skin. She might have been, in spite of the flower-like freshness of her beauty, twenty-eight or thirty; there was nothing of the young girl about her.

"I guess you'd better go up and rest," said Sanford, kindly. "I'm glad you're all square again. Winifred—this is my daughter Winifred—she'll show ye up-stairs."

Winifred led the way, and Colonel Brennan followed, supporting Julian. The stairs were not wide enough for two people abreast, and the colonel fell behind. At the top of the stairs Julian wavered, and would have fallen again had it not been for the young woman, who turned quickly and threw her strong arm around him. His brother was at his other side in an instant, and together they helped him to his

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room, and settled him in a large arm-chair.

"Thank you!" he said, warmly, to Winifred. "I should have fallen if it had not been for you."

She did not notice his speech. "I'm going down to get something for you to eat," she said, calmly. Her voice was clear and low. "Mother'll bring it up in a minute. Tea's ready, if Colonel Brennan will come down."

She drew down the blind of a window where the sun shone in on Julian's face, and then turned to go, but at the door she stopped, and with her head raised with stag-like erectness, swept a barely imperceptible courtesy and left the room.

Julian's eyes flashed as he looked after her. "Go down, Dick," he said; "I'll do very well here. It may be imagination, but I seem to feel better already!" There was a spark of animation in his manner as he said the words.

He took his pencil and sketch-book from his pocket, and began to draw rapidly.

From the stairs came the sound of stamping and gasping, and the old farmer made his appearance in the doorway, staggering under the weight of a heavy gun-case.

"Where's this to go, colonel? In your room on t'other side of the passage? What have you got in here anyhow, that's so mighty hefty?"

"Hold on!" called the colonel, "I'll help you with those things, Sanford. Julian, I'll be back after awhile." He followed Sanford, and Julian still bent over his sketch in entire absorption, when he was roused by a voice at his elbow.

"Now, sir, jest take a bite and see how much better you'll feel."

Mrs. Sanford stood before him, with a large tray, on which was a medley of eatables—coffee and boiled fish, a pumpkin-pie and a dish of green pickles. There was something in the scent of the coffee and the home-like aspect of the blue-and-white cracked china that pleased and tempted Julian. "Why, Mrs. Sanford," he said, "that looks uncommonly good."

"Now you begin and eat that. You better try them pickles. Winifred made 'em, and she's a powerful hand at pickles. I do hope you'll like everything; it's the first time we ever took boarders, but we tried to fix things nice." She set the tray on the table, and in doing so her eyes fell on the sketch. She snatched it from Julian with the same abruptness that characterized all her actions. "Child of grace! if that ain't Winifred!" Something in the idea seemed to touch her sense of humor. She laughed immoderately, holding it at arm's length at first, and then putting on her spectacles to examine it more closely. "Now ain't it nice to draw like that; she *is* pretty as a picter, if I *do* say it." She spoke in a tone of rambling meditativeness. "Folks says it's strange she ain't married; but, lor', she won't look at the young men 'round here. I dunno why, but its funny when there ain't one of them but has asked her—and she so pretty!"

Julian held out his hand for the sketch, coloring slightly as he did so. "You don't know what her beauty is," he murmured under his breath.

The old woman did not catch the words, but the tone reached her ear. The foolish vacancy of her expression changed to a keen look of curiosity for the space of a second.

"Well, I know folks do take on about her, and her pa sets an awful store by her."

"Mrs. Sanford," said Sanford, from the door, depositing Julian's trunk in the room, "supper's ready, and s'pose you come down." He was in his shirt-sleeves, and spoke with some irritation of manner. "Where did you put my duster?" he continued, with a warning look.

His wife looked deprecatingly at him.

"Oh, Mr. Sanford, I jest hung it up in the store-closet. I thought, perhaps, you'd be agreeable to tryin' your black coat for a spell in the house, now we got company."

"No, I won't, Mrs. Sanford; what would I have to wear to funerals, I'd like to know? No; you get my duster—lively now! and don't you go fur to hang it up in that store-closet of your's again."

They went down the hall, Sanford expostulating and his wife apologizing, until their voices died away in the distance.

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The sunlight faded in the room where Julian sat. He had finished his supper, and as the twilight grew he continued to touch up the little sketch of the haunting face he had just seen, adding lines and shadows until the likeness, which had been striking at first, was entirely destroyed. He tore the leaf out of the book, and crushed it impatiently in his hand. "There's no use trying to draw such a face," he thought, "when one has only seen it once. What lines in her head and brow? How do such people happen to have a daughter looking like a goddess? How quiet and calm she was! It's scarcely human. I couldn't tell whether she was sorry for me, or only quietly contemptuous at my weakness." The evening wind blew in at the window chillingly; with the sun's departure all warmth had gone from the air. Julian went to the window and drew it down. The room wore an air of dreary melancholy. The old four-post bed, with its white curtains, loomed strangely in the dim, gray light. At the side of the room the opening of the black-painted fireplace yawned like a cavern. Some dead leaves on the hearth executed a fantastic dance as the wind swept up and down the chimney. Before the windows the branches of the trees waved incessantly. The damp air seemed to strike into the young man's breast, and his cough echoed with a hollow sound. "Why did I come here?" he thought, half-hopelessly.

On the threshold of this chill and gloom there appeared a sudden vision. In the doorway stood Winifred Sanford, holding above her head a lighted candle; the downward light illuminated her face and figure, deepening and shadowing her eyes, tinging the bloom of her cheeks, outlining the calm curve of her lips. In her other hand she carried a basket of kindling-wood.

"May I come in?" she asked, with a slight smile. "Mother thought it was getting colder out of doors, and you might like a fire."

Brennan started to his feet.

"Oh! thank you, you're very good," he stammered, confusedly; "I won't trouble you; let me do it?"

She only looked at him in surprise.

"I always make the fires," she answered quietly, "and as you're sick you'd better keep quiet and rest."

Something in her manner silenced Brennan. Half-unconsciously, partly from exhaustion, he sank back in his chair and watched her as she knelt on the hearth, and, setting the basket beside her, rapidly laid the kindling under the logs that rested on the andirons. She touched the shavings with the candle and the blaze leapt up the chimney, flashing into the darkest corners of the room. The warm glow seemed to draw out the rich womanliness of the kneeling figure, and to humanize Brennan's dreary thoughts.

"I beg your pardon," he said abruptly, "but will you let me paint your portrait some day?"

For the first time her composure varied. A deeper color came into her face, and she turned her head slowly toward him with an upward glance, in which there was the faintest semblance of coquetry.

"Yes, if you want."

"Has anyone ever painted you?" he asked eagerly.

"There never has been anyone to do it," she answered.

"Then I shall be the first." The thought seemed to give the young fellow deep pleasure. "Have you always lived here?"

"Yes, always, except when I ran away to the convent."

"Ran away," he repeated, "why did you do it?"

"I couldn't stay here always, and I never see anything."

"But what did you go for—not to be a nun?" he hazarded.

"No," she said, smiling a little. "To study; to get away from here. I was tired of it. I had a friend there, and she got me in; but father came and took me away when I'd been there three months. It was a good while ago, and I haven't been away since;" she paused a minute, "we're poor," she added, simply.

She stood up and leaned against the mantle, looking down at the young man. The firelight flickered on her face and on her violet print dress, tinging it with pink reflections. The folds of the soft

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material fell with the simplicity of sculpture. As if pleased with the rapt observation of the young man she stood motionless for a few minutes, and then walked toward the door, saying—

"I think I'll go now. You'd better go to bed, Mr. Brennan. It's easy to see that you're tired out." There was a note of protecting kindness in the sweet voice.

Again the little courtesy, and the vision had disappeared.

Brennan was alone once more, but the room was changed. There was the ruddy firelight, the snapping, crackling pine logs, the warm, scented air, and whether his eyes were open or closed the mysterious beauty they had first beheld floated before them. When his brother looked in on him, an hour later, he found him already in bed and asleep, and although he coughed at frequent intervals, he still slept, with a boyish smile on his face.

II.

Two weeks later, on an afternoon when there was a midsummer softness in the atmosphere, old Sanford sat on the bench on one side of the wide porch of the farm-house. He was busily engaged in whittling a piece of wood with a large jack-knife, talking steadily as he whittled. Colonel Brennan sat opposite to him, listening with grave attention. His heated face and muddy clothes, as well as the gun that leaned against the seat beside him, showed that he had just come in from a shooting-expedition.

"Yes," said Sanford, "I've wrote some sharp political satires in my day, and them also in poetry. That's something that comes by natur' and birth, and can't be trained into a man. I'll lend 'em to yer some day, colonel, or—" here his face became more animated, "I'll recite 'em to yer if you like. There's the battle of Bunker Hill, one of my historical poems. It was read at the town-hall, at Granfield, last Independence Day, I do solemnly assure you, colonel. It begins—

> "'A tear stood on the mother's brow,
> As from the wall young Henry Dow
> The war-tube lifted down.'

I could say it all, but p'raps you'd as lief read it. You kin judge of it better that way."

"Perhaps I can," the colonel answered, courteously.

"Then I've wrote also poems of natur'. Natur's an inspirin' subject. Jest take a day like this—" He took off his hat and let the air blow his gray locks off his withered forehead. "There's something so pure and holy in the hull look of everythin' to-day that it's like goin' into a church jest to go out into the fields. Mrs. Sanford, now," here his eyes twinkled humorously, "ain't much on natur'. She looked out this mornin', and says she, 'It's a fine mornin' for bakin',' and then she went in-doors and she's be'n bakin' all day!"

The colonel's attention seemed to be wandering. His eyes were fixed on the orchard, where, through the green branches, in the distance, could be seen the gleam of a woman's dress and the outline of a man's figure. The occasional sound of voices was borne toward them by the breeze.

Sanford noticed the look.

"You needn't fret about that brother of yours, colonel," he said; "he's all right. Winifred's out there, and he's paintin' her. That's the idea he took into his head. She's a sensible girl, a mighty sensible girl, and she'll take as good care of him as if he was her brother. How old is the boy?"

Colonel Brennan made a calculation.

"Twenty-two," he said. "I didn't think he was as old," he added, half to himself.

"Well," continued Sanford, "Winifred's a good seven year older than he is, and she's as well calc'lated to take care of other folks as she is to take care of herself. None of the fellows round here's been able to take her off her own hands yet, and I must say I ain't sorry, fur she's the light of my eyes." He paused for a moment and then added: "Yer brother's pretty sick, I reckon." Colonel Brennan's eyes wandered toward the orchard again with a pained expression. "Still," concluded Sanford, rising and kicking off the porch the little pile of shavings that had collected at his feet, "if this weather holds he'll get better."

He sauntered away toward the barn, still whittling as he went.

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Colonel Brennan sat motionless, thinking deeply. His thoughts ran monotonously in a circle, always coming back to the same point. What was to be done for Julian? For the last few days he had certainly seemed to be better; but before—he shuddered as he remembered a week of constant rain and cold weather, when Julian's cough had increased as his strength had diminished, and when he had looked imploringly at his brother, as if beseeching a rescue from the death that seemed so near. There was a painful realization that all his care and tenderness had been inadequate to his brother's needs. Winifred Sanford alone had the power to help and influence him, and Colonel Brennan had come to depend upon her entirely where Julian was concerned. She had gradually given up all her time to the young fellow, treating him with the authoritative kindness of an older sister, which he accepted with an alternation of the petulance of an invalid and a sort of veiled adoration which no one was aware of but Winifred herself, although she betokened no consciousness of it.

Colonel Brennan's attitude toward her was curiously characteristic. He felt the warmest gratitude for her kindness to his brother, and a profound respect for what seemed to him the marvellous tact and knowledge shown in her care of him. Her beauty he barely noticed. The whole personality of the only woman he had ever loved, the young wife he had lost years before, had been so different, that, with his single-hearted devotion to her memory, admiration for a style so unlike was impossible. He was ill at ease with all women, but less so with this one, who swept the rooms in the morning with her sleeves rolled up, showing her strong white arms, handling the broom with a dexterity that compelled his admiration, even though her less practical charms did not. His heart sank when he thought that the time would soon come when he and Julian would be alone. The physician's orders were to return to New York in a month from the time of their leaving there. If Julian were no better on his return, Florida was to be tried as a last resource. "If we could only take Winifred Sanford with us," thought the colonel despairingly; "but that would be impossible." Some novel idea made the blood slowly mount to his bronzed face. Marriage would make such a thing possible? "Never!" he said aloud, almost fiercely. The next thought, following the first like lightning, was—What sacrifice would he not make for Julian? He started to his feet abruptly, and, taking his gun, followed in Sanford's footsteps to the barn.

In the orchard the still softness of the day seemed to be concentrated. Not a leaf on the gnarled branches of the apple-trees stirred a hair's-breadth. On the rough grass the great red and yellow apples lay untouched. Under one of the largest trees Julian Brennan was seated before his easel, painting intently, now and then speaking to Winifred Sanford who stood before him. He had posed her by a low-sweeping branch, one arm stretched out, the hand grasping the bough. Her head was slightly raised in her customary majestic poise, and her eyes looked far away over the valley. The sun was low and flickered through the rusty-brown leaves and on her pink dress. One side of her face was shadowed by the leaves of the tree, but the other was bathed in the full sunlight. This light, which glorified her radiant health, only served to accentuate the wasting haggardness of the young man. He had grown perceptibly thinner in the last two weeks, but his face wore a look of deep content.

"You see that Dick and I have always lived apart," Julian was saying. "Why, I scarcely know him! When I was a little chap, two or three years old, he lost his wife. He was awfully cut up by it, and is still, I believe. He went into the army, and after the war, to the West, and only came back a few months ago, when he heard I was ill. He's very good to me, but we haven't much in common; he doesn't know the difference between an oil-painting and a chromo, and I don't know a gun from a rifle! I believe he almost suffocated in my studio, and I suppose a week of his ranch life would kill me. Since my father and mother died I have had rather a lonely life, but I have always had my painting—it's been everything to me."

"And you were poor, too?" said Winifred, interrogatively.

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"Oh, as far as money is concerned I have always had enough of that; but that doesn't make a fellow happy. It's useful; it's a means to an end; but I have sometimes wished that I had worked hard all my life, as Dick has; I would have a right to loaf then."

He looked up from his easel as he spoke. At the commencement of his last speech a singularly beaming expression came into Winifred's face, transfiguring it out of its usual calmness. It still lingered as he looked at her.

"Keep that expression!" he cried, ecstatically. "Raise your arm a little. Stop, I'll show you." He went to her, and placed her arm in the position he desired, touching it reverentially. He went back to his easel and for a minute painted in silence. Then he went on in a lower tone than before.

"The truth is, since I've been here I've been happier than I ever have been before; you are so good to me—you are so—" He paused and drew in his breath with a long inspiration, looking at her almost anxiously. She dropped her eyes so that her dark lashes rested on her cheeks, and then raised them, meeting his imploring ones composedly.

"I'm very glad," she said, graciously. "I like to be good to you." She said no more, but stood passively while he went on painting.

This superb creature's charm did not lie in conversation; it was in her beauty, the tone of her caressing voice when she did speak, and the perfect grace and harmony of every action. Whether she was sweeping and dusting the room, carrying pails of water with Lucinda, the "help," from the pump to the house, or only standing still, every line and curve was faultless and rested the eye and spirit of the beholder. She had a certain holy, Madonna-like purity and calm which was entirely exterior, a natural, physical gift, that had no connection with the inward workings of her mind. That and her character were equally commonplace. Although moderately capable and practical, she possessed but two remarkable attributes—the power of concealing her motives and a perfect appreciation of the value of her beauty. She was keenly aware that this had not brought her the change in her life that she had obstinately determined upon. There was but one road for success, marriage—not with one of her class, but a gentleman. Poverty in any rank of life she secretly despised. It was to be all or nothing for her.

The sun sank lower until it touched the horizon. The air began to grow cooler.

"Mr. Brennan," said Winifred, "it's growing late—you'd better come in now."

The youth leaned back wearily. All the enthusiasm had died out of his manner.

"Yes," he said, languidly, "I might as well. I've got that confounded pain in my chest again." He scrutinized first his picture, then Winifred. "It's no use trying to paint you! I want Tyrian dye to mix with black for your hair, and the transparency of that sky for your skin." He flamed up again with these words.

Winifred gathered up the easel and painting-materials, and stood waiting for Julian to move. He got up slowly.

"Just walk to the edge of the bank with me first," he said; "there's going to be a sunset!"

Winifred walked slowly to the outside of the orchard. Julian watched her with a dawning surprise in his face.

"Aren't you going to give me your arm?" he said, boyishly. "I'm not so uncommonly strong all at once."

She came back to him and he took her arm, leaning on it as they walked slowly away. The contact with her strong, fresh vitality seemed to give him strength, for he walked more steadily. When they reached the rapidly sloping ground they paused. The valley was bathed in a golden haze, as if the sun were shining through an atmosphere of powdered gold-dust. The lake lay like a plate of burnished brass. While they waited the sun sank out of sight, and the brilliancy faded from the landscape. At the horizon was the immeasurable golden distance that remains when the sun sets in a clear sky.

"Look!" cried Julian, pointing to it. "Was there ever anything so beautiful?" The excitable young fellow was on fire for the moment. "Ruskin calls it the type of infinity. There isn't a doubt but that the sky, day and night, shuts us

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in, like a great 'inverted bowl.' One can even see the end of the ocean where it meets the horizon, but that light goes on and on. It's like seeing all the way through space!"

Winifred understood not a word of this—therefore remained silent. Julian looked at her, but she turned away with seeming shyness. For the first time since he had known her, her manner lost its air of confident protection.

"I think we might as well go back to the house," she said. "I heard mother calling me just now." Her shyness communicated itself to Julian. He still leaned on her arm as they walked back to the house, but did not speak to her.

"How good you are to me," he said, suddenly. "What should I have done without you these weeks? I suppose you despise a fellow who is such a broken-down wreck as I am?" He watched her narrowly as he spoke.

"I don't see why that should make any difference," she answered. "You are as much of a man, even if you are not strong."

Something in her words seemed to give him the deepest pleasure.

"Thank you!" he said, with proud gratitude, "I sha'n't forget those words."

"When are you going away from here?" she asked, irrelevantly.

"I—I don't know exactly," he stammered, his face falling. "I believe that Dick is under orders to take me off in two weeks. You don't want me to go, I hope," he added, with an uneasy laugh.

"No," she replied, simply. "Winter's coming on, and it's lonely here then."

His face flushed deeply.

"Would you, could you, imagine such a thing—" he began impetuously. The words died on his lips as Colonel Brennan came rapidly toward them from the house.

"Why, Julian!" he exclaimed, "do you mean to say you're only coming in now?" He came to the side where Winifred was not, and drew Julian's arm affectionately through his. "Ought you to let the boy stay out so late, Miss Sanford?" He addressed her with respectful deference. Julian looked from Winifred to his brother.

"How well you two people take care of me," he said.

The words chimed in with Colonel Brennan's thoughts and gave them a fresh impulse in the direction which they had taken.

"You think so, do you, my boy," he replied, gently.

III.

It was evening in the little parlor of the farm-house. A kerosene-lamp gave its unequivocal light from the high mantle where it stood. The brass knobs of the red-painted cupboards and the flashes of the gorgeous wall-paper shone brightly in its light. There was another lamp on the table where Colonel Brennan and Sanford sat, with a checker-board between them. Sanford, clad as usual in a crumpled linen duster, was engrossed in the game. He considered profoundly before each move. If his play was successful, he would cast a triumphant look at Colonel Brennan; if it was not, he drew in his breath, rubbed his head, and frowned.

Colonel Brennan played seriously, but absently, with the air of a man whose mind was occupied with other thoughts.

In a corner sat Mrs. Sanford, regarding them with vacant admiration. As Winifred came into the room by a side-door, a moment later, her mother turned toward her, and, pointing to the players, said in a loud whisper, "Now, *ain't* they a picter? The young man's gone to bed, and he said he didn't want no beef-tea, so you can go up as soon as you want, Winifred."

Her daughter did not reply, but seated herself by the fireplace, looking meditatively at Colonel Brennan. Suddenly her father struck the table sharply with his fist.

"There now, colonel, I've got you!" He swept Colonel Brennan's last two men from the board with an air of triumph. "And 'twas as much of a miracle as one of them in Scripture, for I had the odds all against me."

"'Sh, now, Mr. Sanford," interposed his wife, reprovingly.

"Yes, it was; for I couldn't explain how I did it," he answered, argumentatively. "Now, every one of them miracles in Scripture can be explained on

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scientific grounds. I've explained some myself. Look at Elijah, going up in the fiery chariot—'tweren't nothing but a fire balloon!"

"Mr. Sanford, I'm going to bed. Air you comin'?" said his wife, conclusively.

"Well, I'm thinkin' some of it now," he replied, humorously.

As they stumbled through the dark hall, Mrs. Sanford remarked, abruptly:

"I declare to goodness, ef I don't think Winifred Sanford could have that man ef she wanted to, and yet she's takin' up with the young one. It passes belief what she wants, but she always *was* queer."

Sanford was behind her, and only caught her daughter's name.

"What's that about Winifred?" he asked.

"Nothin', Mr. Sanford, I was just speculatin' on the queerness of some folks."

After their departure Colonel Brennan walked to the mantle and leaned against it, gravely regarding Winifred. He had given this young woman, of late, a great deal of silent, serious observation.

"How do you think the boy is, Miss Sanford?" he began, awkwardly.

He usually spoke of his brother in this way. It was part of his unconscious feeling for what seemed to him Julian's extreme youth.

"I think he is better."

"You are very kind to him."

She dropped her eyes slightly. "Oh! it is a pleasure."

"I really think that you have an influence over him that no one else has." He seemed to battle with his embarrassment. "I know no one to whom I am under such obligations as I am to you, Miss Sanford, or for whom I feel a deeper respect. I—I have never had a woman for a friend. Living a rough, hard-working Western life, I have been cut off from women's society; but I should like, with your permission, to consider you my friend"—these words were uttered with a direct sincerity that took the edge off his shyness—"that we might"—he paused for an instant, as if seeking the right words in which to express himself—"that we might act in concert, as it were."

A woman of the world might have been puzzled to know exactly what to reply to such a speech; but Winifred's power of divination and her experience were both meagre enough to give her no difficulty in answering. She always knew enough not to commit herself unless she chose to do it, and the object was very plain. Her lips parted in their exquisite smile.

"Why, yes; I'll be your friend, of course."

These words seemed to satisfy Colonel Brennan. Winifred moved toward the door, but stopped before going out.

"Your brother's cough is better, but he's very weak," she said.

Colonel Brennan paled a little under his tanned skin.

"Then you see that, too? He *must* get stronger—I'd give my life to save the boy." He spoke with fervent energy.

The young woman received this with one of her sympathetic silences, which might be construed as one pleased. The next moment she was gone.

IV.

JULIAN'S portrait of Winifred Sanford was finished. He felt it to be the best thing he had ever done, and yet he did not care to have any one see it just yet; an inexplicable feeling, even to himself. His brother had gone out shooting that afternoon, and had not yet returned, which furthered him in the indulgence of this fancy. He carried it to his room, and, leaving it there, turned the key in the door, and put it in his pocket. This unusual exertion told on him; but the sunny warmth of the day drew him into the open air. He walked slowly and feebly across the orchard to a quiet meadow where the hay-stacks still stood, drying for the winter. Throwing himself on the loosened hay at the bottom of one of the largest stacks, he lay watching the little clouds that drifted across the sky. A sort of rapture of content possessed him. With his thoughts of the future the thought of Winifred Sanford was inextricably mingled. It seemed as natural to love her as to breathe. She was as necessary to him as the air he lived in. The

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difference in their ages caused him no uneasiness. It was something he had never realized. He thought vaguely that his brother would be surprised when he knew all that he hoped; but with all Colonel Brennan's unconsciousness of her beauty and charm, and his romantic devotion to his first love, Julian thought that he must feel what seemed to him Winifred's perfection, and that his happiness would be a happiness to his brother.

As he lay there he became aware of a presence near by. Winifred Sanford moved slowly across the grass toward him, and stood looking down at him.

He tried to get up, but she motioned him to keep his position, and sat down beside him, leaning against the haystack. He raised himself on his elbow and watched her in that position. She wore a large straw hat, tied down with a pale flowered ribbon. There was less of majesty and more of yielding tenderness in her beauty than usual.

"What did you do with my picture?" she asked; "mother wants to see it."

"Not yet," he answered, pleadingly. "In a day or so I will."

"You paint very well," she said.

"It's the best thing I've ever done. It isn't any wonder—you've inspired me. I've planned a dozen pictures since I've lain here. You will see how my pictures will sell now."

She regarded him seriously with her shadowy eyes.

"Why do you sell your pictures when you are rich?" she asked.

A slight shadow crossed Julian's face.

"I wonder what put that into your head? I have hardly a cent in the world beyond what Dick gives me. Dick has all the money; he's made no end of money in the West, and although he's been very generous to me I can't expect to live on him always. It's quite possible that some day he might want to marry again. I have my profession; I shouldn't be quite grovellingly poor without Dick, but I shall never be rich."

Winifred listened attentively, but without any change of expression. The shadow passed from Julian's face as he watched her. She seemed by reason of her exquisite serenity to be raised above the consideration of such accidents as poverty or wealth.

Julian leaned toward her.

"Winifred," he almost whispered.

A loud voice broke the silence.

"Winifred!" called old Sanford from the orchard, "your ma says please come to the house directly; and it's my advice, Mr. Brennan, that you come in shortly. Weather's changing, and there's going to be a tempest pretty soon, or my name ain't Hezekiah Sanford."

Winifred stood up. "Don't go! I beg you," said Julian ardently; "I want to speak to you. I have something to say to you."

He rose also, and caught one of her hands in both his, with a rapid, involuntary movement.

She quietly drew her hand away.

"I must go now."

"Tell me that I may hope!" he cried.

She smiled vaguely. "If you like to hope, you may."

With these words she left him. He did not attempt to follow her, but stood watching her, with all the hope and passion of a first love in his young face. He flung himself on the ground again, with an inarticulate murmur.

The slight breeze died away entirely, and the air became oppressively still. In the almost suffocating quietness Julian's confused thoughts became vague and peaceful. He lay bathed in dream-like expectancy for a long time, while the sky darkened with leaden clouds, and the twilight fell rapidly. The wind rose, blowing in fitful gusts, then sinking into stillness once more.

When Colonel Brennan came in from shooting, it was already quite dark, and one or two great drops of rain fell as he reached the farm-house. Mrs. Sanford stood on the porch watching the coming storm with a scared face.

"How is Julian?" he asked, anxiously.

"Now, don't you worry—he's all right!" she exclaimed. "I see him go up to his room awhile ago, before the storm came up, and just now, when I went up there to see what I would make him for his supper, his door was locked, so I didn't disturb him. I thought likely he was resting. Winifred was askin' me just now, too, and I told her I never

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see anything like the way you two folks take on about that boy."

Colonel Brennan's face lost its anxious look. He followed Mrs. Sanford into the sitting-room.

"Will you tell your daughter that I would like to speak to her for a few minutes, if she will come here," he said; "I shall consider it a favor."

Something in his grave manner seemed to impress Mrs. Sanford.

"Oh, the awful!" she said, abruptly; "yes, I'll tell her." She lighted the lamp on the table, and precipitately left the room.

With the first violent shower of rain Julian roused himself, chilled and startled. His first sensation was one of profound loneliness. This feeling deepened as he struggled with difficulty, almost blinded by the blasts of wind and rain, toward the farm-house, guided in the darkness by the lights in the windows. As he neared it there was no sign of any uneasiness or search for him. He heard Mrs. Sanford's voice in the kitchen, in cheerful conversation with Lucinda. At length he reached the house and leaned against the frame of one of the parlor-windows, unable to go farther, his heart beating violently from exhaustion. The shutters were closed, but through the slats he saw into the brightly lighted room. By the table stood his brother and Winifred Sanford. He could see both their faces, and in spite of the roar of the wind, their words reached him distinctly through the open window.

"I can't give you my first love," his brother was saying. "I suppose that is over for both of us, but I can give you a loyal affection and trust. I will do all in my power to make you happy. This is not said to influence you—I know that it could not—but everything that money can do to make your life a pleasant and easy one shall be done. What do you say?"

He waited gravely for her answer.

A triumphant smile came over Winifred's face.

"I say yes," she answered firmly, looking straight into his eyes.

Colonel Brennan took one of her hands in his, and, bending down, kissed it, not tenderly, but gratefully.

"You have made me very happy, and now you must help me make Julian happy," he said.

At these words Winifred turned her head slightly aside, but her smile lost none of its triumph.

As he listened the life seemed to go out of Julian's body, and to rush back with indignant strength. He staggered away from the window, and rushed blindly through the darkness, not knowing where he went. The fury of the storm was an outlet for the burning grief and dismay that panted within him. He had reached the outskirts of the wood beyond the hay-field, when his momentary strength suddenly left him. He flung his arms up, with a loud groan, which was caught by the wind and whirled away, almost before it was uttered, and stumbling, he fell heavily, striking his head against the gnarled trunk of a tree. He lay motionless, while the storm raged over him. The volume of steadily descending rain seemed limitless. The minutes lengthened into hours before the blasts of wind and rain had spent their strength. They gradually decreased until there was silence, except when a soft shiver of wind in the branches of the trees caused a quick patter of rain-drops on the dead leaves which covered the ground.

The moon pierced through the trees, touching with her pale light the dark shadow under them that still lay motionless.

With the moonlight came voices, but there was no answering voice to guide them to him whom they sought. . . .

The next day Colonel Brennan sat by his brother's bed, where the young man lay, a mere shadow of life. Since they had found him the night before, he had lain thus—still, white, unconscious. After one glance, the doctor, who had been summoned in haste from the village, had told them that he was dying. The reasons that he gave were many and conclusive, but to Colonel Brennan the one inevitable fact was sufficient.

The strong man leaned over Julian in helpless agony.

"Julian!" he implored, "what does it mean? I can't understand it! Don't leave me. I was going to make you so happy. Speak to me only once!"

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For a moment there was only silence. The bright afternoon sunlight filled the room as Julian's eyes opened slowly, as if stirred from his lethargy by his brother's penetrating appeal.

Winifred Sanford's portrait, standing on the mantle opposite, was the first thing the young man's eyes rested upon. Warm and glowing in the mellow light, to his numbed senses it was no semblance, but an exquisite reality.

He held out his hands with momentary strength and passion.

"*Winifred, Winifred—I love you!*" he murmured. Then his eyes closed again.

Colonel Brennan caught the words. His face became white.

"Oh God!" was forced from his lips. "It can't be that Julian!—it can't be——"

At these words Julian's eyes opened again, and this time there was a singularly lucid expression in their depths—a look of full recollection and intelligence.

"It's just as well that I'm going, dear old fellow," he murmured. "It has all been a mistake."

He relapsed into unconsciousness and in the night passed quietly out of life.

. . . . . .

Two weeks later, Richard Brennan and Winifred Sanford were married at the little Methodist church of Granfield. They were to go to New York immediately after their marriage, and from there to sail for Europe. Winifred looked supremely content, but Colonel Brennan wore a baffled, haggard air. His manner to his wife was kind, but he seemed to shrink from the congratulations of those of the Sanfords' friends who came to the wedding, filled with fluttering curiosity.

As Mr. and Mrs. Sanford drove home in the two-seated wagon, after parting with their daughter, Mr. Sanford said, with a rueful sigh:

"Winifred's quiet, maybe, but its goin' to be a long sight quieter without her."

"His brother's dead, but that ain't all," Mrs. Sanford replied, with more than her usual irrelevancy. "Well, Winifred'll get on *anyhow!* She's quiet all the way through; she don't *feel* much. *She* has made a rise and no mistake; but I dunno as I ever see a bridegroom look as *mortal miserable* as that one did to-day."

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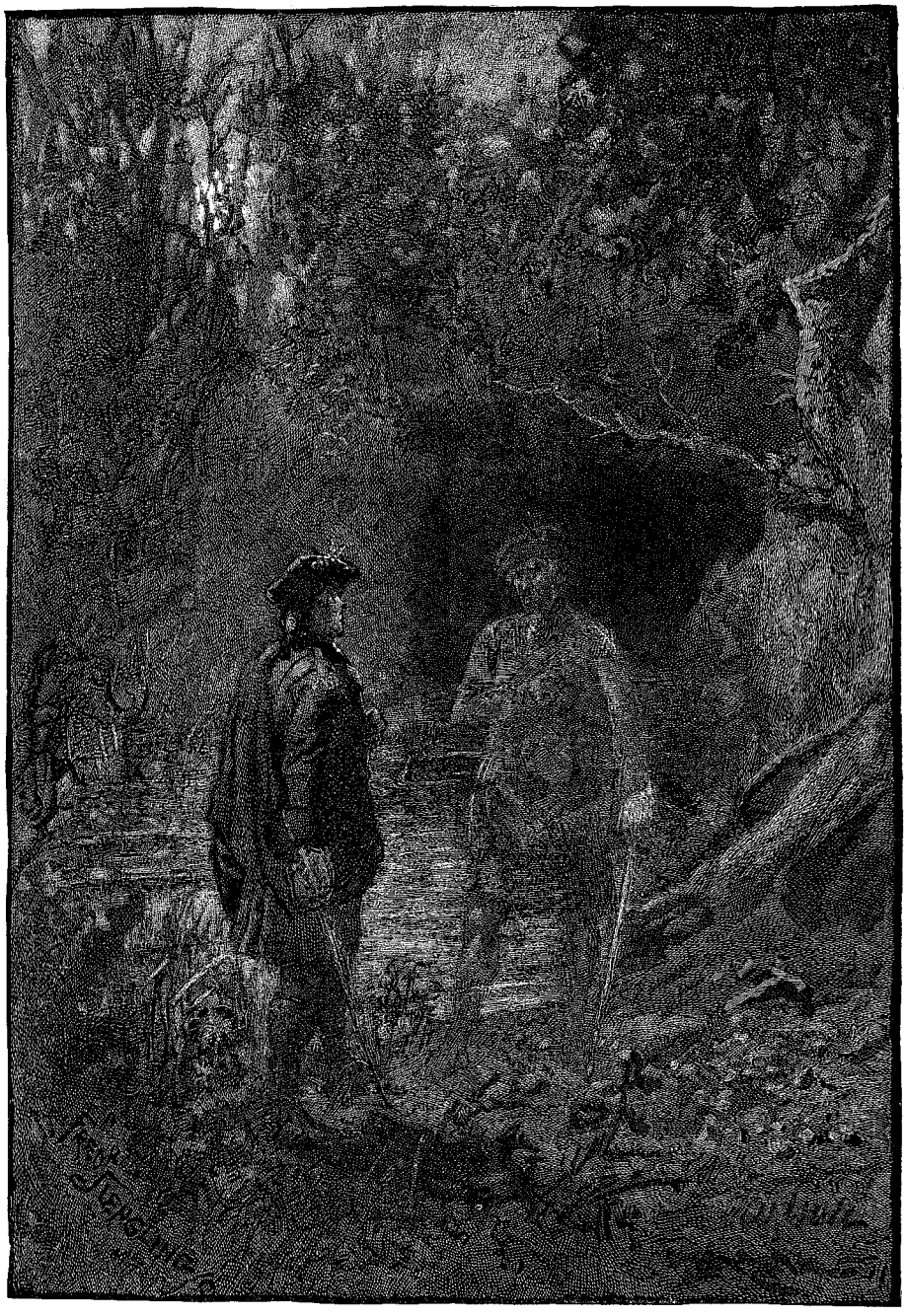

"It fell in the dusk of the night
When unco things betide,
That he was aware of a captain-man
Drew near to the waterside.

He was aware of his coming
Down in the gloaming alone;
And he looked in the face of the man,
And lo! the face was his own."

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